

CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

ALEXANDER HARVEY

ROBERT A. PARKER

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

HOW THE UNITED STATES GOES INTO WAR

THE impression that is still clung to apparently, in Germany, that the entry of the United States into the war was a bluff, must by this time have become a very unsatisfactory sort of solace. For even the most hopeful of Americans have been surprised at the nature of the response so far made to the President's call to war. In the matter of volunteer enlistments, for instance, the total number accepted for all branches of the army and navy and national guard is estimated at more than 600,000; and if the *New York Mail's* statement is correct, that 75 per cent. of those who applied for enlistment were not accepted because of failure to come up to the physical standard required, then about 2,400,000 men had offered themselves before the war was two months old. The figures for Registration Day are still more impressive. The total young men in the country called upon to register on June 5th was a little over ten millions, as estimated by the census authorities. But this included the 600,000 who have already enlisted and who were not called on to register. Deducting these, we have 9,400,000, which, according to the latest estimates we have seen from Washington, is almost exactly the number of those who registered. The Liberty Loan gives another indication of the extent to which America has responded to the nation's call. Despite the fact that Anglo-French bonds (with two great governments behind them), bearing 5 per cent. interest, could be purchased at 93½, and French Republic bonds, with gilt-edged securities as well as the credit of France behind them, bearing interest at 5½ per cent., could be purchased at 99, the Liberty Loan bonds, bearing 3½ per cent. interest, were subscribed for at par by about three million persons to the extent of about \$2,800,000,000—an oversubscription of \$800,000,000.

America's Response to the Call to War.

SUCH facts and figures as these, together with the swift passage of the seven-billion-dollar appropriation bill and the advances to the Allies of a round billion dollars already, may indicate a bluff; but, if so, it is a bluff that breaks all records. It seems to have impressed France. *La République Française* calls the results of Registration Day not a bluff but a "miracle." The *Paris Midi* considers it "magnificent, staggering." A short time before, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* was declaring that "from the beginning," so far as America is concerned, it is "Wilson's war," and "in the opinion of the American nation it clearly remains an enterprise frivolously begun, entirely unnecessary and therefore highly immoral." The whole German press, indeed, according to cable accounts to the *New York World*, were printing reports of "widespread resistance," up to the last hour of Registration Day, and the *Vossische Zeitung* was informing its readers that the Liberty Loan was "a colossal failure" up to the last few days before the final rush for bonds. The "will to power" apparently carries with it the "will to believe"; and yet one can not blame the German press so much, for the results have been a surprise to Americans also. Even they, says the *New York Evening Post*, "might confess to surprise at the ease and smoothness and spontaneous public cooperation" with which registration was carried on. "There was no show of bluster or brag," says the *Omaha World-Herald*, "there were no 'hymns of hate,' but there was universally displayed the quiet, calm, determined, confident spirit that means America will fight unitedly, that America will contribute without stint, and that America will win." The most impressive thing about the event, to the *New York*

Tribune, was "its lack of what might be called moving-picture theatricality," which "has never been absent in our attempts to raise armies."

**Registration Day "Was It
A Battle Won."**

IN fact, the chorus from the American press in general, for a few days after Registration, showed by its very exaggeration of language that there had been general solicitude as to the measure of the country's response. One might get an idea from some of the comment that the victory over Germany was as good as won. The *Chicago Herald* closed a dithyrambic editorial with the words: "Technically it was merely a registration; but there was the rush of a winged victory in the air—and Europe caught it." The *Kansas City Times*, under the title "America Has Met the Test," said:

"America stands forth to-day a shining proof that democracy can and will fight for its existence; that it is capable of the highest sacrifice and has too profound a trust in itself to be afraid of the weapons which it must use to make its fight good. The mere exhibition of its power yesterday is a spur to the Nation. It was like a battle won. America has met and passed the test and its enemies now know that they must face its might."

The *Sioux City Tribune's* comment was: "The record of America on Registration Day is sufficient assurance that the American people are prepared to see this thing through. They understand. They want Prussianism to go back into its lair. The places in the sun that be-

longed to other men will still belong to them when this war is ended." The *Christian Science Monitor* sees, even in the sporadic attempts at resistance, evidence of the strength of the nation, "never, from its foundation, more closely united than to-day in its determination to go through, to the end of its resources, if need be, with the task it has undertaken." Said the *Charleston News and Courier*: "For Americans yesterday was glorious proof of the reality of the thing that we call Americanism and it was proof, too, that this nation is built upon a rock and not, as some would have had us believe, upon shifting sands." The *Detroit Free Press* saw in the event "a unique episode in the records of free government," the *Newark Evening News* saw in it "a showing without parallel in any other nation at any other time," the *New York Sun* saw in it "a thing without precedent," and the *New York Telegraph* saw the day as "the most eventful day, perhaps, in the history of the world's greatest democracy." These extracts give a fair idea of the press comment in all sections. The resistance to Registration was surprisingly futile. But the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* still sees trouble ahead. It has been merely deferred, not averted. It says: "When the hundreds of thousands drafted to military service realize that their country is going to make them the victims of foreign adventure, there will arise a conflict between sentiment and duty which may threaten the internal peace of the Republic."

**The Final Rush for
Liberty Bonds.**

IF the record of Registration Day gave a sense of assurance to the country, the subscriptions to the Liberty Loan bonds seem to have made that assurance doubly sure. The allotments made to the different federal reserve districts were based on the banking resources of each district. Ten of the twelve districts oversubscribed their allotment. Two fell below—the Minneapolis and Atlanta districts. In the Minneapolis district is included North Dakota, which subscribed for but one-fourth of its quota, a fact attributed in part to poor crops last year, and in part to opposition to the war on the part of the Farmers' Non-Partisan League. Montana's subscription, on the other hand, was twice its quota and Butte subscribed eight times its quota. Rochester, N. Y., claims to carry the banner. With a population of 50,000 families, it turned in 50,000 subscriptions. In Washington, D. C., there were 51,000 subscribers, out of a population for the entire District of Columbia of 365,000. The Boy Scouts of America gathered in subscriptions to the amount of over \$8,000,000, doing surprisingly well, it is reported, on the lower East Side in New York City. The first war-loan in Germany (\$1,061,490,000) was subscribed for by 1,177,235 individuals. The first war-loan in Great Britain (\$2,229,575,792) was taken by about 100,000 persons. Our first war-loan is taken seemingly (final figures are not yet available) by about 3,000,000 persons. Credit for this is due to various factors, but to none more, perhaps, than to the *Vossische Zeitung*, which kindly helped things along by its remark (widely quoted) that "the American public simply takes no notice of the Liberty Loan and leaves participation to the great banks and insurance companies." The American newspapers all did yeoman service, but to the *Baltimore Sun* must be awarded the palm for discovering the largest values



"UNDER TWO FLAGS"

—Murphy in *New York American*



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"OF NO MAN IN THE WORLD IS MORE EXPECTED"

The arrival of General John J. Pershing and his staff in Paris last month aroused an enthusiasm said to be unprecedented even in that demonstrative city. Pershing is fifty-six years old, and having been with Kuroki's army in Manchuria has had a close view of modern fighting on a large scale.



"THAT THESE DEAD SHOULD NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN"
—Morris in *The Independent*

in a Liberty bond. Speaking of the purchase of a bond as the purchase of a partnership in the government and in the glory it is to achieve, it went on to say:

"What a return for fifty, or one hundred, or one thousand dollars! You buy the earth and the real spiritual fullness, majesty and beauty thereof for a few paltry dollars; with a small sum you give a new beneficence to the sun, a new brightness to the stars, a new meaning to life for millions and millions of your fellow-creatures. . . . The angels envy you your chance."

Making the President the Most Powerful Potentate on Earth.

NOTHING, however, not even the Liberty Loan or the large registration on June 5th, is more significant of the wholesale way in which America is entering the great contest in behalf of democracy than the legislation being enacted and proposed in Congress. The party in power has always represented the opposition to centralizing power in the federal government. Yet the power being conferred upon President Wilson makes even that erstwhile apostle of the "new nationalism"—the *Chicago Tribune*—gasp in protest. For instance, the Senate last month, by a *viva voce* vote—not a Senator dissenting—passed the Newlands bill giving the President power, "if he finds it necessary for the successful prosecution of the war," to lay his hand upon all the transportation lines of the country and determine what kinds of commodities shall have priority of shipment. The Espionage bill, which has already become law, gives him similar control over the whole export trade of the nation. He can say what

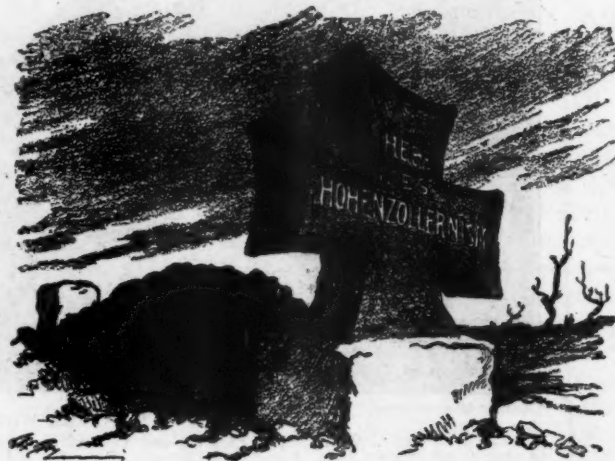
can be shipped and where it can be shipped. Other legislation likely to be enacted will enable him, in his discretion, to stop the use of all non-perishable foods (including grapes) in the manufacture of beer, wine, whiskey or other alcoholic drinks. The Federal Trade Commission calls for a law that will enable him to take under federal control and operation all the paper and pulp mills of the country, determining the prices and the distribution of supplies to all the newspapers, magazines, and book publishers. Under the bill appropriating \$750,000,000 for the Shipping Board, as it stands at this writing, the President will have full power to commandeer "from any person such ships or material as he may deem necessary for the national defense," and "to requisition the whole or any part of the output of any factory or part thereof," that may be necessary for defense. The food control bill, now being debated and almost certain to be passed in some form, would give him sweeping powers to regulate the transportation, storage, distribution and sale of all kinds of food-stuffs and fuel and to fix minimum prices; and one of the grounds of strong opposition to the bill is because it does not give him the same power over metal products and clothing. These proposed additions to the power the President already possesses as commander-in-chief of the army and navy would make him, for the time being, the most powerful potentate the world has ever seen. And it is the conservative journals that are the strongest advocates of the enactment of this legislation. They want to see the responsibility placed upon the one man in the Government whom the people can see—their President and their Commander-in-Chief.

The slacker may be a quaker but we should hardly call him a friend.—*Boston Transcript*.

What any woman knows—that the Kitchen is always the most troublesome part of the House.—*Boston Transcript*.

Even a visitor from Mars, viewing our bannered thoroughfares, would admit that if we haven't stopped the war we've certainly flagged it.—*N. Y. Morning Telegraph*.

If the plan is adopted of prohibiting the manufacture of candy so that "millions of pounds of sugar can be released for the Allies," the matinee girls' share in war sacrifices will be truly heroic.—*New York World*.



THE "IRON CROSS" OF DESTINY

—May in *Toledo Blade*

WHAT THE UNITED STATES IS FIGHTING FOR

FROM all parts of the country, said the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* as late as June 11th, "comes the opinion that apathy prevails, that there is not much genuine enthusiasm about the war, or the Liberty Loan, but that the people are responding more because of their traditional patriotism than a clear comprehension of what it is all about." Another New York paper, the *Evening Mail*, finds "that among all the peoples there runs a safe undercurrent of dissatisfaction with the continuance of the war, a vast longing for peace"; and, referring to our part in the war, it asks: "What are our aims? Can you define them? We are going to make the world free for democracy. That is an ideal, not an aim. What are to be the tangible evidences that this ideal is attained? Will it be attained if the submarines cease attacking merchant ships, and if Germany is transformed into a constitutional monarchy with ministry responsible to Parliament?" The *Mail* has been accused of being a pro-German and the *Post* of being a peace-at-any-price journal; but the question of just what we are fighting for is evidently troubling a good many journals less loath than they to have the United States enter the war. The very size of the war and of the issues involved seems to make it more difficult to formulate its objects in compact and specific form. President Wilson has tried thrice and his phrase, "the world must be made safe for democracy," has achieved wide currency; but just what it involves in the way of concrete performance is left open to discussion. In the war with Spain our object was to "free Cuba." In the Civil War the object of the North was to "preserve the Union" and, later, to "free the slaves." In the Revolution, the object was to achieve national independence. These were clearly defined aims the attainment of which ended the fighting. No such aim has yet been evolved in the discussion that has arisen over our entrance into the present conflict.

President Wilson's Message to Russia.

IN his message of May 26th to Russia, President Wilson makes a second attempt to formulate the objects of our entrance into the war. The position of America, he asserts, is so clearly avowed that no man can be excused for mistaking it. "She seeks no material profit or aggrandizement of any kind. She is fighting for no advantage or selfish object of her own, but for the liberation of peoples everywhere from the aggressions of autocratic force." He charges that Germany has "linked together in a net of intrigue" government after government (referring evidently to Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria), this intrigue being directed against the peace and liberty of the world.

"The meshes of that intrigue must be broken, but cannot be broken unless wrongs already done are undone; and adequate measures must be taken to prevent it from ever again being rewoven or repaired. . . . We are fighting for the liberty, the self-government, and the undictated development of all peoples, and every feature of the settlement that concludes this war must be conceived and executed for that purpose. Wrongs must first be righted, and then adequate safeguards must be created to prevent their being committed again. . . . No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live. No territory

must change hands except for the purpose of securing for those who inhabit it a fair chance of life and liberty. No indemnities must be insisted on except those that constitute payment for manifest wrongs done. No readjustments of power must be made except such as will tend to secure the future peace of the world and the future welfare and happiness of its peoples.

"And then the free peoples of the world must draw together in some common covenant, some genuine and practical cooperation that will in effect combine their force to secure peace and justice in the dealings of nations with one another. The brotherhood of mankind must no longer be a fair but empty phrase; it must be given a structure of force and reality. The nations must realize their common life and effect a workable partnership to secure that life against the aggressions of autocratic and self-pleasing power."

This statement tallies closely with that made by the President in his message to Congress April 2, tho he placed more emphasis then upon the word democracy. There can be, he said then, "no assured security for the democratic governments of the world" in the presence of such a power as Germany following such methods as she follows. "The world," said President Wilson further, "must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty." We shall fight "for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments." And he concluded: "The day



KAISER: "SO! YOU'VE FAILED AGAIN!"

—Marcus in *New York Times*

has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured."

**The Last Stand of Feudalism
Against Democracy.**

ANOTHER statement of our objects in this war comes from the always felicitous pen of Secretary Lane. In an address in Washington last month he asserts that ours is a war of self-defense. "We did



"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"—SOON

—Kirby in New York World

not wish to fight Germany. She made the attack upon us,—not on our shores but on our ships, our lives, our rights, our future." We came into this war for ourselves. "It is a war to save America, to preserve self-respect, to justify our right to live as we have lived, not as some one else wishes us to live. In the name of freedom we challenge with ships and men, money and an undaunted spirit, that word 'Verboten' which Germany has written upon the sea and upon the land." America, says Mr. Lane, is not the name of so much territory but it is "a living spirit," and it is this spirit that is menaced by Germany. "It is more precious," he adds, "that this America should live than that we Americans should live." He refers to the acts of Germany—the sinking of our ships, the invasion of Belgium, the defiance of our laws by German officials living in America, the Zimmermann note to Mexico—and declares that the doctrine thus proclaimed, that government has no conscience, cannot live or else democracy must die. He emphasizes this point further:

"We are fighting Germany because in this war feudalism is making its last stand against oncoming democracy. We see it now. This is a war against an old spirit, an ancient, outworn spirit. It is a war against feudalism, the right of the castle on the hill to rule the village below. It is a war for democracy, the right of all to be their own masters. Let Germany be feudal if she will. But she must not spread her system over a world that has outgrown it."

Still another notable statement of what it is we are fighting for is made by President Butler, of Columbia University. He, too, sees in the outcome of this war the fate of mankind itself—a fate of universal liberty or of universal despotism. In his baccalaureate address last month he said:

"It may well be that it is for the issue of this war to determine whether mankind is still in progress or has begun its decline. If the moral, the economic, and the physical power of men and of nations that love freedom is adequate to its establishment on a secure basis, then mankind is still in progress and new vistas of satisfaction and of accomplishment are to be spread out. If, on the other hand, the strength of men and of nations that love freedom is not adequate to this severe task, then man has crossed the Great Divide of his political history and is to begin a descent into those dark places where force and cruelty and despotism wreak their will. Nothing less than this is the alternative which now confronts not alone the nations of the earth, but every individual in each one of those nations."

**If Germany Wins, American
Democracy Cannot Survive.**

THESE utterances, while they do not set forth any specific event the attainment of which might end the war, do clearly imply that such an event must involve the crushing of Germany's autocratic power. That is the key-note in President Wilson's eloquent flag-day address, and this view of the case is supported with a fair degree of unanimity by the influential American press. The *Chicago Evening Post*, for instance, thinks we are fighting for the same cause for which our forefathers fought at Lexington and Concord. It says:

"For 140 years the flag has never faltered when the cause of freedom called it. It is calling now. To America it says: 'You have had freedom bought for you with blood, and preserved and widened through the fires of war—you cannot keep it if you will not fight for it. You cannot stand aside and see it trampled under foot on the world's highways and in the vineyards of your neighbors, while you enjoy its fruits in a selfish aloofness. You cannot shield your right to it behind the bodies of other men who die shouting its battle-cry! Freedom is not a tribal deity. She belongs to the race, and whenever she is assailed a common cause is made for all who love her.'"

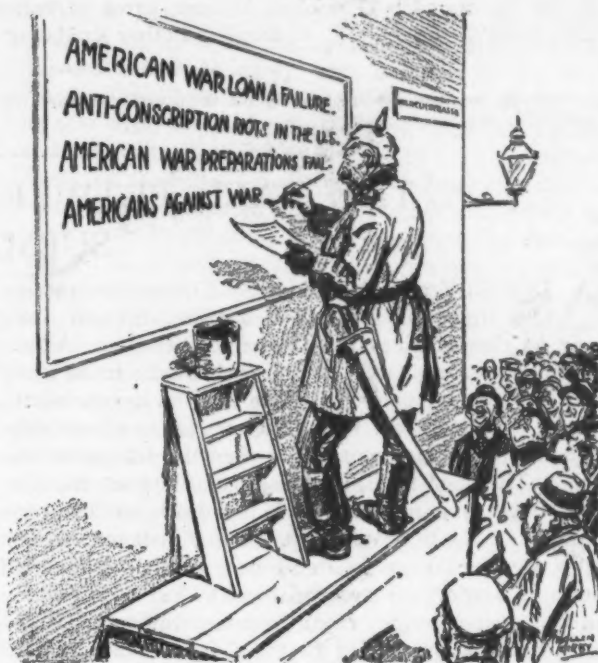
The *Kansas City Times* sounds the same note when it says: "The world has become too small for democracy and autocracy to live in it together and one of them must perish. Of America's place in that death grapple there never could be any question, nor can there be any question of its outcome if America puts into it, along with its strength, its great and exalted spirit." To the *Charleston News and Courier* the war means much the same thing. The fate of America as well as of Europe is at stake:

"What we must see and see clearly now is that if Germany wins this war the America that we know will disappear. We would have to abolish it ourselves for our own safety. In order to be able to defend ourselves and keep what belongs to us, we would have to transform this free democratic America into just such a fantastic militarism as Germany is to-day. . . . It is a war of self-defense, a war for the preservation of America itself. We are helping to preserve democracy in Europe because, if feudalism triumphs in Europe, democracy as we have known it cannot survive in America."

**"German Autocracy Must Perish
From the Earth."**

THERE are some discordant voices. The view of one section of the Socialist party is voiced by the *Milwaukee Leader*, which sees in the war simply "the ravenous dollar-hunting of American capitalists." The *Milwaukee Free Press* expresses the views of most of the German-American papers when it says the cause of our entrance into the war is merely to vindicate "a technical right of law." And ex-Senator John D. Works, of California, is still insisting that "we dishonored ourselves by declaring war without adequate or reasonable cause." But such utterances are few and scattered, and even the Socialist leaders who have done most to acquaint the American public with Socialist doctrines have repudiated such views of the issues for which we fight. Journals as critical of President Wilson in the past as the *N. Y. Tribune*, *N. Y. Herald*, *Chicago Tribune* and *Louisville Courier-Journal* have nothing but praise for his message to Russia. The last-named paper says that India may read with interest his words that "no people must be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live," and hints at future trouble in those words for Great Britain; but it is a platform, we are told, "upon which Americans can fight with a will." The *N. Y. Globe* calls the President's message to Russia "the best of his war papers." The *Chicago Tribune* would emphasize a little more than the President emphasizes the fact that we are fighting for our own country as well as for humanity at large. "The future of the United States," it says, "is involved in the outcome of this war," and we ought, as a result, to share with Great Britain hereafter the control of the seas. The *N. Y. World* calls attention to the "sinister fact" that Germany alone, among all the belligerents, has "no terms of peace which will bear the light of publicity." It adds: "The liberty which the President has described in his note to Russia is liberty for the German people no less than for all the other peoples, great and small. They alone are fighting against their own wel-

fare, and it is inconceivable that they will remain forever blinded to the greatest truths of human freedom." The *N. Y. Journal of Commerce* stresses the same point, namely, that German autocracy must perish from the earth, not only for the safety of other nations but "for the sake of the people who have so long been subject to it."



BUNCOING THE POPULACE

—Kirby in *New York World*

**President Wilson as Spokesman
For All the Allies.**

PERHAPS more interest attaches to the reception given abroad to President Wilson's statement of the issues for which this war is fought than to the reception given it in this land. The plea for democracy and for government that rests upon the consent of the governed are matters of course in America. It is significant, if true, that the President, in his message to Russia, speaks not for America, but for all the nations at war with Germany. "There is good reason," says the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "to believe that he consulted them before writing the note," and "no word of dissent comes from any of the Allies." The principles laid down would mean, says the *Post*, a free Poland, would prevent Armenia or Arabia from being forced back under Turkish rule, would give to Italia Irredenta, and Alsace-Lorraine a chance to choose the governments under which they would live, and might prevent the dismemberment of Austria as contemplated in the terms of peace laid down by the Allies last January. The same paper furnishes the information that the note to Russia, before being sent, was submitted to the foreign offices at London, Paris, Rome, Tokio and Bucharest, and, "while there was no formal expression, the general tone of the comment was in approval of the President's views." The *London Morning Post*, organ of the British aristocracy, says of the note: "Friendly in tone, it is inexorable in logic. It dismisses dangerous illusions and sets in their place realities that have to be faced, if the friends of freedom are not themselves to betray the cause they proclaim." The British govern-



THE WAY NOT TO WIN

—Batchelor in *New York Evening Journal*

ment, according to a special correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, has not only endorsed the note but has signified its willingness, if the Russian government so desires, to revise the terms of peace heretofore laid down by the Allies in accord with President Wilson's utterances. "The aims for which the United States entered the war," says "a semi-official communication" given out in Rome, "as stated by President Wilson, agree perfectly with those of the Allies." If these and other similar ut-

terances are to be taken in good faith, it means that the entry of the United States into the European war has so shifted the emphasis as to make the triumph of democracy throughout the world the supreme object of the war. This opens up a long and attractive (if not delusive) vista. It means an extension of the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence to the whole round world. After the recent events in Russia anything, even this, seems believable.

Even the war gardens are fighting for their very existence this year.—Des Moines Register.

To families employing a cook, the proposed food-dictator will be no novelty.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE RACE BETWEEN SHIPBUILDERS AND SUBMARINES

A DOUBLE appeal is made by Europe to America. Our inventors are appealed to to discover some way of checkmating the submarine, which an American inventor originated. Progress has been made along this line; but neither the nature nor the degree of the progress is disclosed. The other appeal is to our shipbuilders to produce more ships than the submarine can sink. The need for ships has become urgent and may soon become a matter of life or death to European nations. Take the case of Russia, for instance. Recent official reports from Walter Pettit, special assistant of our ambassador in Petrograd, have told of seven million parcels-post packages from America waiting at Vladivostok to be forwarded to their destinations, and of all the warehouses filled with freight and hundreds of millions of dollars worth of other freight piled up in the open air, including machinery and cotton that have been unprotected from the weather for months. The immediate difficulty here is lack of railway facilities; but that is due to lack of ships, for at the same time there were 350,000 tons of railway supplies for Russia cluttering up our ports on the Pacific, with 40,000 cars and 2,000 locomotives ordered by Russia and soon to be added to the accumulation. Italy has had a coal famine for the same reason—lack of ships. And this urgent need for ships is already being added to by the requirements made for getting an American army, with something like ten tons of equipment and supplies for each man over to Europe. No wonder that Lloyd George said recently that the three most urgent needs of the Allies are, (1) ships; (2) ships; (3) ships.

Rushing American Ships to the Rescue of Europe.

TO meet this critical situation, certain things are being done in this country. On May 1, 537 steel ships, aggregating 2,039,000 tons, and 167 wooden ships, aggregating 214,700 tons, were under construction in American shipyards. The more than one hundred ships seized in our ports from German and Austrian owners are being rapidly put into commission and will aggregate about 700,000 tons. In the single month of May new shipping and shipbuilding corporations were organized in this country with an authorized capital stock of \$47,490,000, and those organized in the four months following our break with Germany aggregated an authorized capital of \$120,635,000. In addition, Congress will almost certainly have appropriated before the ink on this page is dry the huge sum of \$750,000,000 for

the Federal Emergency Fleet Corporation, organized by the Shipping Board, to expend, under the capable management of Major-General George W. Goethals, in the construction of new ships. Contracts are being made by that corporation, as we write, at the rate of fifty a week for new ships, wooden and steel. A sufficient supply of steel has been guaranteed for the construction of three million tons of steel ships in the next eighteen months. To supply the fleet in contemplation, some 10,000 ship's officers will be needed—four deck officers and four engine-room officers for each ship—and the first of fifteen schools for such officers was started on June 4th, near Boston. The corps of instructors, headed by Dean Alfred E. Burton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, consists chiefly of men from that Institute and from the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. Recruits for this service in the merchant marine are obtained, it is said, with surprising ease.

The Controversy Over a Fleet of Wooden Ships.

THIS is the constructive side of the case. The papers have been full of the alleged controversy between General Goethals and William Denman, Chairman of the Shipping Board, in regard to the building of a large fleet of wooden ships, and a hasty reader might have imbibed the idea that all construction has been held up by a personal quarrel. Apparently there has been a difference of opinion, in which Mr. Denman, who is an admiralty lawyer, promptly gave way to General Goethals, tho demurring mildly at the General's bluff way of airing the difference at a public dinner. This is what seems to have occurred: When General Goethals took charge of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, he found that the Shipping Board had committed itself, more or less, to the general plan of building a thousand wooden ships, of about 3,000 tons each, chiefly out of fir grown on the Pacific coast and long-leaf pine grown in the South. The plan had been developed by F. A. Eustis and Huntington Clarke and submitted to the Board. Upon the organization of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, Eustis was made assistant general manager and Clarke a consulting engineer, presumably to carry out the plan. At that time it was understood that a lack of steel prevented the quick building of a large fleet of steel ships. Contractors were encouraged to prepare for the building of the wooden ships. It is said that they have expended

about \$1,000,000 in building shipyards. Some contracts were made and the terms that received more or less tentative approval by the Board were that the government was to furnish the material and the contractors were to build the ships at cost plus ten per cent. for profit. When General Goethals took his new post he promptly held up all further operations until he could study the situation. He studied it for several weeks and decided against the wooden-ship plan. Eustis and Clarke attacked the decision in a public statement and their resignations were promptly demanded.

Why Goethals Objects to the Wooden Ships.

BEFORE deciding against the plan for wooden ships, Goethals claims to have found that "the birds are nesting in the trees that will go to build these ships." That meant, of course, that they would have to be built with green timber. He discovered also that by slowing up on the building of new bridges and skyscrapers and battleships, the United States Steel Corporation can furnish all the steel needed for 1,000 ships. He found that the proposed terms on which many of the wooden ships, especially in the South, were to be built—at cost plus ten per cent.—are objectionable. It has been charged on the floor of Congress that a large number of men who know nothing about ship-building have been rushing in for contracts that insure them a ten per cent. profit at no risk. The question of men to man the ships is another serious one. It is claimed that three wooden ships of 3,000 tons each would require nearly three times as many officers, engineers, helmsmen and lookouts as one steel ship of 9,000 tons, and the amount of coal required for fuel would be much greater for the wooden ships. It is also claimed that the wooden ships, constructed of green timber, would be practically useless after the war, whereas steel ships would serve as a basis for the great merchant marine this country has been vainly longing for these many years. The result of General Goethals' study of the question is not, as one writer puts it, that "the wooden-ship plan is practically dead," but that fewer wooden ships will be constructed (150 to 200), they will be built on a standard design laid down by the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and they will probably

be built for a flat rate, the builder taking any risks due to his own inexperience and to the varying cost of labor.

Why Not Build Both Kinds of Ships?

CONFIDENCE in General Goethals is generally expressed in the comment of the press; but there is solicitude lest the controversy may delay the building of ships or diminish the number. "Every cargo-ship finished before January," says a writer in the *N. Y. Times*, "would be worth six finished next spring," and he sees small hope of securing steel ships between now and "the critical period of December." The *Pittsburgh Press*, on the other hand, thinks the steel industry "infinitely better prepared than the lumber industry to supply large and sudden increases of consumptive demand." The *N. Y. Evening Mail* thinks a serious mistake has been rectified in the nick of time. "Six months hence, had the Denman plan been persisted in, the damage would have been far-reaching in its consequences. It would have been irreparable, and the submarine, if not meanwhile overcome by fighting ships, would have been in complete control of the ocean." The *N. Y. Times*, however, thinks there is no reason why Mr. Denman should not build all the wooden ships he can and General Goethals all the steel ships he can. It describes one of the sample wooden ships, with the sap oozing out of her green timbers, and with various crudities of equipment (iron bedsteads instead of bunks and a kitchen stove instead of a cook's galley) as a "sailorman's nightmare"; but even such a ship, the *Times* remarks, would pay for herself to-day in one voyage, and while it would be wicked to build such ships for peace it would be praiseworthy to provide them while better boats are being prepared. "Why not build both of steel and wood?" asks the *Atlanta Constitution*; "surely there is no danger of overdoing it. There is urgent demand for every form and class of ship that can be put into the water; and why limit the construction of them to either wood or steel?" The same view is expressed by the *San Francisco Chronicle* and various other journals; but the *N. Y. American* would settle the whole question by having England build the wooden ships to tide her over a temporary emergency and the United States spend its money on ships that will be of value after the emergency is past.

PREMATURE PESSIMISM OVER RUSSIA'S STORMY MONTH UNDER THE NEW FREEDOM

ONE of the first undertakings of Mr. Skobelev, when he found himself in the ministry of labor at Petrograd, was to expedite the choice of that constituent assembly which is to set up a new government for the whole of Russia. In this undertaking, unless the Socialist press of Europe is much mistaken, success is already assured, and the assembly will come together by September. The German agents who, according to the *London Post* and other British organs, fill Russia with their sham democracy, are already a subject of suspicion to the reorganized provisional government. Kerensky is distrustful of the influences exerted from Berlin. So, too, is Foreign Minister Terestchenko, the millionaire, and Tchernoff, head of the department of agriculture and a social revolutionist of the radical

type. Skobelev, the "strong man," is said in the *Avanti* (Milan) to have learned distrust of the Teuton while in Vienna as a student there. According to the *Humanité*, there is no need to take alarm at the comment on the progress of events in Petrograd which appear in organs of the British aristocracy like the *London Post*. The marvel of the situation, says the French Socialist organ, is the efficiency displayed by a provisional government made up of young revolutionaries who are organizing the freedom of their native land in the midst of world war and German intrigue. If Mr. Skobelev, Mr. Kerensky and the young radicals can only keep going until the "constituent" frames the constitution, all will be well. The Socialist press of Europe has no pessimism on the subject and it warns

us to beware of what dailies like the *Paris Temps* are saying.

Great Britain Makes a False Step Towards Russia.

WHILE the Kerenskys and Skobelevs are blessing Russia with democracy as they conceive it, the old bureaucratic clique in the foreign office at London,



SETTING THE TRAP

—Kirby in *New York World*

according to dailies like the *Manchester Guardian*, perpetrates characteristic imbecilities. The most conspicuous of these is charged against that Lord Robert Cecil who ran the diplomatic establishment while Mr. Balfour was talking democracy in Washington. He let it be known that the British government did not like Russia's peace program as suggested by the expulsion of Milyoukoff from the foreign office. It is, of course, understood that Lord Robert Cecil belongs to the tory clique; but the Kerenskys and the Skobelevs had some embarrassing moments in making obvious to the peasants and soldiers in the council at Petrograd that his Lordship's voice is not that of British democracy. Had the first impression of the attitude of the British ministry to the program of the Petrograd government remained uncorrected by the course of debate in the Commons, the consequences might have been serious. That is the view of the *Manchester Guardian*, which understands Russian policy to be for an anti-imperialist peace. The peasants and soldiers will accept no peace that leaves imperialism in the world strong and ready for fresh enterprises. The Kerenskys and the Skobelevs, however, resent having their democratic aims recorded by western foreign offices as "doctrinaire idealism." If the western powers persist in treating the Petrograd government as a crew of irresponsible dreamers in pursuit of an impossible Utopia—and there has been that tendency in London and Paris—then free Russia, the great British organ says, will go her own way alone. Free Russia believes in herself and to prove it she threw Milyoukoff over. The chancelleries everywhere must take the hint.

What the Provisional Government Relies Upon.

MUCH misunderstanding of Petrograd foreign policy would be cleared away, according to the *Milan Avanti*, if western powers realized that Skobelev, Tchaidze and the rest now look with confidence to a thoroughgoing revolution in Berlin. These men have set their faces against fraternalization by Russian soldiers with German soldiers. The policy was endorsed by the council of workers and soldiers. Why? Because the soldiers of free Russia cannot fraternize with the forces of an imperial German government. The cry has spread to the trenches. The bourgeois and tory press of Europe—such journals as the *London Post*, the *Paris Débats* and the *Rome Giornale d'Italia*—are disposed to doubt the accuracy of the Russian revolutionary idea that William II. will not long hold his throne. In the extreme Socialist camp of Europe, however, a conviction prevails that serious events impend for the Hohenzollern. This cross-current of European opinion illustrates anew the difficulty of interpreting the events of the month in Petrograd. The *Giornale d'Italia* tells us that the provisional government is already a failure, while the *Avanti* complains that there is a conspiracy in the bourgeois press to bring the Kerenskys and Skobelevs into discredit. If the British foreign office has, on the whole, failed to grasp the opportunity afforded it by the Russian upheaval, there seems little doubt in the European journalistic mind that President Wilson has seen the real nature of the crisis from the first and adapted his diplomacy to it. That is likewise the view of the *Humanité*. "There is no doubt," says the *London News*, "that the general course of the policy pursued by the reactionary press in this country [England] has estranged, probably fatally, advanced opinion in Russia." A good deal of the fault is affirmed to be that of the *London Times*, accused of having misled English opinion into a premature contempt for Kerensky and his associates.

Is the Russian Revolutionary Government Misrepresented?

THE pictures of the Petrograd scene result, then, from the confusion over the Russian army command, the panic over Russia's separate peace, the deadlock over the Stockholm conference, the "blunder" of the British foreign office and the quarrel between tory newspapers and radical newspapers as to what is actually happening. We have Kerensky, Skobelev & Co. bringing order out of chaos in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*, and the same gentlemen rushing their country to ruin in the columns of the *London Post*. The impressions of the conservative daily last named are increasingly gloomy:

"It is difficult to see how there can be anything for Russia but anarchy and civil war. It is tragic to see democracy once more betraying itself through sheer blindness and ignorance, and a great and once glorious nation sliding down the path that leads through what M. Gutchkoff calls 'sanguinary and terrible anarchy' back to despotism, and probably a foreign despotism, for the Russian people would probably now regard a domestic despotism rather as a hope than a misfortune. Germany, we may be sure, will take full advantage of the position. She will either attack a disorganized army and navy, or will make such a peace as will place Russia for ever in her power. If she attacks she has the choice of striking at Petrograd,

where things go to her liking, or invading Kiev, the black-earth zone, the granary of Europe, where she will hope to exploit both the people and the wealth of agricultural Russia. If she makes peace, it will be for the diplomatists of Germany like taking candy from children. A separate peace would leave Russia helpless in German hands. The two great gateways of Russian trade, the Baltic and the Bosphorus, are and would remain in German hands, and Russia would thus be compelled to agree to any terms which Germany might dictate. Germany would aim at nothing less than the complete economic and political exploitation of Russia. It is in vain to argue upon such lines with the fanatics who are now endeavoring to usurp the place of their newly chosen constitutional ministers, but it is none the less true that a separate peace which leaves Germany victorious on the East means a slave Russia, a Russia doomed forever to be the hewer of wood and the drawer of water to Germany. No eloquence, no Democratic figments and Socialist theories, no equality, fraternity, and liberty, will make any difference to that hard fact."

Folly of Pessimism Over the Russian Situation.

AS the situation at Petrograd grows more precise, there manifests itself in even the moderate European organs a tendency to believe that first impressions of chaos at Petrograd must be revised. Kerensky, as the *Paris Gaulois*, itself monarchical, concedes, has displayed statesmanship of a high order. The first flush of fraternity with imperial Germany has faded, minister of posts Tseretelli having already warned the soldiers and peasants to beware of the Wilhelmstrasse. There took place here and there along the Russian front last month a revival of activity against the German forces. More important than any other development is the suppression of anarchist tendencies and of

revolts in isolated garrisons. There has been a decided recovery, too, in the diplomatic tone of the government's attitude to peace and some of the organs of the Entente begin to think that the Petrograd policy of "liquidating the war" may not be without its effect in London,



FEEDING HIM SUGAR AND STEALING HIS BREAD

—Evans in *Baltimore American*



THE BEST GOOSESTEP TO TAKE

—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*

Paris and Rome. If Skobelev continues to meet with success in his dealings with restless labor and yet more restless peasants, if Kerensky progresses with the reorganization of the army, if the elections to the constituent assembly are held in an orderly fashion—and the *Paris Matin* says the indications are favorable—and if Mr. Tseretelli does not turn out to be an optimist in his theory of the revolution in Germany, then, as even the pessimists agree, there has been a false alarm in the camp of the Allies on the subject of Russia. There must, concludes the inspired organ of the Skobelev faction, be no more delusions in western Europe about the resurrection of the Duma. The government will remain in the hands of the committee of soldiers' and workmen's delegates until the meeting of the constituent assembly. Meanwhile there should be no fresh panic if a Tseretelli vanishes or a Plekhanoff emerges. The Petrograd *Rech* continues to reflect the views of Milyukoff only when it predicts disaster. Even the moderate *Novoye Vremya* laments the tendency of the western world to take its ideas of revolutionary Russia from conservative newspapers in western Europe.

The attempt to establish democracy in Russia is at times marred by efforts to introduce the Texas variety.—*Des Moines Register*.

Russia is finding liberty much like champagne. It is pleasant to the taste, but imbibed without moderation brings on a fearful headache.—*Baltimore American*.

OPENING OF A NEW STRATEGICAL PHASE OF THE WAR

AN error of judgment on the part of the Allies comes squarely into the view of their military experts as the London and Paris dailies discuss the submarine panic of the past six weeks. This panic, it is pointed out in the Manchester *Guardian*, was superfluous. It was also dangerous because it will tend to fill the Entente nations with a sense of another "false alarm" in case a new scare, based upon reality, is sprung upon the world. The truth, as the expert of *The Westminster Gazette* sees it—and he echoes a general feeling on the subject—is that the submarine menace has been met. A theory among the French military experts that finds expression in the *Temps* and the *Débats* is that much of the rummage and alarm in the military circles of the Central Powers comes from a perception that the submarine is in the grand strategical sense a failure. It can be used as a mosquito fleet to harry and deplete the merchant tonnage of the Allies now and then; but as an instrument of naval power, to be used systematically in cooperation with land forces to attain an object of war, the device is impossible. The key to the new phase of the struggle, then, as these high authorities provide it, is to be found in the fact that the war has ceased to be primarily a naval affair. It is a land war and the fate of Germany depends upon her capacity to live aloof from the sea and from sea-borne traffic. Her position now is as difficult, says the *Temps*, as it is unique.

Impending Entry of the Big Battleship Into the Struggle.

WITH the elimination of the submarine as a strategical factor in this new phase of the war, we must look, observes the naval expert of the Paris *Figaro*, for the reappearance of the Dreadnought on the deep. These monsters have been in something like seclusion owing to the prevalent theory that this war is not an affair of big ships. The huge battleships have been bottled up practically, not a few of them serving the humble purpose of training the raw recruit. A tremendous controversy has arisen as a result within the British admiralty. One party, as its views are expounded in the London *Times* and the London *Post*, argues that the function of the high-seas fleet is to seek out the enemy's ships and destroy them. Had this been done at the outset of the war, the submarine menace could not have attained any large proportions. Mr. Asquith took the view that the big ships must watch and wait. When the "ginger school" under Lloyd George took charge, an active crusade against the submarine revealed the possibility of controlling it to such an extent that the old-fashioned "command of the sea" could be restored. Henceforth the Dreadnought will be bolder. The risk of "holing" by a submarine is not as great as it seemed.

Another Huge Fight at Sea Coming Soon.

IT is reasonably certain, in view of what the military experts of the Allies are now allowed to say, that the first effect of the triumph of the big-ship theory in the strategy of this war will be a dramatic descent

upon Heligoland and the Kiel Canal. The reappearance of Mr. Winston Churchill in British official councils is attributed to a perception of the validity of his view of the war. The London *Nation* has gone so far as to say that his idea of forcing the naval factor at the very first was sound. He was willing to take big risks and, after all, as the London *World* observes, war is a process of running big risks. The respect felt in German naval circles for the big-ship policy so soon to be inaugurated is seen, the London *News* observes, by the variations and eccentricities of the Hindenburg line. If we study that line we perceive it to be based upon land war alone. It rests nowhere upon any prospect of cooperation with a sea force. The old notion that a German invasion of England might be attempted in the Napoleonic manner finds no favor with Hindenburg. His observations upon submarines, as quoted in the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* and repeated in Entente newspapers, are interpreted as examples of that sarcasm for which the marshal is so famed. It is significant to the French press also that the partisans of the submarine receive no recognition in the present organization of the general staff and that one or two foes of the submarine theory of the war—Ludendorff is among these, says the *Matin*—are conspicuous in Emperor William's councils. No matter what Germans in the mass may think, suspects the Rome *Tribuna*, the imperial German government does not take its submarines any too seriously in the strategical sense.

Is Germany Getting the Worst of It on Land?

THE pessimism that crept into much recent British and French comment upon the position at sea had much to do with Russia. Even the Milan *Avanti*, which is a strong partisan of the revolution at Petrograd, decrying misrepresentation on the subject by the "bourgeois" press of the Allies, finds that the elimination of Russia is the merest capitalist nightmare, that the Kerenskies and Skobelevs will make no separate peace. In the event of no dynastic crisis in Berlin, Russia will come back to the war more formidable than ever. This is the Socialist newspaper theory abroad, as revealed in much comment by the *Humanité*, the *Avanti*, and their contemporaries. It greatly surprises these papers, moreover, that the effects of the Russian revolution upon the German troops on the eastern front should escape observation in western Europe. They see widespread demoralization impending. The decline of discipline in Russian units is nothing to the decline in some German divisions confronting them, according to the Socialist organs. It became necessary to check this process by recalling vast numbers to another front, the fact being cleverly concealed by having it appear that the Berlin government authorized these "fraternizations." If the state of discipline in the German forces since the revolution in Russia were fully known, says the *Avanti*, the tradition of Prussian blood and iron might be shattered forever. The subject inspires uneasiness even at great headquarters, we are assured, where the desertions in the East are regarded with dismay.

Serious Depletion of the German Man Power.

STILL another idea of the war on the western front which has had to be revised has to do with man power. Here we are afforded facts and figures in such papers as the *London Times* and *The Westminster Gazette* which suggest that Germany did not benefit much, after all, by her ability to transfer whole divisions from east to west after the Czar lost his throne. It is notorious that when the drive by Haig was fiercest a few weeks ago, Germany threw in her reserve. This means that she regarded the fight to a finish as having come. Further, the German proposition to evacuate Belgium and France for the sake of an immediate peace—a proposition which seems certainly to have been made unofficially even if the *Wilhelmstrasse* denies it—was forced by the extremity of Germany's suffering through lack of man power. The truth is, the London dailies insist, that a crisis in the military situation of Germany is not far off. The old war machine alluded to so universally as "Prussian militarism" has ceased to exist. The imperial German government is standing somewhat nakedly out as destitute in the matter of armed forces. This is not the general idea, admits *The Westminster Gazette*, the western mind still laboring under an impression that on land the situation is, on the whole, favorable to Germany. But the persistence of this impression is due to the fact that the inadequacy of Austria to the strain of the war is little realized and the effect of the reckless waste of man power by the general staff in Berlin when Paris was thought all but taken is likewise not yet appreciated.

Liberia has severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Things look blacker than ever for the Kaiser.—*Los Angeles Times*.

How to Judge the Progress of the War.

A CARDINAL fact in the military situation to the Allies is that Germany is in retirement all along her vast front. If this process of retirement continues, as the *Temps* points out, she will be confessing the defeat which she has, in fact, sustained. The device of the general staff is to make a dash here and there, extend the front at one point of minor strategical importance, and say nothing at home of the loss of a salient. This is the interpretation put upon the elucidations by writers for the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*, for example. But if we watch the map we will note that Hindenburg in the west is retiring. He conceals the true number of his divisions by the device of reducing their numerical size. He makes threatening gestures in the direction of Russia, altho he has not the men to undertake a real campaign there. Meanwhile Austria is having all she can do to hold the Italians. Taking a general survey of the field, we may conclude, says the expert of the *London Post*, that there has been a wave of unnecessary pessimism in the camp of the Allies. The developments of the month have been: first, the extinction of the submarine strategically, whatever its fitful performance in the future as an annoyance; and, second, the accentuation of the German retirement from vital sectors of the land front. Germany is beaten, and if the fact is not apparent the truth is obscured by the hard fighting. Germany, as the *Rome Tribuna* says, is trying to get home alive so that she can lock the door upon herself and look out defiantly upon her foes. This is the new and last phase.

England can safely agree to give Ireland any kind of government the Irish will agree on.—*Jacksonville Times-Union*.

TRIUMPH OF THE POLICY OF THE ENTENTE IN GREECE

THE effect of the abdication of King Constantine, as foreseen in the Paris press, represents a compromise between the Hellenes and the Entente, and gives the lie to assurances in Austrian dailies that Berlin and Vienna control the course of events in Hellas. According to Dr. E. J. Dillon, writing in the *London Telegraph*, Constantine has been consistently hostile to the Allies ever since the opening of their campaign. During the first year of Sarraïl's command of the so-called eastern army, the deposed sovereign employed every art and device at his disposal, open and covert, to harass that army and render its position precarious and untenable. Over and over again the general made representations, formulated proposals, and taxed his ingenuity to get the Allied governments to dislodge the embodiment of danger that menaced the flank of the Allies from the Greek troops. The Allied governments declined to swerve from their friendliness to the King until within the last few weeks. Sarraïl was even given to understand that he must let politics alone and confine himself to military considerations. The story runs that Sarraïl would have been ordered home in disgrace but for his powerful friends in the chamber, one of whom went out to Greece, looked into the facts and reported to Paris that Sarraïl was the object of an obscure but dangerous German conspiracy. The episode was the beginning of the end of the reign of Constantine.

A Defense of the Deposed King.

NO less than four sets of censors stand between the Greeks and the Americans, as we are reminded by Mr. Paxton Hibben, a journalist of wide experience, who has reported the situation at Athens quite differently from his British and French brethren. He reveals the workings of a costly propaganda conducted by Venizelos "to persuade the world that the King of the Hellenes is an advocate of the doctrine of the divine right of kings," Venizelos remaining the champion of freedom and democracy. King Constantine stands revealed in this friendly view of him as an ultra-democratic monarch whose aim was simply to save his country from the miseries that befell Serbia, Montenegro and Rumania through their dependence upon powerful allies. Far from being pro-German, Constantine, we are told in the Hibben version of these events, tried to establish a cooperation between his army and that of the Allies under conditions which would not only secure Greece against disaster but would enhance the value of Greek support to the Allied cause. Venizelos is revealed, on the other hand, as an imperialist seeking to take advantage of the need of the Allies to compel them to uphold him in his ambitions. Venizelos wanted the Allies to let him assume a vast empire in Asia Minor. Garbled, false and misleading intelligence has been sent broadcast by the revolutionists. Venizelos established a press bureau at Salonica which keeps the wires busy.

Their daily cables are instantly transmitted the world over through the Entente censor and published in the journals of England, France and Italy, to the mystification of millions. In those countries, according to the *Atlantis*, a patriotic Greek paper published here in New



"SETTLE IT ANY WAY YOU PLEASE, MADAM"

—Kirby in New York World

York, the despatches of the Salonica press bureau are rehashed for American consumption. To make matters more bewildering, the Venizelists sent a committee to this country six months or more ago to influence opinion here and to get President Wilson to recognize Venizelos as the rightful ruler of Greece.

Do the Greeks Really Love Constantine?

NOTHING could be more displeasing to the people of Hellas, in the light of what certain papers at Athens have said in the recent past, than the fall of

The small boy, of course, can't understand why the Russian soldiers are deserting the battle front to go to school.—*Detroit Free Press*.

their sovereign. Only last December, according to the tale told by Mr. Hibben, thousands of volunteers flocked to Athens to defend their sovereign against the armed forces of France, Great Britain and Italy. "The streets of the ancient city, thronged by masses of men, women and children crying: 'Long live the King!' when the Allied blockade of Greece began to pinch, showed more clearly than all the verbiage of Venizelos where the loyalty of the Greek people is rooted." The assertion is endorsed by the New York *Atlantis*, which has been uneasy at the prospect that the Washington government may be misled by the machinations of Venizelos. Another and different view comes from Dr. Dillon. Writing, on the eve of the catastrophe, in the *London Telegraph*, he said:

"Incapable of chivalrous emotion, the ruler of the Hellenes is swayed by a feeling of mysterious awe towards the person of the Kaiser. Him he regards as the living embodiment of military force, the only ideal that calls forth his veneration. And towards the Kaiser he looks up for direction in all the tribulations of life as naturally as 'the sunflower turns to her god.' This hero-worship, childlike in its unreasoning instinctiveness, is the mainspring of Constantine's international dealings. Shrewd and practical enough to desire for himself, his dynasty, and his country the protection of the masters of the continent, he is firmly persuaded that the Germans, under Wilhelm's lead, will emerge from the smoke of battle the arbiters of Europe's fate. And he and his people have the enviable privilege of being their devoted clients. That would seem to have been the guiding motive of Constantine's foreign policy, not merely since yesterday, but long before the war—from the historic September day over three years ago on which he proposed a toast to the Kaiser and the German army, and ascribed his own recent victories to the principles inculcated by the invincible warriors of Prussia.

"Of his home policy the governing principle has been a constant endeavor gradually to substitute for the democratic constitution of latter-day Greece the benefits of autocracy as it is understood and practised in the Fatherland."

How far German influences will continue to dominate the conduct of Greece, remains to be seen. The first act of the youthful King Alexander was to pledge himself to "the brilliant policy of his revered father."

There is no use trying to find out what the Russians are going to do until they quit celebrating what they have done.—*Savannah News*

THE HEROIC EFFORT TO SETTLE THE IRISH QUESTION

THE convention invoked by Prime Minister Lloyd George in the effort to deal with Ireland will represent what London *Truth* calls four Irelands. The Sinn Feiners make up the most insistent of these because they are, to our British contemporary, avowed rebels, favoring an independent republic. Next we have the Irish nationalists or orthodox and historical Home Rulers, who want the act of 1914 put in force. These men are understood to be willing to concede the total or partial exclusion of Ulster. A third element are loyal unionists, who will not listen to what is called Home Rule. Finally we have the Roman Catholic clergy. These include the hierarchy or bishops, who do not favor the partition of Ireland to please Ulster,

and the masses of the priests, suspected of having gone over to Sinn Fein. All England is talking for the moment of the result of the convention that will include factions and parties so mutually antagonistic. Now, a convention, as the London *Post* observes, is a body almost unknown in English political life. It is an ordinary feature of politics in this country and it has been adopted by the Irish Home Rulers; but the English are somewhat at sea in dealing with the expedient, especially as the body soon to meet will be partly elected and in part made up of appointed delegates. Its rules have still to undergo revision. It is intended to be a final disposition of the riddle that has tormented England and Ireland for centuries.

Fratricidal Frays Feared by the British in Ireland's Convention.

WHAT hope is there that the Sinn Fein party of republicanism and separation can even discuss terms with the Ulster loyalists? Precious little, replies the *London Post* to this query. If the convention does arrive at an agreement of some kind, there remains the fact that the Irish question is in part an English question. The concurrence of British opinion is indispensable to any settlement proposed by the convention. The obstacle to the success of the convention, as *London Truth* sets it forth, is the fact that there really exists no one with whom it can be settled. To settle it with Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon would be futile, as these gentlemen have ceased to represent the patriotic in the old sense. The return of an imprisoned "rebel" to the Commons for South Longford shows that the Sinn Feiners and the loyal unionists are the two parties in Ireland. In the circumstances, the prospects seem to the *Manchester Guardian*, Liberal, that the work of the convention must go against Ulster. Feeling in Ireland of late, it says, has greatly hardened against partition in any shape or form, whether temporary or not. A recent emphatic declaration of the Irish bishops, Catholic and Protestant, did much to reinforce and accentuate this feeling, but it was strong before. This will prove the obstacle to a settlement by general consent, seeing that the Ulsterites, however small a party they may form in the last ditch, will hold out to the end in the convention. However, the Manchester organ of liberalism thinks the Ulsterites too may be won over at last. It says:

"It appears too often to be forgotten that the problem of Ulster is not merely a political but above all a moral problem, and that a violent, hostile, and resisting Ulster, even if forcibly incorporated in the Irish State, would be a sorry possession, whereas a willing and assenting Ulster, even if only slowly won and brought in by stages, would be an invaluable and indispensable element in the strength, unity, and happiness of the Irish State. We have no doubt whatever that the recalcitrant Northeast, whether reckoned as six counties or more justly as four, will in time be won, for the forces that make up for union will, we are convinced, prove far stronger than those which divide, once the Irish State is set up."

What Mr. Lloyd George Thinks of It All.

IF this great convention of all Ireland does not sit behind closed doors, according to Prime Minister Lloyd George, it can have no reasonable chance of success. He pointed out in the Commons that the convention which framed the organic law of the United States sat behind closed doors. So, too, did the body that drew up the Canadian constitution. The fury of the Sinn Feiners at the suggestion finds expression in hints of a betrayal of Ireland in the organs of the Sinn Fein. There have been two riots in Ireland since the proposal to hold this convention was put before the Commons, especially in consequence of the Lloyd George plan to print no account of the proceedings until the plan for Ireland has been finally formed and approved. *The Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) sees reason to fear that a poisonous atmosphere may be created around the convention that will be fatal to its success. As for the partition of Ireland, that, it seems, according to the organ of William O'Brien, was made impossible by the election of the Sinn Feiner at Longford. To Mr.

O'Brien's way of thinking, the suggestion of Mr. Lloyd George, if made five or six years ago, would have been just the thing. As it is, he is willing to hope. Even this willingness will be ended by any serious effort to partition Ireland at the behest of the Ulsterman. It is



IS IT IRELAND OR ENGLAND THAT HAS BEEN FREED?
—Darling in *Chicago Evening Post*

well known that Mr. O'Brien does not regard the success of the Lloyd George experiment as possible. He looks for an unwieldy gathering of mutually irreconcilable enthusiasts, the whole ending in pandemonium and a deadlock. He will, he says, only hope.

Irish Opinion of the Irish Crisis.

LEADING articles in Ulster newspapers make it evident that influential opinion in Belfast and in four out of the six counties is unalterably opposed to any concessions of the kind asked by Sinn Fein and Mr. O'Brien. There must be partition, a point which the *Dublin Irish Times* tries to make a great deal of as the rock upon which the Lloyd George ship will run to wreck. The authority of the Redmondites to negotiate with the Unionists at all, it thinks, is exceedingly doubtful, the South Longford election having proven that the old Home Rule constitutional party is a memory and nothing more. Irish Unionists, it adds, are beginning to think that the real authority and the real majority in an Irish parliament would be vested in the movement which has carried the republican banner to victory in one or two by-elections lately. "The time could hardly be less auspicious for an attempt at settlement." *The Freeman's Journal* (Dublin), true to Redmond, says he is repudiated by Sinn Feiners owing to the scandalous attitude of the British government to Ireland. "As they produced the insurrection by their selfish political intrigues, their threat against Home Rule and the conduct of the Irish administration, civil and military, so they have contributed to the growth

and spread of the republican separatist movement by their bad faith and misconduct since." This is confirmed by the comment of *The Irish Independent* (Dublin), which observes that the faith of the older generation in Redmond has been shaken and that the younger generation of clergy and laity are dead against orthodox Home Rulers. The outlook is for an effervescence of a revolutionary kind when the convention gets down to work. However, something must be done and that quickly, according to Liberal opinion in England. Says the *Westminster Gazette*:

"If we continue to delay and fail once more to find a settlement, opinion in Ireland will more and more pass from the moderates to the extremists, until in the end we find that Nationalism has swung back to Fenianism, and

we are faced once more with the old alternative of drastic coercion or concessions on a scale which we think disastrous to the Empire. All manner of excuses can, no doubt, be made for our failure. We may say that we have done our best and have been thwarted by obstinate Ulstermen and rebellious Sinn Feiners. We may say that we have tried to be benevolent and generous to the Irish, but that they foolishly reject what we know to be good for them. So say all the Powers which have made a muddle of the nationalities within their spheres of government. They can all point to religious and racial difficulties as making concessions impossible. Prussia makes that case about Poland, and Austria-Hungary about the Czechs and Slavs. None the less, we say unhesitatingly that Prussia and Austria have failed disastrously with their nationalities, and that their failure is a great discredit to their systems and one of the chief causes of the present struggle in Europe."

The British are said to be using American chewing-gum. Thus democracy is gradually breaking through all the barriers of the old world.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Marshal Joffre probably welcomes a chance to get back to the trenches for a little rest after his American campaign.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S LATEST PLAN TO END THE WAR

IN the course of the month now drawing to a close, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, imperial German chancellor, has made the most remarkable of his many pilgrimages about central Europe. This, as the *Paris Temps*, always vigilant in watching the Herr Doctor, points out, is the invariable preliminary to a diplomatic stroke by the Wilhelmstrasse. The Chancellor began six weeks ago with a conference in which all the leading Reichstag groups participated. Next he set off for "great headquarters," where he had a conference with William II. After that he went to Vienna, where, somewhat to the general surprise, the young Emperor Charles, back from the front, had dinner with him in private. The Hungarian political crisis was then in process of solution and the Tisza influence was disposed of for the time being. On his way back to Berlin, Bethmann-Hollweg stopped at Munich and saw Premier Hertling of Bavaria. The two returned to Berlin together, the newspapers heralding a special session of the foreign affairs committee of the Bundesrat, a body notoriously torn by dissension. All this meant a great peace "trial balloon," or so the organ of the Quai d'Orsay contends. It will be in the air very soon. Diplomacy is to achieve for Germany what the armies so far failed to accomplish. It is an old game, says the *Temps*, but it should be watched with vigilance.

The Wilhelmstrasse and the Hindenburg Line.

WHAT particularly worries the German chancellor, as his mind is read by the *Temps*, is the disastrous effect upon the domestic mind of victories that bring no bread. William II. sends jubilant telegrams, the Hindenburg line recedes, advances, wavers, the Austrians "hold" Italy, Russia is put out of action, every German is covered with glory, and still potatoes are scarce, bread lines form and America is not quite the "bluff" that had been assumed. The ground is made still hotter under the Herr Doctor's feet by the feud between the Socialists and the Junkers, concerning which sensational statements begin to appear. The situation takes on some of the aspects of civil war. Herr Scheidemann talks more frankly about re-

publican forms of government. In the Reichstag there have been open quarrels over Germany's failure to get results from her innumerable "victories." Some plan must be devised, observes the organ of the French foreign office, to bring home to the Allies the fact that they are beaten. The Conservatives in the Reichstag demand the coast of Belgium, the mining region of France, something out of the Baltic provinces to round out the territory wrested from Russia. Meanwhile the Socialists take up the cry of "no annexations and no indemnities," tempered, to be sure, by some "rectifications of frontier" and certain economic advantages through commercial treaty. Between the two hover the groups which adapt their policy to the flux of circumstance, and above all rises the German press chorus of expectation, best indicated by these words of the *Berlin Lokalanzeiger*:

"Rumor has it that an agreeable political event can not long be delayed. Let us hope that the thing this time will not miscarry. The past few weeks do not put new life into our optimism. We have had a rupture of relations with Guatemala, with Bolivia, with Hayti. Scarcely any attention is now paid to these things, altho they mean the destruction of a great amount of German property and the waste of much German labor beyond the seas. Let us hope that these things will not continue indefinitely at the same rate, because otherwise, even with a favorable peace, the rebuilding of Germany's world commerce would be a task almost impossible of accomplishment. The passive resistance which Germany's labor will meet with after the conclusion of peace in countries which are now lined up against us already constitutes an obstacle to the revival of the conditions that prevailed before the war. This obstacle must not be underestimated."

The Fury of the Factions in Berlin.

UPON every party leader in the Reichstag and upon exalted strategists at the front, the Chancellor impresses the fact that the hour has come for diplomacy to undertake the task which no military measures can possibly finish. In urging such things, according to the *Temps*, the Chancellor has somewhat strained his influence with the court cliques, all militaristic. Neither

has he commended himself to the comrades of the Socialist camp. Here he seems to have fallen foul of Herr Scheidemann. Herr Scheidemann is supposed to be forcing the hand of the Chancellor, who is in no hurry to disclose the diplomacy upon which the peace he expects will be based. This lack of haste displeases the *Vorwärts*, which appears to have passed once more into the bolder region of Socialist thought. "What," it asks, "is Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg waiting for?" If he now makes a frank and bold statement in harmony with the terms of the Russian peace formula, three states will stand together, namely, Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary. "How long will America, which is pacifist at heart, how long will Italy, Great Britain and France resist this propaganda, especially as their people are suffering terribly?" In spite of entreaties of this sort, the Chancellor does not grow precise, definite. The only clear points are, first, that the Wilhelmstrasse has undertaken a fresh diplomatic effort for peace, that Alsace-Lorraine will not be handed back, that nothing will be done to create another Alsace-Lorraine tangle with Russia by eastern annexations, and that there will be no peace upon "a formula of universal agreement," as the *Berlin Post* calls it. If the Wilhelmstrasse gives up any territory it now holds, there must be compensation. How the terms are being received as the neutral chancelleries transmit them is still to be disclosed.

A New German Diplomatic Trap Suspected.

IT seems obvious that the Quai d'Orsay watches with suspicion and uneasiness the development of the fresh peace effort. The Wilhelmstrasse has a trump card, according to the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung*. This only means, as the *Temps* reads the obscurities of the situation, that the separate peace movement with Russia has become a rung in the ladder of diplomatic intrigue. By means of the Russian situation, the German Chancellor will forge a wedge to be driven right through the allied phalanx. Someone is to be detached. There is hope of Italy. It will prove vain, the French organ firmly believes. While the diplomatic net is spread, the Germans at home are fed with lies about a "Germany attacked." This is the gist of Berlin press comment upon the present diplomatic situation, according to the mouthpiece of the Quai d'Orsay. The Junkers are preaching faith in the promise of the Hohenzollern to grant liberties when peace comes, liberties that will pay well for the sacrifices of the war. Thus is the German nation kept quiet while the diplomatic mine is dug beneath the ground on which the allied powers of the west now stand. The solid comfort of the situation to the *Temps* is in the revelation it affords of the German official belief that victory is not to be won through fighting in the field. The Chancellor has no illusions on the subject. He is tracing his own Hindenburg line in the diplomatic sphere. He may spring it as a surprise upon a dumbfounded world. He seems to be staking his official existence upon the throw.

Where Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg Stands.

DESPITE the checks it has received, the policy announced by the German chancellor last December is still his, observes the inspired organ of French diplo-

macy. The "peace proposals" of the Berlin foreign office will amount to nothing more than an invitation to parley. The Chancellor cherishes still the hope that he will lure one or another of the belligerents in the west into the trap of a talk. He maintains a Sybilline attitude. He fancies that will arouse the curiosity of the simple while his agents work at Petrograd, at Stockholm, in the Swiss capital. "The democracies of Italy, of France, of Great Britain and of America have shown what they think of these German tactics." These democracies know from experience, the *Temps* says, that the calculated obscurities investing the German peace move serve merely to hide the process of the trickery, not the fact that trickery is in contemplation. The German "Sozialdemokratie" has a hand in the game. The extremists in Russia are showing that their illusions, too, are vanishing. The truth to the French daily, and its more important contemporaries agree with it, is that the German peace move is too theatrical, too much of a sham, too obviously a scheme to make off with booty won by slaughter and bad faith.

Is the Wilhelmstrasse Playing a Game of Bluff?

A THEORY of the situation in the Wilhelmstrasse much favored in English dailies would interpret the Chancellor's peace effort as a form of bluff. The Chancellor wants peace badly enough but he is prepared to pay a bigger price for it than he is pretending to offer for the moment. In this sense is interpreted by the *London Post* the fact that inspired German newspapers—and few indeed are not inspired now—begin to tell the people at home something about "the peace." It will be accompanied by no such annexations and indemnities as had been hoped for. The subject fills the press in Berlin, in Vienna, in Budapest, to judge from extracts and summaries in neutral sheets as well as in the organs of the western powers. There is a sort of intrigue within an intrigue here and the *London Post* gives this theory of it:

"In a Hungarian paper it is stated that the policy of the Austro-Hungarian Government will not be affected by the annexation party in Germany; to which the organ of the German National Liberal Party retorts with abuse, and gives a list of the acquired territories whose possession is absolutely necessary to secure the safety of Germany in the future. Among them are the Russian provinces now in the military occupation of Germany. At the same time the German Socialists continue to protest that they have always been opposed to annexation on principle. As matters stand, these virtuous declarations are allowed to be published by the German Government, because they happen to coincide with what the rulers of Germany desire shall be accepted, and especially accepted by Russia. German Socialism counts for little enough in Germany, whose people are essentially covetous, but it may serve the turn of the Government upon occasion. Whether or not the German Socialists really object to a policy of annexation and aggrandizement, which is really the national policy, is of little moment; for, in the first place, they will not be consulted in the matter; and, in the second, they can be used to delude the Russian Socialists. It may be, however, that the Russians understand that the German Socialist is a German first and a Socialist in his spare time."

When Germany first announced that she was waging a war of defense she never thought she'd see the day when the statement would be one of fact.—*Macon Telegraph*.

The Russian soldiers on the Eastern front are beginning to suspect the olive-branch the Germans are holding out is poisonous.—*Kansas City Star*.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

CHANGES THAT THE WAR HAS WORKED IN HOOVER OF BELGIUM

WAR has a habit of working queer and sudden transformations in men as well as in maps, and amid the transformations wrought by this world conflict none has been more sudden and interesting than applies to the career of the man who has been chosen to keep the dark angel of famine away from America. Three years ago Herbert C. Hoover was living quietly, if not obscurely, in London, wealthy and successful, tho but in his fortieth year. The fees he received

as an engineer amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. But his name was hardly known outside of the mining world. That, however, had been a ruthless, fighting world of big mining operations and of finance on an international scale. He had not lived the sort of life that is very likely to make a man kind.

Then came the war, and Ernest Poole says, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that on the morning of August 4, 1914, when the American Consul in London called Hoover on the telephone

and asked for help in getting a small army of anxious Americans out of England, Hoover, without realizing that there was an accent of destiny in the call, responded with characteristic energy. His mining friends did likewise, at his solicitation. They raised about \$200,000. The United States Government loaned the same amount, and, through their efforts, in two months 45,000 Americans were sent safely home. Hoover, we read, had seen a great light, such as Saul of Tarsus saw on the road to Damascus—and was a changed man. Here is a pen-picture of him that we find in the *Post*:

"Hoover is a tired man, a depressed man, an impatient man, but a strong man. Tho by no means large of frame, he gives at once an impression of force. His limbs look hard; his smooth face is strong; there is a determined look to his jaws, and his eyes are steady and direct. He is a mining engineer, a man from a ruthless, fighting world, to whom at the outbreak of this war something very like a miracle happened. . . . Nevertheless, he remains a man who eschews the fashionable world of society; his manners are far from 'finished,' and small talk bores him to extinction. He seldom tells funny stories himself, tho he likes to hear them. When he plays bridge he plays it hard. When he has a day off he likes to motor with his family out into the country, build a fire and cook in the open. Another dissipation of his is the reading of detective stories. In these he takes a huge delight. But the rest of his life is work."

By sheer work, we are told, he has made himself a decidedly forceful writer. His book on the "Principles of Mining" gives in a clear, simple style the methods he himself has used in forging ahead. His other achievement in this line is a translation of *De Re Metallica*, an old book on metals and mining, written in 1530 by Georg Agricola, a Saxon, who wrote in doggerel Latin that had defied the efforts of translators for over four hundred years. In slaving at this puzzle Hoover is said to have taken a grim delight. For several years it occupied most of his spare time. It was one of his ways of resting.

Regarding the historic work of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium and the way Hoover directed it, we read that it was and is his custom in emergencies to "do things first and ask



HE PROMISES TO SOLVE THE FOOD PROBLEM WITHOUT THE "AID" OF PROFESSORS

Herbert C. Hoover has been referred to by Brand Whitlock, in an address to the Belgians, as "that extraordinary man who, by a fortunate chance, we discovered at the beginning of the war."

permission later." Furthermore, as a forecast of what may be expected of him as American food administrator, we read that Hoover took care to surround himself with experienced practical associates in the Belgian work:

"They knew all the tricks of the business. When the price of beans began to rise they bought one thousand tons of beans and threw them back in one lot on the market. Down went prices. They bought in small lots. Slowly again the price began rising; but once more the terrific impact of one thousand tons of beans was felt. Again the price dropped,

and again their agents bought beans in small lots.

"So again and again did that same thousand tons of beans hammer down prices and save the day. The same was true wherever they went. In food and in shoes and clothing, repeatedly through expert advice of business men as shrewd as themselves, they went into the market and bought at cost, and often below it. . . . Each month their dependents consumed the wheat product of nearly 200,000 acres. The commission expended \$14,000,000 every month, and made every dollar count."

Discussing with Alfred W. McCann,

of the New York *Globe*, the problems now confronting him, this new Chairman of the Food Board has made the startling declaration that on assuming office he would "begin at once to cut off every official and every theorist." That there must be, above all, "no professors on the job." That the commercial interests of this country "can provide the only people who know anything that is practical about food," and that to them exclusively he would look for aid in solving the complex problems involved in this, the greatest undertaking of his kaleidoscopic career.

RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA: "THE OTHER CROWN PRINCE"

IF the purpose of the British government be really to dethrone the House of Hohenzollern, the dynasty of Wittelsbach would logically replace it on the German imperial throne. That accounts for the importance of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria not only to the press of the western allies but to some at any rate of the German newspapers. Now the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria enjoys at home what the Europeans call a "good press." He is approaching his fiftieth year, this most conspicuous of German royal personages next to the Emperor William himself, and even the *Neueste Nachrichten* (Munich) admits that the rigors of war and relentless domestic sorrows have told upon him.

His close-cropped mustach has gone as white as that of William II. Whiter, too, is the close-cropped hair, combed forward to meet a high forehead, much seamed. The wound that disabled Rupprecht some two years ago is healed, but he is said to limp somewhat now because of an accident he met with in going over an ammunition plant some little time since. A correspondent of the Rome *Giornale*, who saw this "other crown prince" not long ago, was struck by the emaciation of aspect in his highness. He was addressing a Bavarian regiment bound for the front and using that liquid, agreeable Munich accent which distinguishes the southern German from the more guttural Prussian. Near Rupprecht on horseback was the last of his sturdy sons, the oldest having died while still a mere lad and another since the war began. The crown prince has an elderly aunt who presides over the home of this royal widower and who is now and then visible to the general public in the garb of a hospital nurse. The whole family struck the Italian journalist as much subdued. On no countenance appeared the famous Wittelsbach smile. As for Schloss Fürstenried, in which the last of the

mad kings breathed out his mortal life so recently, one would hardly recognize the great deer park. Vegetables

grow where once were flower-beds. Here and there the nurses move among the wounded in the open air. Rup-



THE SANE MEMBER OF A MAD, MAD DYNASTY

Rupprecht of Bavaria, "the other Crown Prince," likes to be thought a "sport" in the botanical sense, that is a variation from the Wittelsbach type of poetical, impractical and peripatetic prince. He affects the severity of the uncompromisingly prosaic and pragmatic person.

precht seems to take a grim satisfaction in the war songs of the convalescent when he comes back from the front. During his hurried visits to Munich he looks over the agricultural experiment stations which are now a recognized Wittelsbach hobby. Crown Prince Rupprecht is a special patron of the potato and like his father he is proud of the title of farmer. There is no crop of importance yielded by the soil of Bavaria of which Rupprecht, soldier tho he is, could not write an instructive report.

He has striven for years, according to the *Paris Temps*, to appear in the eyes of his people as a grave and sensible being with no tinge of romance, in contrast with the theatrical tendencies of William II. This revulsion from the artistic has carried Rupprecht over into applied science, into practical agriculture, into the promotion of business and financial enterprises and into the most scientifically imaginable school of war. He cultivates sententious modes of speech. His piety is rather silent and he never affects the loud robes in which Emperor William is so fond of appearing on ceremonial occasions. Rupprecht spends what leisure is his when he comes from the front in visits to the hospitals and to the farms. He is quite proud of his knowledge of the chemistry of agriculture. This practical tendency is conspicuous when he inspects the troops. He looks at the shoes of the men with care, nor does he disdain to taste the somewhat blackened broth of the hospitals.

When the Emperor William visits a hospital he glances about and remarks: "Comrades, the Kaiser wishes you a speedy recovery." Rupprecht, the Italian journalist says, steps forward quietly to the head of a patient's bed, reads the name on the identifica-

tion card, exchanges a whispered word with the nurse and retires. If he visits one of the great laboratories near Munich he does so unannounced for the purpose of following the progress of an important experiment—not, as Emperor William would do, to render the occasion ceremonial by making a rousing address in the presence of the assembled students. Notwithstanding this somewhat ostentatious severity of attitude in public, the Italian observer suspects, there rests upon the personality of "the other crown prince" a mist of romanticism, a tinge of the poetry of tragedy. All who come near him experience it. There is a world weariness in the large, open, steely eye, a droop at the corners of the mouth, a quiver about the sensitive nostril, a musical note in the voice, that does not rise but vibrates. The whole effect is intensified by the rigid attitude of the prince as he confronts his audience, one hand hanging loosely while the other fingers the hilt of the sword. The face is on the whole highly intelligent; but there is a suggestion of intense weariness in it. The effect is accentuated by the slight cough which has grown upon the Prince in the past year and by the very obvious limp. The cheeks have fallen in since the outbreak of the war.

To what extent the Crown Prince Rupprecht has inherited the traditional traits of the house of Wittelsbach affords some of the organs of the Allies a theme of controversy. The idiosyncrasies of the house, explains the *Tribuna*, tend to accentuate themselves into a sort of insanity; but no one ever detected that in the deportment of Rupprecht. In fact, he is rather dull, if anything—a truly extraordinary thing for a prince of this dynasty. If it be undeniably true that the Wittelsbachs go mad, there is at least one distinc-

tion to be made between their insanity and that of, say, the Hohenzollerns or the Hapsburgs. Where a Hapsburg stabs himself or runs off with a ballet dancer, or a Hohenzollern affects a vice-regency of God and builds an altar to his ancestors, the Wittelsbach invents a new drama, turns his court into a fairyland or becomes an imitator of Don Quixote. The worst charge against a Wittelsbach is usually extravagance or overeating. Until he reaches senility he acts the fairy king regardless of the tax-rate. Rupprecht is not clever, as the mad king Ludwig, for instance, was clever. The very name of "Parsifal" is distasteful to Rupprecht and it is considered tactful to refrain in his presence from all allusion to Wagner, to dwell rather pointedly upon Clausewitz.

In spite of his military ambitions, Crown Prince Rupprecht impresses the *Paris Temps* as a second-rate strategist. He proved that at the very outbreak of the war, we are assured, when at the head of the so-called sixth army, in touch with the seventh, led by General Josias von Heeringen, he failed in the invasion of France from the east and never established a link with "the other crown prince"—William of Prussia—in the vicinity of Verdun. The pair were to proceed to a triumphal entry into Paris. Just who was responsible for the fiasco is a matter for the historians of the future; but the Bavarians are consoled by the fact that Rupprecht showed undeniable courage. Rupprecht's failure as a commander is said to be due to his excessive fondness for councils of war. He weighs one consideration with another until the time for decisive action has gone by. This is the one tendency of the Wittelsbachs which is conspicuous in him—a hesitating attitude in emergencies.

THE NEWSBOY WHOM A WORD FROM ROCKEFELLER STARTED UP THE LADDER

IT isn't every young man, anxious to get a toe-hold on the bottom rung of the ladder of success, who can expect a John D. Rockefeller to reach down anonymously and give him a lift. Statistics do not reveal the number of young men to whom the oil magnate has extended a helping hand. In fact, one would hardly expect a business man of such magnitude to bother about investigating a strange boy who was working on a steamboat as a purser. Yet that is what befell Matthew C. Brush, who, at the age of thirty-nine, is head of the Boston street railway transportation system, and the story of whose rapid rise to power is one of the romances of American business.

Brush, we read in the *American Magazine*, was born in Stillwater, Minnesota, where he received a common school education until, at the age of fourteen, he was forced to earn his own living and ambitiously struck out for Chicago. For three years his precarious occupation was selling newspapers and fighting with other city gamins leagued to protect their favorite corners. Sunday was his only play day, and every Sunday he would go out to the docks that line Lake Michigan and watch the big lake steamers wallowing in and out of port. The boats fascinated the boy, and he finally got an opportunity to ship as clerk on a passenger steamer. This led to a place as purser on one of the larger

lake vessels. Then, as he is quoted in the magazine, came his opportunity, tho it was not recognized as such at the time:

"One day I was standing at the purser's window when a thin, keen-eyed, elderly man stopped there and began asking me questions. He complained about the steamer, and I handled his complaints as smoothly and fairly as possible. Then he asked me about my work, where I lived, whether I liked my job, if I was an only child, and a lot of other personal questions.

"I hadn't the slightest idea who the man might be. I figured out that he was lonesome and wanted to talk with someone. So I just smiled and answered everything.

"Some time later I got a letter from

the late James J. Hill offering me a job. He said that he had been talking with John D. Rockefeller about the young men of the country, and that the oil man had said I was a promising youngster. Then, and then only, did I discover that the inquisitive passenger on the lake steamer had been John D. Rockefeller.

"Mr. Hill wrote that if I was willing to start at the bottom he would give me a job on the Great Northern Railroad, which I, of course, accepted, starting in as a shop apprentice, toggled up in overalls and jumper, and plugging away at twenty cents an hour. It was there that I learned 'most everything I know about the machinery of railroading. The time spent in that shop has been worth ten dollars an hour to me since."

It is not surprising to read that the erstwhile purser and Chicago newsboy forged ahead, from promotion to promotion, until, at twenty-seven, he was made assistant to the president of the Boston Suburban Electric Company, then general manager, then vice-president and eventually head of the Boston Elevated System, which carries 640,000,000 passengers annually—half as many people as ride on all the steam railroads of the country.

The way Brush "does things," and which incidentally reveals his power of leadership over the ten thousand men in his employ who "would jump into the Charles River if he commanded," is illustrated by the way in which he averted a great strike in 1913. The men on the roads were restless about wages, hours and other conditions of work. Conference succeeded conference to no purpose. Brush wearied of them.

"It was not his way of doing business. He buckled up his belt and plunged into the muddle. His first move was to call W. D. Mahon, head of the National Car-men's Union, into his office and lock the door.

"Now, Mahon," he said, drawing up a chair and leaning forward with his friendly smile, 'we're here in my office. The doors are locked. There are no stenographers concealed anywhere. No dictographs. No one to listen. The curtains are drawn. We're here alone. But before we can do anything I've got to know you and you've got to know me. You tell me all about yourself, and I'll tell you who I am and what I've done.'

"And thus the labor leader and the frank, friendly railroad official drew back the curtains of reticence and suspicion and showed each other the goods that



AT THIRTY-NINE HE IS A "TOP-NOTCHER"

Matthew C. Brush was a purser on a Great Lake steamer when he was "discovered" by John D. Rockefeller, and is now head of a street railway system which carries 640,000,000 people annually.

were within them. Mahon saw Brush the newsboy, and Brush the apprentice, as well as Brush the vice-president. Brush saw Mahon as a fellow man whose heart was bound up in the welfare of labor.

"Mahon found out that I was square," Brush said afterward, 'and I found out that he was square. He was open and honest; so was I. We were both convinced that neither one was trying to play tricks on the other.'

"For nineteen hours the two men, behind locked doors, debated the complex problems, each zealous for the interests he represented. At the end of that time the labor leader walked out with a mutual agreement in his hand. Not only was this agreement satisfactory to the

company but unions have called it one of the finest documents of its kind ever drawn up."

The qualities that stand out strongest in the amazing career of this "top-notcher at 39" are the qualities, we read, that Brush demands most emphatically of his men. Chief among them is initiative. Never call a man on the carpet for a piece of initiative, is one of his cardinal rules. "He may have done the wrong thing this time, but the next time, by using his head, he may save dollars and lives. Tell him he's a fool and he'll never take another chance."

SKOBELEFF: THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REVOLUTIONIST IN PETROGRAD

ALTHO he may withdraw at any moment from the provisional government of Russia, Minister of Labor Skobelev will remain the "strong man" of the revolution. The talents which have

raised him from obscurity in the remote fortified town of Kars to the post of power at Petrograd are described in the *Paris Temps* as those of a born revolutionist. The organ of the Quai d'Orsay has followed the career of

Skobelev ever since the upheavals of twelve years ago, when Nicholas II. narrowly lost his throne owing to this same Skobelev. The election of such a firebrand to the Duma filled the court circle with dismay; but the Armenians

and the Caucasians stuck to their champion and the three efforts to unseat Skobelev failed miserably. He has been at different times an anarchist—in the Russian official sense—a Socialist, a radical and an agrarian communist. He may always be set down on the side of whatever revolution happens to be in progress, observes a writer in the French daily. One finds him aching for sympathy with labor, altho his affiliations are with the discontented peasantry whose hunger for land he will strive to appease at any price.

The gifts of Skobelev divide themselves, according to a somewhat unfriendly study of him in the Socialist Rome *Avanti*, into two sorts—the spectacular and the solid. The spectacular gifts include oratory of the fervent and still graceful type, a wit that never fails and a most ingratiating mode of insinuating subversive ideas. He cherishes no hatred of the landowners. He urges their expropriation in the friendliest spirit. In a revolutionary government noted for its able talkers, Skobelev is deemed the supreme orator. He has the logical persuasiveness of Milyoukoff without that professor's dogmatic tone. He has all the passion of Kerensky without that lawyer's somewhat histrionic emotionalism. He has the genial manner of Luoff without the insipidity of the Prince, who never offends by denouncing anything or anybody.

The solid qualities of Skobelev, as distinguished from spectacular traits exploited in the press abroad, include capacity for the conduct of what to his critics is "intrigue," and an inexhaustible fertility in expedients to meet desperate situations. This makes him a menace to the various official cliques against which his revolutionary career has been one long struggle. He hates the military clique, despite the local tradition connecting his impoverished family with that of one of Russia's famous soldier heroes, and he hates the diplomatic clique, which, according to him, makes international relations the monopoly of a privileged profession. The resignations and removals in the diplomatic corps have been Skobelev's work, according to the *Temps*, and he is held responsible for the changes in the high commands at the front as well. He is emphatically, says the *Gaulois*, a magnetizer of men, altho the *Débats*, having formed a pessimistic estimate of the power behind the revolution, insists that he misleads the provisional government, misleads the Duma, misleads most of all the executive committee of that soldiers' and workers' combination to which he stands for the incarnation of wisdom.

Skobelev works through his follow-

ers, just as in his student days at Vienna—not so many years ago—he got through the university by picking the brains of his fellows in class. He has the prehensile, acquisitive kind of mind that gets a new language in a few weeks, sees through a character in one swift glance and grasps the essentials of a crisis before anyone else knows even the facts. In his old Kars days he stirred the populace to disorder and fled just in time to escape arrest. His various vocations of advocate, journalist, economist and teacher seem to have been so many cloaks for conspiracy, revolt and insurrection. The peculiar circumstances under which Skobelev grew to manhood, the persecution and exile of so many near and dear to him, the intimacy of his association with more or less orientalized human types in the Caucasus—all these details, admits a French observer, must be allowed for. The net effect upon his character affords the Paris dailies an explanation of his swift changes from one policy to another. First we have him for a separate peace with Germany. Then he comes out on the other side. One day he enacts the decree allowing troops in the field to choose their officers. To-morrow he revokes it. In a word, says the *Débats*, Skobelev is unstable. He has come with an insufficient experience at the age of thirty-two to a supreme position in a great state.

Skobelev was detected in his teens as the ringleader of a student revolt in a school of his native Caucasus. When the Cossacks of the region appeared, Skobelev, as the story goes, snatched one of the whips and belabored the commander of the forces with it. He had to flee and henceforth, to follow the history of his exploits in sheets at home like the *Rabotchaya Gazeta* and other organs of the emancipated proletariat, he wandered from one government to another, fomenting rebellion. It was a famous year for unrest among the student bodies, Skobelev being always on the spot when pandemonium reigned.

A realization of the personality of this extraordinary man, suspects the London *Times*, unusually friendly to him for so substantial a sheet, necessitates knowledge of what is known in Russia as the "intelligentsia." A writer in the Manchester *Guardian* says very much the same thing. Skobelev emerges from that great class, which has no parallel in other lands, which subordinates its interest in business, in professional life, in the arts and sciences, to the single pursuit of social reform. Skobelev must not be judged in the light of standards set by the political life of other lands. Even when he is dubbed an anarchist, the word is misleading because its

literal translation conveys a misconception to the western mind of what Skobelev professes under that name. He may be an anarchist now, a revolutionary socialist next week, a land reformer in due time; but primarily Skobelev is of the "intelligentsia," conscious of a call to free Russia from her traditional chains. He makes no concealment of his belief that democracy in the western sense is a sham, that France is a paradise of finance, that the central powers are the creation of the diplomacy which is among the things to be swept away. Skobelev, in short, regards the western world with something very like suspicion, just as the Russian peasant does. The Skobelev following, as the English understand his position, is mainly among the peasants, despite his prominence in the labor camp. His father was a peasant and he hails from Baku.

Correspondents of London dailies warn us that photographs of Skobelev in the illustrated papers are libels on the man. He is not stiff and heavy and stern, but light, smiling, pleasant, looking older than his years. For the moment Skobelev is absorbed in the great gathering of peasants he has brought to Petrograd. That is another passion of his, observes the Paris *Temps*. Nothing makes Skobelev so happy as a convention, a congress, a representative gathering from everywhere, he being a perfect specimen of what the Germans call a Kongressbummler. As long as there are committee meetings to attend and conferences to be addressed and deputies to be managed and officials to be elected and minutes to be read, and reforms to be wrought, Skobelev is in paradise—a born member of the Russian intelligentsia.

Those who study the character of Skobelev with special reference to the crisis he has set out to resolve, fear that his temperament is too alien to the "respectable" in Anglo-Saxon life to leave him much patience with conservatism. He belongs to the school of Gorky, and Gorky has learned to distrust anything that looks like conventionality in politics. As a writer in the Paris *Matin* says, the life of Skobelev is rich in the kind of incident out of which the Russians make their tales. He has tramped through the savage region of the Caucasus, pausing on his way for a drink at a well and then resuming his wanderings in the society of whatever gypsies he fell in with. Skobelev has no idea that people who are not toilers do not live in a paradise and sleep on beds of roses. His sympathies overflow for the kind of poor he knows—the beggar, the peasant in the field, the poor student living in a garret.



MUSIC AND DRAMA



"THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS"—A SALUTE IN ONE ACT BY JAMES BARRIE

ONE of the most striking features of the theatrical season just past has been the popularity of the one-act play. Just as the short story is usurping the place of the old-fashioned serial in our magazines of fiction, the one-act play is more and more rivaling in popularity the three and four-act play in our legitimate theaters. Not only the activities of organizations like the Washington Square Players, who produced no less than nineteen meritorious one-act plays during the season, but of the dramatists themselves—playwrights like Bernard Shaw, Lord Dunsany, and the irresistible Sir James Barrie—have done much to arouse interest in this type of drama. In nearly every city of the country the "little theater" idea is rapidly growing; and the little theaters are almost exclusively devoted to the presentation of one-act plays by the masters of modern drama of every country. With this growing familiarity with the drama of one act, we are coming to the realization, as Edward Goodman recently pointed out in the *Theater Magazine*, that this type of play is not merely a "playlet" or a "sketch," or a "curtain raiser," but a complete work of art in itself. "A real one-act play is full length. Unless we wish to eliminate from dramatic literature all the themes that can be fitly treated only in that form, we must see to it that the one-act play continues to be produced."

In Paris the Grand Guignol for years has been devoted to the production of one-act plays of every type. But it is only recently that the London or New York manager has dared to offer to the public an evening's entertainment made up exclusively of one-act plays. Recently, under the general title "an evening with Sir James Barrie," the

Charles Frohman Company presented three short plays by the genial Scot at the Empire Theater in New York. The success of these plays was more than gratifying. They revealed Barrie as one of the truest masters of the one-act type of dramaturgy. Two war plays, "The New Word" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," were presented. Both were tremendously appealing to our war-time audiences. The New York critics were inclined to consider "The New Word" a better play than "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals"; the latter play, has the stronger "heart appeal." The third play of the bill, "Old Friends," was a strong

The older man finally explains his position to his son:

JOHN. There's an understanding between every father and son—a sort of compact drawn up the day the son goes to school—that they must never again let on that they care for each other. Now, Roger, be ready, I'm going to jerk a grenade at you. It's this—I'm fond of you!

ROGER. Father, if any one were to hear you!

JOHN. Won't you say something civil to me in return?

ROGER. (*Reluctantly.*) I sometimes—bragged about you at school.

JOHN. (*Pleased.*) Did you? What sort of things?

ROGER. I—I forget.

JOHN. Come on, Roger.

ROGER. Is this fair, father?

This father and son finally do arrive at an understanding of their mutual love; but when the mother returns to the room they are again barking at each other in the conventional Anglo-Saxon manner, disguising their true affections.

"The New Word" is said to be a product of the first year of the war. "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" is a product

of the third, and it strikes a deeper and more hopelessly tragic note. With Miss Beryl Mercer as Mrs. Dowey, the lonesome old Scotch charwoman, eking out an existence in a forlorn section of London, this play in three short scenes has been acclaimed as one of the most noteworthy productions of the season. We are indebted to the Charles Frohman Company for permission to present these striking bits from the dialog.

The scene of the play, as we read in the highly personal stage directions of Barrie, is a basement in a drab locality of London. It is the kitchen, the sitting-room and everything else of "our



A COUNCIL OF WAR

Mrs. Dowey (Beryl Mercer) is seen at the left and the three other ladies are characterized as the "chorus" of Sir James Barrie's newest cameo war play. All of the ladies have male relatives at the front; and all receive letters from the trenches, tho' we soon learn that poor little Mrs. Dowey's are fictitious ones.

enough and unpleasant enough tragedy of drink to suit any propagandist; but its withdrawal in favor of "The Twelve-Pound Look" indicates that the Barrie "fans" do not wish the master to indulge in too much versatility. They want the Barrie charm first, last and always.

In "The New Word," Sir James shows us an English father trying to break through the traditional parental reserve, in order to bid an affectionate farewell to his only son, who, at 19, clothed in khaki, is off to the front as second lieutenant. There is much hemming and hawing as the father and son are left alone in front of the hearth.

heroine," the charwoman. It is a poor room, as small as possible, but clean and tidy, and bravely making the best of things. It is not at all bare, but has many little articles and adornments, including a bird in a cage. The room is lighted by a single window. It is below the level of the street, and one can see the feet of the passers-by on the sidewalk above. There is a glimpse of iron stairs that one descends in calling upon Mrs. Dowey. A folding-bed stands against one of the walls.

When the curtain rises we discover Mrs. Dowey entertaining three other charwomen at tea. There are delectable shrimps and winkles, we are informed, and the ladies are adepts at the manipulation of these dainties. They are all in their charring clothes, and this indicates that this particular tea-party is an impromptu affair. "They are all elderly, as lively as you like, and great gossips, war specialists and fashion connoisseurs."

Mrs. Dowey's visitors, whom Barrie characterizes as "the chorus"—whether out of respect to Greek tragedy or London musical comedy we cannot quite determine—all have menfolk in the war. Mrs. Dowey is alone in the world. Even the title of "Mrs." she has appropriated, only to give herself a bit of standing in that society of charwomen. It was everybody's war but hers. Mrs. Mickleham, Mrs. Tovey and Mrs. Huggerty all get letters from the front. And finally she, in her desperation, has invented a son of her own, and has faked a goodly collection of letters from him. We discover that in the following dialog:

MRS. MICKLEHAM. And the most exciting part of it is the soldiers' letters, all wrote in pencil. It's that letter wrote in pencil as makes all women alike nowadays, whether they be in cream velvet or in last year's alpaca dyed.

MRS. TOVEY. The pencil letter! That's the thing to put up a monument to when the war is over!

MRS. DOWEY. (Softly.) And women in enemy lands get their pencil letters, and then stop getting them—the same as ourselves; let's occasionally think of that. (The three half rise, scandalized.)

MRS. MICKLEHAM. That's hardly language, Mrs. Dowey!

MRS. DOWEY. Kindly excuse! (Perturbed.) I'm not a junker. Please sit down again. (They do so, rather on their dignity.)

MRS. TOVEY. I've heard of females that have no male relations, and so they have no man-party at the wars; but I don't mix with them.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. What can the likes

of us have to say to them? It's not *their* war.

MRS. DOWEY. They're to be pitied!

MRS. MICKLEHAM. But the place for them, Mrs. Dowey, is within doors, with the blinds down.

MRS. DOWEY. That's the place for them.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. I saw one of them to-day buying a flag. I thought it was very impudent of her.

MRS. DOWEY. So it was!

MRS. MICKLEHAM. (Preening herself.) I had a letter from my son, Percy, yesterday.

MRS. TOVEY. Alfred sent me his photo.

MRS. HUGGERTY. Letters from Salonika is less common.

MRS. DOWEY. Kenneth writes to me every week.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. (Impressed.) Every week?

Who is this strange Kenneth? None



MRS. DOWEY EXPLAINS

Her voice drumbles on like a Scotch burn, in the words of K. Dowey of the Black Watch; and she soon convinces the motherless fighter that she is worthy of his filial devotion.

of the ladies have ever seen Mrs. Dowey's son. She explains to her visitors that he is a Scot, a private in the famous Black Watch regiment, that he has tremendous, bare and hairy legs, and she shows a packet of letters she says that he has sent to her, all with the salutation "Dearest Mother." The lady who has been boasting of her son at Salonika is a bit set back, and the lady whose son is imprisoned in Germany loses a bit of her social prestige. And then, in the midst of all her imagined glory, down the iron steps to Mrs. Dowey's basement comes "a Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman." He has found her son, K. Dowey, of the Black Watch! (she had read his name in a newspaper):

MR. WILKINSON. Your son, Mrs. Dowey—he has got five days' leave. (She wets her lips; can't say anything.) Now! Now! Good news doesn't kill!

MRS. TOVEY. We're glad, Mrs. Dowey.

MRS. DOWEY. You're sure?

MR. WILKINSON. Quite sure. He has arrived!

MRS. DOWEY. He's in London?

MR. WILKINSON. He is. I have spoken to him.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. (To Mrs. Dowey.) You lucky.

MRS. DOWEY. Where?

MR. WILKINSON. Ladies, it's quite a romance. I was in the Church Army quarters in Central Street, trying to get on the track of one or two of our missing men, when my eyes lighted on a Highlander sitting rather drearly on a bench with his kit at his feet.

MRS. HUGGERTY. A big man?

MR. WILKINSON. A great brawny fellow! (She sighs.) "My friend," I said at once, "welcome back to Blighty." I never say home when I speak to the men.

"I wonder," I said, "if there is anything I can do for you?" He shook his head. "What Regiment?" I asked. "Black Watch—5th Battalion," he said. "Name?" I asked. "Dowey," says he. I put my hand on his shoulder. "Kenneth Dowey," I said, "I know your mother."

MRS. HUGGERTY. I declare! I do declare!

MRS. DOWEY. (Remaining very quiet.) What did he say to that?

MR. WILKINSON. He was incredulous. Indeed, he seemed to think I was balmy. But I offered to bring him straight to you. I told him how much you had talked to me about him.

MRS. DOWEY. Bring him here!

MRS. MICKLEHAM. I wonder he needed to be brought.

MR. WILKINSON. He had just arrived and he was bewildered in the great city. He listened to me in the taciturn Scotch way, and then he gave a curious laugh.

MRS. TOVEY. Laugh?

MR. WILKINSON. The Scottish, Mrs. Tovey, express their emotions differently from us. With them tears signify a rollicking mood, while merriment denotes that they are in physical pain. When I had finished, he said at once: "Let's go and see the old lady."

MRS. DOWEY. Is he—coming?

He has already come. He is waiting on the sidewalk outside the house. Mr. Wilkinson calls him, and in walks Private Dowey in his khaki kilts. He is a veritable giant, very Scotch, very dour, and very lonesome. The three charwomen and Mr. Wilkinson excitedly depart. Private Dowey is left alone with his cowering "mother." He is incensed. He has only come to give the "old varmint" a piece of his mind. Poor old Mrs. Dowey tries to tempt him with her shrimps, her marmalade and her tea. At first he refuses, demanding an explanation of her effrontery in claiming him as her son. He listens to her glowering and impatiently:

MRS. DOWEY. I've been charring and charring and charring since the year one. I've been in London for about 20 years.

DOWEY. We'll skip your early days. I have an appointment.

MRS. DOWEY. Then after fifty years or so the war broke out.

DOWEY. How could it affect you?

MRS. DOWEY. Oh, Mister, that's the thing! It didn't affect me, it affected everybody but me. I had no one at the war. The neighbors looked down on me. Even the poster of the mother saying: "Go, my boy" leered at me. Many a night I sat crying in the dark. (Suddenly.) You won't have a drop of tea?

DOWEY. No!

MRS. DOWEY. Sudden-like the idea came to me to pretend I had a son.

DOWEY. You nasty old limmer! But what in the name of old Nick made you choose me out of the whole British army?

MRS. DOWEY. (Slily.) Maybe it was because I liked you best.

DOWEY. Now, now! Woman!

MRS. DOWEY. I read one day in the papers—"in which he is assisted by Private K. Dowe, Black Watch."

DOWEY. Did you now? Well, I expect that's the only time I was ever in the papers.

MRS. DOWEY. But I didn't choose you for that alone. I read a history of the Black Watch first to make sure it was the best regiment in the world.

DOWEY. (Complacently) Anybody could have told you that. I like the voice of you. It drumbles on like a Scotch burn.

MRS. DOWEY. Prosen water runs by where I was born. Maybe it teached me to speak, mister.

DOWEY. Havers! (He reaches to the table and has a shrimp.)

MRS. DOWEY. I read about the Black Watch's ghostly piper, that plays proudly when the men of the Black Watch do well—and still prouder when they fall.

DOWEY. (Secretly pleased.)

There's some foolish story of that kind. Well done, you clever old varmint. But you couldn't have been living here at that time or they would have guessed. I suppose you changed your place of residence.

MRS. DOWEY. Yes. It cost 11/6.

DOWEY. (Having another shrimp.) How did you guess the K in my name stood for Kenneth?

MRS. DOWEY. Does it? (He nods.)

An Angel whispered it to me in my sleep.

DOWEY. That's the only angel in the whole black business. (He walks about buttering and eating a chunk of bread.) You little thought I would turn up. (Suspicious.) Or did you?

Then she shows him her folding-bed, and begs him to spend his five-days' leave with her. She shows him the im-

proved bathtub which is also her washing-tub. There is no escaping Mrs. Dowe. He begins to think he'll find her waiting for him when he gets to Berlin. Finally he accepts her invitation, for she has confessed that it was she, and not the highborn lady whose picture he had seen in the illustrated papers and whose name Mrs. Dowe had assumed, who had sent him all those knitted socks and great cakes. But the canny Scot does not accept her as his mother—nor even as a relative. He teaches her the Tommies' song of

MRS. DOWEY. You're sure you'll come back?

DOWEY. I leave my kit in pledge.

MRS. DOWEY. You won't liquor up too freely, Kenneth?

DOWEY. You're the first to care whether I did or not. I promise. God, I'm beginning to look forward to being wakened in the morning by hearing you cry, "Get up, you lazy swine!" I've often envied men that had woman folk with a right to say that. (Suddenly.) By Gosh!

MRS. DOWEY. What is it?

DOWEY. The theater. It would be showier if I took a lady!

MRS. DOWEY. (Hope knocking at her breast.)

Kenneth, tell me this instant what you mean. Don't keep me on the jumps.

DOWEY. (Surveying her.)

No, it couldn't be done.

MRS. DOWEY. Was it me you were thinking of?

DOWEY. Just for a moment, but you have no style.

MRS. DOWEY. Not in this, of course; but if you saw me in my merino! Kenneth, it's a gabardine, laced up the front.

DOWEY. Let's see it! (She produces it from drawer—he examines it.) Looks none so bad. Have you a bit of chiffon for the neck? (She nods eagerly.) What men in the trenches think about is not the Kaiser nor bombs nor keeping the Home Fires burning, nor Tipperary—it's chiffon! Any jewelry?

MRS. DOWEY. I have a bangle.

DOWEY. Ump ha!

MRS. DOWEY. And I have a muff—and gloves!

DOWEY. Ay, ay! Do you think you could give your face less of a homely look?

MRS. DOWEY. I'm sure I could.

DOWEY. Then you can have a try. But, mind you, I promise nothing. All will depend on the effect.



CHIFFON

Kenneth Dowe insists upon that piece of chiffon in the neck of Mrs. Dowe's best merino gown. For chiffon, he explains, is all that the boys in the trenches think of.

Paris, a rollicking tune which runs:

"Mrs. Gill is very ill,
Nothing can improve her,
But to see the Tooleries
And waddle through the Looover."

in which she joyfully joins in.

DOWEY. But, mind you, I don't accept you as a relation. For your personal glory you can go on pretending to the neighbors, but the best I can say for you is that you're on your probation. I'm a cautious character, and we must see how you'll turn out.

MRS. DOWEY. (Obedient.) Yes, Kenneth.

DOWEY. And now, I think, for that bath; for my theater begins at 6:30. A cove I met on a 'bus is going with me.

He goes into scullery. We hear the water running. He shuts the door, she chucks the package of letters contemptuously into the fire. She rushes for her pail, pours water from the kettle into it. She is about to wash. She takes down her mirror from the wall and eagerly examines her face. She smoothes her hair by licking her palm and passing it over her hair.

So the giant kiltie and poor little, old little Mrs. Dowe go off to a theater together. They spend a happy five days together, this proud mother and her "son." The second scene shows the night of Kenneth's departure. The three charwomen are waiting for them to come in, discussing the stylish clothes Kenneth has bought his mother:

MRS. DOWEY. What is she wearing?

MRS. MICKLEHAM. The new astrakhan coat he gave her with Venus sleeves.

MRS. HUGGERTY. Has she sold her gabardine coat?

MRS. MICKLEHAM. Not her. She has them both at the theater. She's wearing the one and the other she's carrying, flung careless-like over her arm.

MRS. HUGGERTY. I saw her strutting with him yesterday as if the two of them made a procession.

MRS. MICKLEHAM. (*At the window.*) Hah! They're coming! She'll guess we're here. Strike me pink if the conceit doesn't come mincing in hooked on his arm!

After the departure of the neighbors, while the charwoman and her soldier son are waiting to hear the whistle of a comrade who is waiting outside to summon Kenneth, the note of pathos becomes more intense. Kenneth is going back to the trenches, but he must tell Mrs. Dowey that he has notified the authorities that she is his next of kin. And yet pathos is mingled with effective comedy when Kenneth proposes to Mrs. Dowey—that is, he proposes that she be his mother:

DOWEY. Have you noticed you have never called me son?

MRS. DOWEY. Have I noticed it? I was feared, Kenneth. You said I was on probation.

DOWEY. And so you were. Son! It's a little word, but you've made me value it. I've been watching you to see if you were good enough. Old lady, the probation's ended.

MRS. DOWEY. Will I do?

DOWEY. (*Trying artfully to keep up a fictitious gaiety.*) Woman, don't be so forward! Wait till I've proposed.

MRS. DOWEY. Propose for a mother!

DOWEY. What for no? (*Primly, in a sort of nice burlesque.*) Mrs. Dowey, have I your permission to ask you the most important question an orphan can ask a nice old lady?

MRS. DOWEY. None of your sauce, Kenneth!

DOWEY. For a long time, Mrs. Dowey, you cannot have been unaware of my sonish feelings for you.

MRS. DOWEY. Wait till I get my mop to you.

DOWEY. And if you're not willing to be my mother, I swear I'll never ask another. (*She pulls him down till he is on his knees beside her—she strokes him. Her sadness has come back.*)

If he doesn't come back, he tells her, she must draw his allowance. Also she must write to him often, as he will to her. The parting scene concludes:

DOWEY. (*Who has been glancing at the window.*) What fun we'll have writing to one another. Real letters this time!

MRS. DOWEY. (*Husily.*) Yes!

DOWEY. It would be a good plan if you began the first letter as soon as I've gone.

MRS. DOWEY. I will.

DOWEY. I hope that Lady Dolly will go on sending me cakes.

MRS. DOWEY. You may be sure.

DOWEY. (*Taking a tartan scarf, mostly blue, off his neck and tying it round hers.*) You must have been a bonny thing when you were young.

MRS. DOWEY. Away with you!

DOWEY. It sets you fine!

MRS. DOWEY. Blue was always my color. (*The whistle is heard. She rises. So does he.*)

DOWEY. "Tention! Old lady, when I'm out there in the trenches I'll have something to think of I never had before—a place called home. This room and you with your mop and pail are what Blighty means to me now. (*She kisses him on the brow. Then she runs into scullery and is out of sight. Kenneth gathers up his things. He puts on his kit. The whistle again. He gets from top of mantel-shelf writing-paper, ink and pen and*

puts them on table ready for her. Then he opens scullery door. We don't see her, but we gather from his action that she is on her knees. He takes off his bonnet reverently, stands with bowed head a moment, then replaces cap and goes away softly.)

The little play concludes with a short scene which occurs after a lapse of several months. Throughout this scene we hear the low distant music of the unseen piper playing the Black Watch's last farewell. The music is very low and far away and sometimes dies away altogether. It is early in the morning. In her charwoman's attire we discover Mrs. Dowey kneeling at the lowest drawer of her bureau. From it she takes something carefully with her two arms, carries it to the table and places it there. It is a black dress. Then we notice on the table Kenneth Dowey's Scotch bonnet, a tiny packet of letters tied with a black ribbon, a champagne cork, and a black box containing her war certificates. She is not at all emotional over them. She does not fondle them. They are her medals, the author explains, and she is attending to them in a practical way to keep them in good condition. But she presses the letters to her heart. Then she brushes the dress, removes the crease from the bonnet, polishes the gold paper on the cork, and returns them to the drawer. She lifts a small bag of lavender from the drawer, smells it and puts it back on the top of her treasures. There is no breaking down. Then she takes from her pocket a little Union-Jack flag, not more than an inch square, bravely pins it on her breast, and finally lifts up her mop and pail, and the last glimpse we have of her is her departure—with a charwoman's slouch—to her daily toil.

"BLACK MUSIC"—AND ITS FUTURE TRANSMUTATION INTO REAL ART

HERALDS of a genuine and wholesome individuality in the music of America, an individuality whose roots strike deep into American life—it is thus that Miss Natalie Curtis characterizes certain composers of the Negro race, men like Nathaniel Dett, Henry T. Burleigh, Rosamond Johnson, Carl Diton and William Marion Cook. In an essay published in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, Miss Curtis, who is an authority on the folk-music of the Indian as well as the Negro, directs our attention to the recent compositions of Nathaniel Dett, musical director of the Hampton Institute. "These little works," she writes, "are the more important for their promise and their indication of the growing movement among colored musicians to express themselves in racial terms and to translate into art-form the beautiful and characteristic

folk-song of the American Negro, which is peculiarly their own heritage. Such a movement is full of prophecy for the music of this country, and to-day we can but glimpse its value."

The introduction into "art" of the folksong of the Negro, Miss Curtis thinks, charged as it is with emotional power and pathos, with sunny and child-like gayety, with marked rhythmic and melodic characteristics, will create a new and poignant note in legitimate American music. She goes on:

"Our colored artists will soon realize that this new wine need not be poured into old bottles and that Negro music in 'developing' should recreate itself in art-forms of its own; in other words, it should be free. In the middle of the last century Liszt had already set a supreme example in the art-use of folk-music. When his Hungarian Rhapsodies were at-

tacked for their lack of conformity to accepted rules, their 'barbaric intervals,' their use of an Asiatic scale, Liszt replied: 'If we would preserve the so-called Hungarian music in its integrity we must leave to it its own atmosphere. . . . In music as in architecture there may be styles which, so to speak, are born afar from the royal road trod by Art. . . . In mixing with the contemporaneous products of European music it [the Hungarian music] would annul its very being. The art of the Gypsies may claim a place or a name in the future on one condition: that it remain intact as a cippus, as a single triumphal column.'

"Nor did Moussorgsky, that greatest of Russian composers, modify the character of Russian folk-song in his artistic use of it. Straight from the soil, strikingly individual in rhythm and tonality—Greek, Byzantine, Slavonic—sound those melodies which seem in their emotional appeal to sing the whole genius of the Russian people."

A folksong, expressing as it does the heart of a race, is almost a holy thing, declares Miss Curtis. To touch the people's lyre, to refrain from artificializing or cheapening the people's song, requires not only a rare order of musical genius, but a warm humanism as well. Moussorgsky, Grieg and Percy Grainger, she continues, are men whose hearts have beat to the music of their race, men of keen and broad sympathy—humanists in art—and naturalists.

"Only a Negro boy can truly 'develop' Negro folk-music. And if artistic inspiration be needed by the colored composer in a task in which there should really be no precedent, he has but to look to these four great men of so widely differing nationality—the Hungarian, the Russian, the Scandinavian, and the young British-Australian—to know that if he would worthily sing his racial song he must make himself the spokesman of the racial soul. The nearer the colored composer strikes to the heart of his people, the truer will be his

touch and the greater the art-result. Out of the South and the West must come much of the artistic individuality of America. For the day may arrive when some talented man or woman of Indian blood in whose veins throbs the wild life of our vast deserts, plains and forests, may pour into our art-life his unique contribution. The Indian composer is still on the far horizon, but the Negro is marching ever nearer—and such words as these little choruses of Dett are like bird-songs telling of a dawn."

CAN THE CAMERA IMMORTALIZE THE MELANCHOLY MASK OF ELEONORA DUSE?

AMONG the younger generation of American theater lovers there are few who have ever had the opportunity to judge for themselves the enigmatic art of Eleonora Duse. Much has been written of this Italian woman who, according to the most discriminating critics of Europe, surpassed Bernhardt in subtlety, who inspired Gabriele d'Annunzio to his finest efforts, whose celebrated blush in her performance of Sudermann's "Heimat" inaugurated an endless controversy among the critics, and whose retirement at the very pinnacle of her success some years ago made of her a disputed semi-mythical figure. Now, through the medium of the celebrated Italian novelist, Matilde Serao, comes the news that Duse's art may after all be preserved for us and future generations.

In the "movies," of course! The actress whose epigram, "To save the theater, we must destroy the theater," has circled the globe, takes a deep interest in the newer form of expression. For more than a year, writes Matilde Serao, the great actress has been studying the art of the cinematograph. Signora Serao's interview is printed in the *Boston Transcript*:

"She believes firmly that from this mute stage, which has in its favor the rare and enviable element of the approbation of the most numerous and humble portion of the world's population, in the dark and crowded halls, new expressions of esthetic beauty and moral beauty may manifest themselves; she believes, nay, knows, that altho the fundamental laws which govern the representations on the white curtain must be respected, yet a singular dramatic greatness may be given to the cinematographic art, a horizon where all the valkyries of human passion can do battle, conquer, perish among the rolling clouds, seated on great white horses.

"Eleonora Duse, consenting yet once again with spontaneous abandonment to the fatigues of representative art, who retired still young from the stage, has not only faith in herself but in that cinematographic art which embraces the most complex as well as the most simple manifestations—this woman, who has been with-

out vanity during the whole of her life, this woman whose only pride is in poetry and art, admires and loves those who, men and women, have already given their personality to the mute stage. Recalling them, in conversation with me, she spoke of certain interpretations of Francesca Bertini, of Leda Gys, and her judgment was sincere, well pondered, just. And always, with her beautiful, vague eyes, gazing afar off—who better than she has known how to dream of the infinite?—she exclaimed in a voice which came from a mysterious interior world: 'Oh, so much can be done, . . . so much can be done with the cinematograph.'"

We gather that Eleonora Duse had planned to appear on the screen in a scenario based upon one of the novels of Grazia Deledda. Matilde Serao writes:

"The austere and powerful talent of Grazia Deledda, those sculptured figures of women with primordial and profound feelings were, perhaps, not suitable for Eleonora Duse. The great actress lis-

tened to me and agreed. And then she revealed a secret to me which filled me with wonder and delight. Eleonora Duse is so penetrated with this cinematographic art that during her long days of workful silence she has herself written sketches of dramas, of dramatic cinematographic episodes, she has put on paper her visions of art. . . . Now, any one knowing Eleonora Duse in close intimacy knows that she possesses a magic pen and that her thoughts, in their written form, assume a strong and marked originality. . . . To see Eleonora Duse on the film of any writer must be a fascinating spectacle. But what would not be our emotion if Eleonora Duse should appear to us in a dream of her own making?"

"Her beautiful hair is all silvered and falls naturally in lines and waves, but it is shining silver and preserves on the forehead that slightly sinuous line, between the forehead and the temples, that makes so esthetic a frame. Her unforgettable eyes have ever that internal depth of poignant melancholy which she made as penetrating as a subtle sound."



RODIN'S SOUVENIR OF LA DUSE

The French sculptor named this arresting memory of the greatest of Italian actresses "Inquietude." Certain of her Italian critics fear that the enigmatic Eleonora has passed the age at which she might safely face the "movie" camera.

DRAMA-THERAPY: A NEW THEORY OF THE THEATER'S HEALING FUNCTION

DRAMA-THERAPY is defined as the art or science of healing by means of the drama. It would turn the theater into a sort of psychic clinic, revive a theater that is already obsolescent, and "create a truly American drama based on truly American ideals." So much we gather from the first and only book yet published on Drama-therapy,* written by Stephen F. Austin, discoverer or inventor of the idea. Mr. Austin firmly believes that his theories concerning the therapeutic powers of the drama will soon develop what he terms a "curative" drama.

Viewed by the drama-therapist, the theater bears a striking resemblance to the individual human personality. In the author and producer, he claims, we have the origination element. The hidden, these two, acting upon the receptive and executive factors (the actors), give rise in the enacted play to a series of pictures analogous in every way to a train of conscious thought in the mind of an individual. In brief, the stage is the head, the actors the brain-cells, the acted play is the functioning of the conscious or objective faculties.

A theater with a play in progress is a living organism composed of hundreds of living cells, whose life-processes consist of the interaction taking place among its component parts. The condition of the mind of an audience, it seems, is analogous to the hypnotic state. Concentrated attention must prevail in the theater. The audience, says Mr. Austin, *must not think*:

"As a matter of fact, in that condition the theatergoer cannot think, for to start a train of conscious thought implies an act of origination, and this is prohibited so long as demands are made upon the attention. The spectator, therefore, like the hypnotized subject, is, by the very terms of his condition, incapable of thought: all he can do is to receive and respond to impressions.

"This is a point which the public performers of the backward Orient never overlook, for one and all seem to realize that to fix the attention of a gathering is to induce an hypnotic state, and many of them are able to fix attention to such a degree that hallucinations; often on the part of an entire assembly, are sometimes produced. Thus it is that with these swarthy-skinned entertainers such stage effects as are involved in the *rope trick*, the *basket trick*, and the *growing mango tree* become possible—and without such crude accessories as drop and footlight.

"But the point that should prove of chief interest to us of the practical Occident is this: if a theater full of peo-

ple presents such an exact analog to the individual, and to the composite personality of the clinic, it should be subject to the same laws of becoming. In other words, the author and producer, through the medium of the actor, should be able to induce in the subjective member of the theater-person all of those physical readjustments and supernormal states which the individual is able to induce in himself by means of auto-suggestion, or which the operator is able to induce in the subject by means of the spoken word."

If in the future we are going to a play instead of to the doctor, or substitute a musical comedy for the hospital, the important thing is that the suggestion of the drama should be constructive rather than destructive. The dramatist's power and responsibility are increased manifold. He must present life in a positive aspect. "It is the basic concept impressed upon the subjective member which determines the nature of its becoming, causing either psychic stimulation or psychic recoil."

The successful plays, our drama-therapist thinks, will be the plays with a promise, comedies dealing with the fulfilment of desires:

"Allied to comedy, and even more satisfactory from the standpoint of the box-office, are those plays which deal with the regeneration of character. For in such cases the authors have assumed that the individual possesses within himself the power to overcome all defects and difficulties—a conception which, when it becomes operative in the minds of the audience, cannot but result in stimulation. These are the plays to which people return night after night for strength and encouragement."

The aim of drama-therapy, if we are not misled by Mr. Austin's somewhat tortuous exposition, is to use the laws of suggestion, upon which the entire fabric of the theater depends, in the service of some great, constructive purpose. Mr. Austin summarizes the results of his theoretical investigations:

"A drama, in order to apply constructive suggestion in blanket fashion to large gatherings of individuals, must take as its premise the most general positive concept possible; for the broader the premise, the greater the number of particular cases of depression that it will cover. And, as we have seen, the broadest premise that it is possible to assume is the immanence and actuality of Universal Being.

"Remembering Braid's dictum, that *hypnosis is always the result of a process of mono-idealism*, or the concentration of the entire attention upon one subject or idea, a therapeutic drama must adhere most rigidly to its premise—a premise which

can best be conveyed by depicting the effect of Universal Being upon the individual. This requirement of mono-idealism lands us in a structure in every department of which the elements both of repetition and of advance obtain.

"In the developing rôle, sharply defined states of stimulation above normal, and depression below, must be presented. These oscillations must, in the lines of the play, be linked directly, and in the relation of effect to cause, with the character's growing recognition of the Universal.

"A strict correspondence between the character's conscious thought and his immediate environment must be maintained; and all environmental changes must be linked directly, and in the relation of effect to cause, with the same process of growing recognition.

"As this process of recognition continues, bringing about repeated generalizations of positive concepts, a growing personality must be indicated in the background, until the very atmosphere of the theater becomes alive with an unseen, but with a definitely responsive, presence.

"These five rules may be condensed yet further; for if an author assume the existence of personality with respect to his developing rôle, and, thereafter, subject this personality to successive and rapid expansions throughout every department of his work, he will most assuredly approximate therapeutic results."

Even tho the critic and student of drama may not agree that a therapeutic drama is to be the next logical step in the development of the drama, concludes Mr. Austin, they should recall that the drama is essentially religious in nature. In every land it originated in some form of worship. "Whether we be dealing with the development of biological species or with the development of institutions, development itself appears always to go in cycles, each cycle reproducing the starting point of the previous cycle, but always at a higher level."

To possess the therapeutic value which will characterize the drama of the future, in the opinion of Mr. Austin, plays will embody a radical departure from the realistic drama of our time. They will transcend the laws of past realism, not because of a less faithful portrayal of life, but because of a wider outlook on the part of the playwright. The author of the curative play must pass over the commonplace and trivial, and select, perhaps from an entire lifetime, only those few pivotal moments in character development that are dramatically interesting—only those steps by which the story is advanced. The general well-being of mankind, in short, is the aim of this new type of drama. It would harness that "tremendous power which lies occluded in the popular mind."

* PRINCIPLES OF DRAMA-THERAPY. By Stephen F. Austin. Published by Frank Shay. New York City.

THE NEW YORKER WHO PRESERVES THE TRADITION OF THE GERMAN LIED

A LEGITIMATE successor of the great lyric composers, the next in the line of the tradition of the German "Lied," is at present living in the midst of the hurly-burly of New York, if certain critics are right, within the unharmonious sounds of New York Central freight trains and surrounded by an atmosphere of unpoetic commercialism. His name is Eugen Haile. A limited circle of musicians has been aware of his presence among them for years, but the attention of the general public was directed to him only recently when a concert of his compositions was given in New York as a testimonial by some leading members of the Metropolitan Opera. Upon that occasion a special bulletin issued by the National Society of Music contained the following judgment: "Whatever may be Eugen Haile's ultimate place in music, one thing is certain: that he will always be recognized as one of the truly inspired melodists, a lineal descendant of the great lyricists, Schubert, Schumann, Franz and Brahms."

Having originally come to this country for a temporary stay, Haile was forced to remain by a physical infirmity which for years has held him to his couch. Living in the bustling surroundings of an American city, he has been out of contact with the bustle and turmoil and has sung of the beauties of his Swabian homeland with the simplicity and sincerity of a village troubadour.

Simplicity is Haile's outstanding characteristic, the crux of his art philosophy. He believes in simplicity as an esthetic principle. When he can make two notes convey the harmonic thought, he refuses to use three. He conceives of music in the spirit of play. The avowed purpose of his art is "to make people happy." He embodies a protest against all that is morbid, artificial, crabbed and ugly. A little episode quoted in the *New York Evening Mail* is symbolical of the effect his music produces:

"When Haile, years ago, visited the late Rafael Joseffy in order to interest him in his music, he found the great pedagog suffering from headache, after a day of hard work. He did not want to listen to the young composer's music, but out of a sense of politeness asked him to play just one number. And after that he begged for song after song—for over an hour. His only comment was this: 'Young man, your music has cured my headache.' And ever after Joseffy was an admirer of Haile's songs."

Haile's music, however, has the subtlety that so often accompanies simplicity. The critic of *Musical America*



HAPPINESS HIS THEME

Altho Eugen Haile has been bedridden for a number of years, still he composes songs the aim of which is "to make people happy." The morbid, artificial, crabbed and ugly in music he resigns to less optimistic composers.

is amazed at its eloquence. "Sensitive and exquisite melody," he says, "would seem to be his birthright. Haile's harmony is positively distinguished. He can make magic with a simple tonic and dominant."

Born in 1873, in Ulm-on-the-Danube, on the fringe of the Black Forest, Haile at fourteen was sent to the Stuttgart Conservatory "on the chance that he might have some talent." After seven years of study, inspired by the lyric poetry of the Romanticists, he set a number of songs, ranging in style from the naïveté of the Swabian folksong to the ultra-romanticism of a Schumann. These songs struck deep into the hearts of his countrymen, and a recital given by him and his future wife set Stuttgart in a state of joyous excitement. Official Berlin, however, regarded him as "old-fashioned," and he was not "heard." He began work on an opera for which a young countryman was writing the text. Presently his librettist went to America and Haile, impatient for his libretto, followed across the Atlantic, intending to stay a few months. His little fund gave out before he could accomplish his purpose and he had to become conductor of a male chorus in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

He never did get his libretto. But he found a substitute for it in Hans von Wolzogen's "Viola d'Amore." For

six years he worked under an ever increasing strain, and finally succumbed. An attack of acute blindness proved temporary, but an almost total paralysis of the body ensued. "Viola d'Amore" is still unfinished.

For four years Haile has hardly left his room. But the light of his spirit has not been dimmed. Friends flock to his room and gather ideas, inspiration and courage. Despite his illness, Haile continues his creative work. Last year, in the course of six months he dictated the entire orchestral score of a "spoken opera"—"The Happy Ending"—which was produced in New York last September. It was not a success as a play; but the music, a wonderfully limpid undercurrent of sound that accompanied the words, a continuous surge of beautiful, inspired melody, brought tears to the eyes of critics and the audience turned to the box where the invalid composer lay and shouted its satisfaction, repeating the demonstration on the street when he was being carried to his cab.

Mr. Haile's songs cover a wide range of expression, we read further. Some of them possess the naïveté of folksongs. They require no accompaniment. In this they resemble the compositions of Stephen Foster. Others are intensely dramatic. Others are rare nature sketches. And yet others are sensitive bits of atmospheric impressionism.

MOTION PICTURES

HOW BATTLE AND MOB SCENES ARE DIRECTED BY THE GENERALS OF SHADOWLAND WARFARE

STIRRING scenes of thousands of soldiers engaged in realistic battle; of thousands of strikers menacing an industrial plant; of thousands of men, women and children marching on the palace of the emperor to demand his abdication; of thousands of people fleeing from a volcano in violent eruption—all of these belong, and are only possible, in the realm of shadowland. Realizing this, the motion-picture director works largely in the open, and when a story justifies the expense and trouble, he does not hesitate to mobilize an army of players and make use of a stage whose dimensions are measured not in feet but in miles. Sometimes it is necessary to build entire villages, forts or public buildings, as the need may be, and anywhere from a week to a year may be spent in erecting these sets. Battlefields also require considerable time for the preparation of the ground, and a few weeks are usually required to dig the trenches, build the sandbag ramparts, construct bombproofs and string barbed-wire entanglements under the supervision of military experts, and to erect the camera platforms.

That thousands of people are frequently employed in the production of a picture we are assured by Austin C. Lescarbourea in the *Scientific American*. In the battle scenes of "The Birth of a Nation," for instance, it is a fact that something like 15,000 people were engaged under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Apropos of battle scenes and the question that frequently arises in the mind of the spectator as to how

real the fighting is, the writer cites the case of 3,000 colored actors in the Griffith-Dixon play who were thoroly alarmed by the vicious charges of the Ku-Klux Klan men, with the result that half of them deserted. A new lot of men had to be hired, causing a serious loss of time and money. In "Joan the Woman," the film story based on the life of the Maid of Orleans and produced in California under the direction of Cecil B. DeMille, we read that 1,400 men took part in the battle scenes which extended over one hundred acres. DeMille was assisted by twelve directors stationed with cameras at various vantage points around the field. Each director was equipped with a field telephone apparatus, which enabled the director-general to control the movements of the participants and direct the entire action of the battle from his post at the central camera stand. Every order could be heard simultaneously in the twelve different parts of the field by the dozen sub-directors at their respective cameras. The writer goes on to say:

"Over 2,700 men, among them 1,200 soldiers belonging to the California National Guard, 325 horses, several batteries of field guns and 25 aeroplanes, and one armored tractor or 'tank' figured in the battle scenes of the serial picture 'Patria,' directed by Jacques Jaccard. Various means were employed in transmitting the director's instructions, among them the telephone, wig-wagging, and wireless telegraphy. The latter was necessary in directing the airships which took part in the battle scenes, and which could not be reached in any other manner quite so effectively. All the latest phases of war-

fare were depicted in these battle scenes, and something like three months was required for the battle episodes of the serial.

"Another modern battle story is 'Woman, the Glory of the Nation,' in which a number of good fighting scenes are shown. These were staged in Staten Island, across the bay from New York city, during May of last year. Three weeks were spent in preparing the ground, and one week in taking the actual scenes. Over one thousand soldiers of the Coast Defense Corps, N. Y. N. G., took part in the picture, under the direction of W. P. S. Earle.

"In this production the wig-wag system was employed for directing the distant action, and the megaphone for close-up work. In order to keep people from wandering into the picture a system of telephones was installed to facilitate communication with the outpost guards. In all, six orders were issued before actual pictures were taken, which illustrates the complexity of a big battle scene. The entire field was mined and the positions of the charges were indicated by inconspicuous stakes driven in the ground. The director, provided with a map of the mines, was in a position to issue orders for the electrical-firing of the various mines, giving the utmost realism to the charge of the troops through a curtain of fire."

A director sometimes secures a splendid mob picture, we read, without letting the involuntary actors know that they are being filmed. One was recently confronted with the problem of securing a scene in which a crowd was to be shown surrounding several newsboys who were announcing an important "extra" in a political campaign. According to the film story, the "ex-



MANY GREAT BATTLE SCENES STAGED FOR THE PHOTODRAMA HAVE ALL THE REALISM OF ACTUAL FIGHTING. In this one from "Patria," 2700 men were engaged, including 1200 members of the California National Guard, 325 horses, several batteries of field guns, 25 aeroplanes and an armored tank.

tra" was supposed to report the election of one of the candidates, to the displeasure of the masses. This is what the director did:

"He had several boys don the garb of newsboys and sent them out on the boardwalk at Venice, California. Meantime the camera-man and director concealed

themselves in a nearby building, within full view of the pseudo newsboys. The large crowds at the resort were soon startled by the cry of the boys to the effect that England had declared war on the United States. Everybody rushed up for a copy of the newspaper, and upon purchasing it stood about endeavoring to find the item regarding the declaration

of war. Obviously, these people became more and more angry at not finding what they were after, while the camera recorded every evidence of surprise, followed by chagrin. It only remained for the camera-man, director and newsboys to escape the angry crowd, which they successfully accomplished in the flurry of excitement."

THE MAN WHO FIRST MADE PICTURES MOVE AND WHO REVOLUTIONIZED PHOTOGRAPHY

OUT of some twenty-five thousand motion pictures, photographs of apparatus and miscellaneous data stored in its archives and museums in West Philadelphia, the University of Pennsylvania is reconstructing the discovery or invention of the movies. The reconstruction is taking the appropriate form of a film; but a modern film prepared with all the advantages of up-to-date motion-picture taking, in marked contrast with the somewhat primitive endeavors and results achieved by Eadward Muybridge, who, we are told by George E. Nitzsche, Recorder of the University of Pennsylvania, is "the man who first made pictures move." It is true that motion photography has developed enormously in the thirty-two years that have passed since this absorbed Dutch scientist, transplanted to the United States from Holland, was engaged in a series of mysterious experiments, in an open-air laboratory on the University of Pennsylvania campus. Nevertheless, writes Recorder Nitzsche, in *Vision*, a magazine published by the Federal Bureau of Economics, Muybridge made many pictures in one five-thousandth of a second, which is only a fraction of a second slower than are the fastest shutters of motion-picture cameras today. We read that the University of Pennsylvania financed the long and sometimes discouraging experiments of the inventor. The fruit of them, however, was actual active photography—of race horses, athletes and other forms of life in motion. Death closed his career before the accomplishment of such things as snapping trains and ocean liners moving at full speed, we are told; nor was he responsible for the pictorial idea, the unfolded plot, the Charley Chaplining and the myriad forms in which the movie now makes its universal appeal.

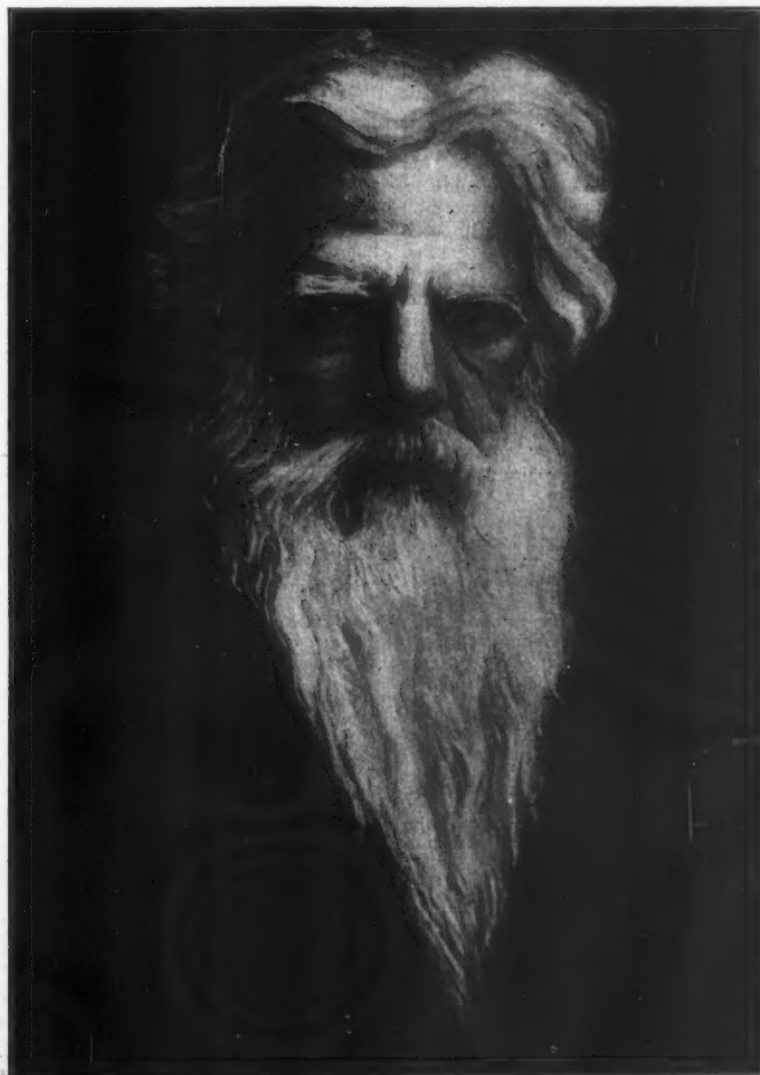
A scenario has been prepared by the Recorder of the University and all the surviving Muybridge pictures are being transferred to modern films by the Bureau of Commercial Economics at a cost of some \$15,000. Says W. R. Murphy in the *Boston Transcript*:

"The whole story of the Muybridge discoveries and experiments will probably make three or four full-length films.

These films will not only preserve for posterity the pictures proving that Muybridge had accurately and scientifically worked out the principles that have made the modern motion pictures possible as an amusement and commercial enterprise, but will also visualize the various methods, experiments, laboratories and apparatus that he occupied and utilized. The films will have explanatory 'leaders' or 'cut in' reading matter which will be published in French, German, Italian, Spanish and English. These reels will be

ready for distribution early in the fall and will be circulated by the university and Bureau of Commercial Economics throughout the world. . . .

"His chief tangible results prior to his death were membership in various learned societies and a diploma awarded by the scientific jury at the Columbian Exposition. The films will also trace the earlier history of the attempts to show action in pictures. One section will show that Muybridge actually operated according to the modern method, but without its



EADWARD MUYBRIDGE, THE FIRST MAN TO MAKE THE PICTURES MOVE
The story of his pioneer experiments, made more than thirty years ago at the University of Pennsylvania, is being filmed to make a four-reel feature of great historical interest.

perfections and refinements: In this three batteries of cameras are operated by an electrical motor clock so that 24 photographic exposures are made in a quarter of a second, the time intervals between each consecutive exposure of a series being recorded by a chronograph in one-thousandth of a second.

"Another section will reproduce the Muybridge studio in West Philadelphia in full activity. This was a mere enclosure along one side of which was a shed about 120 feet long, 11 feet wide and 16 feet deep, with open front. The shed was painted black with a network of white threads on the open front, arranged horizontally and vertically crossing to form squares of about two inches with heavier threads marking out foot squares. In front of the shed was a track along which the athlete or animal in process of picturing moved. Frames of white thread with a black background were adjusted at each end of the track before and behind the animal. Opposite the shed was the camera house, 32 feet long with a wide shelf. On this were placed the fixed cameras, 24 of them, each with a three-inch lens and several portable cameras. Another row of cameras was used by Muybridge to take lateral views. Thus three sets of cameras took simultaneous exposures and three different sets of views of the subject were snapped at three angles, so that each of twelve stages of its movements were obtained. The photograph showing the white lines furnished an accurate record of the motions of the subject's body and limbs vertically, forward and sidewise, while the time occupied in each of these phases of motion was certified by the chronograph.

"In addition to revealing this apparatus working, some pictures will be shown of its actual results in the manifestation of horses, athletes, artists' models, birds and other subjects taken as they pass along the track in front of the camera. Another exhibit shows Muybridge working with wet plates—from such slow origins did the instant movies evolve—and how



THE STORY OF CHRIST AS TOLD ON THE SCREEN IS A TRIUMPH OF PHOTOGRAPHY

"Christus" is founded on the poem of the same name by the Italian poet, Fausto Salvatori. The photodrama was directed by Count Giulio Antamoro, with Giovanni Pasquali, as Jesus, and Lydia Gys, as Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

he managed to take pictures in one five-thousandth of a second.

"The plan also contemplates indicating some of the dreams of Muybridge, such as harnessing the motion pictures with the sounds of the phonograph—as perfected by Edison—a vision of a combination that has not yet been effected, though the Wizard of Menlo Park is still working at it, a score of years after Muybridge."

Among those for whom the claim of motion-picture inventor has been advanced are C. Francis Jenkins, A. B. Brown, A. L. Prince, Edison, Rudolph Henderson and Herman Castler, in America; Marey and Demeny, in France; and Donisthrope and Croft, in

England. But, concludes Recorder Nitzsche, "a careful study of the experiments and researches of any of these inventors will convince one that the Muybridge inventions led to the discovery of modern moving pictures. These were begun in California in 1872, when he became interested in the study of motion of animals, as a result of a discussion which arose among some horsemen as to whether a horse in running ever had all four feet off the ground at the same instant. The late Leland Stanford became interested in the investigation, and put Muybridge to work photographing horses in various attitudes. These were the first instantaneous photographs ever taken."

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

HEDDA GABLER. Mutual, 5 reels: To successfully transfer this heavy, involved and morbid Ibsen story to the motion-picture screen is a task that must have taxed every resource of the producer. By those who have read the play, or seen it staged, the pictured version will be better understood and appreciated than by those who have not. Nance O'Neil, with all her natural and acquired craft as an actress, gives a worthy characterization of the moody, jealous and prenately influenced Hedda.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GREY HORSE TROOP. Greater Vitagraph, 5 reels: This picture, from the well-known story by Hamlin Garland, admirably portrays the romance and tragedy in the life of the present-day American Indian, who, herded on a reservation, lives in the past and in the hope that he will be allowed to die peacefully where his forefathers ruled. Primarily it is a story of the moral and physical courage of an army captain who is in sympathy with the Indians. It is a sincere bringing together of the good qualities of both races into a heart-interest drama.

A ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS. Arcraft, 7 reels: As usual, Mary Pickford, for whom this scenario was written, carries the honors and success of the picture on her capable shoulders. Without her charm and simplicity of acting it would be quite another story. Miss Pickford, as the heroine, is sent west to join her uncle. He has been killed by Indians, and a notorious road agent has taken his name as a shield. Gradually the bandit falls in love with his supposed niece who, in the end, marries him to save and reform him. It is remarkable how much Mary Pickford makes of a series of very ordinary situations in what would otherwise be a mediocre melodrama.

CHRISTUS. Historic Features, 8 reels: This picture, of Italian origin, frankly attempts to tell the old story of the life of Christ in a new way. Vast pains are evidenced in the artistic and beautiful effects gained through marvelously perfect photography in the Holy Land. But as a production, inexcusably protracted titling offers a serious drawback to its enjoyment by American audiences.

THE SAINT'S ADVENTURE. Essanay-K. E. S. E., 5 reels: A rather commonplace story, relieved by the good acting of Henry Walthall in the rôle of a minister who is the victim of mistaken identity. The mistake occurs when he goes to the rescue of a newsboy who is being bullied by a hostile gang, and who claims him as his father. Accepting the situation the minister goes to live in the slums and finds he is more needed there than by his fashionable congregation.

LITTLE MISS FORTUNE. Art Dramas, 5 reels: Whatever success is attained by this comedy-drama will depend largely on the reception accorded Marian Swayne, in the title rôle. The story is of the type that has always been popular in the Polyanna school of literature. It is the old tale of the poor, much-abused orphan girl who makes her way from rags to riches and fame via the well-known route of cuteness, smiles and appealing personality; the girl who always meets her fairy prince along about the second or third reel and who, after many vicissitudes, lives happily ever after the last fifty feet of film.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

HOW THE SEPTIC FACTOR COMPLICATES THE WOUND PROBLEM IN WAR

MANY as are the varieties of wounds with which surgery has to deal—incised, contused, lacerated and the like—it remains a fact that the punctured variety remains more serious than all the rest together. This is the result of the fact that the weapon inflicting the injury is almost necessarily infected with organisms of the pathogenic kind, microscopic and ultra-microscopic creatures that cause diseased conditions. To make matters worse, these organisms are implanted in the depths of a long and narrow track into which antiseptics can be made to penetrate only with difficulty. Of all these punctured wounds, again, those produced by gunshots are the most trying to deal with. The mere force of impact, in the first place, is an unusual and important feature. The energy in foot tons of a projectile of known weight and velocity can easily be calculated. It must be remembered, too, that this energy is concentrated upon a small area, with the result that the actual track of such a missile in human tissues is a tunnel the walls of which are dead tissues. The importance of this factor in favoring bacterial growth is immense. London *Nature* describes this septic problem:

"The tunnel is surrounded by a cylinder of tissue of which the constituent elements are bruised and under the influence of local shock, so that their vitality and resisting power to bacterial invasion are reduced. If such a missile strikes hard bone, a high degree of shattering and splintering takes place, while portions of broken bone are driven into the surrounding muscles, sometimes lacerating important vessels and nerves, and even bursting through the skin, and forming a large opening known as an 'explosive exit.' Owing to the ballistic properties of the pointed bullet, which is now used by all countries, and which tends to turn over on its short axis on impact, the proportion of these severe wounds is somewhat greater than in previous campaigns."

Assuming that the great war is to be fought out chiefly in western Europe, we have a local circumstance which enhances the difficulty in solving the septic problem:

"In South Africa military surgeons found that a large number of wounds, even when bone was involved, showed small wounds of entrance and exit, and, so far as infection was concerned, merely

required cleaning and sealing to heal without trouble. This was in part due to the shape of the bullet and its tendency to traverse the tissues by a straight course without turning on its short axis. This meant small external openings, and therefore less liability to infection from them. But the chief cause of the immunity from infection was the comparative dryness of the country, and a soil for the most part uncontaminated by human occupation or cultivation.

"The conditions in the European area of the present conflict are very different. The humidity of the climate is greatly in excess of that of South Africa, and intensive cultivation means copious manuring of the soil, so that most of the ground occupied by our troops is thoroly sown with bacteria of fecal origin, which include, besides those ordinarily called pyogenic or pus-producing, the special germs of tetanus, malignant edema, and gas gangrene. It is in ground thus infected that our soldiers sleep, take their food, and are occasionally buried alive. Their skin and clothes are plentifully smeared with bacterial mud, and it is no matter for surprise that when a bullet passes into their bodies it carries with it, and implants in all the interstices of a deep and complicated wound, the potentialities of a surgical catastrophe."

That the bullet is infected by passing through muddy skin or clothing, often carrying with it portions of the latter, seems fairly certain. Some wounds in South Africa became infected when the bullet passed through the mouth or any portion of the alimentary tract, both highly infective regions of the body. The bullet itself, when fired, is probably a fairly clean body from the surgical point of view. The sides are cleaned by the friction of the rifle barrel and the base is seared by the flame of the explosion. Nevertheless, experiments have shown that if deliberately infected before firing, it can still carry infection after firing. The problem, then, which was presented by gunshot injuries was how best to combat sepsis in punctured wounds of all varieties, the bacterial infection coming often not from the wound openings alone, but being deeply implanted by the actual stroke of the bullet as it passed through the tissues. Obviously, the mere application of even the most efficient antiseptics to the parts about the external wounds will not meet such a case:

"The infection must be attacked in the

depths of the tissues, preferably at a very early date after the receipt of the wound, before the bacteria have time to multiply in the tissues. Moreover, practically all wounds of any depth must be dealt with thus. It would be bad surgery to wait until the infection was established, even tho few signs of mischief appear at first. Accordingly it was soon recognized that the wound must be opened up, cleaned as far as possible, foreign bodies removed, and free exit provided for discharges by means of drainage tubes.

"Some surgeons hoped that in a wound thus opened up, and thereby converted from a punctured to an incised type, it might be possible to remove the infection altogether, and here the advocates of the application of strong antiseptic solutions had their view. A mass infection can be completely destroyed by the application of, say, pure carbolic acid. At a very early stage of infection this may perhaps be possible, but not when the bacteria are in the depths of the tissues. Moreover, it is difficult to reach all the recesses of a large wound, and if one pocket is left un-attacked, the surgeon's pains are thrown away. Strong antiseptic solutions, too, are very damaging to the tissues, which, it must be remembered, are in a condition of impaired vitality already. Another drawback to the use of antiseptic solutions, whether weak or strong, is the fact that many of them tend to become inoperative when in contact with the albuminous solutions like blood or pus. They form inert compounds with albumin, and will no longer destroy bacteria."

It is claimed for an entirely new antiseptic—called from its color flavine—that it actually proves more formidable to germs when in solution in blood serum than in aqueous solution. Further trial is required before its value can be precisely estimated.

Another device for the removal of septic matter is to cut away the infected tissues bodily. The extremely localized nature of gunshot injury is a help in this case. It is possible to excise the entire internal surface of the wound with all its sinuosities and pockets and to sew up the clean cavity remaining. This method, to be satisfactory, must be resorted to early, and it requires in many cases considerable surgical skill. Cranial injuries and wounds of the joints have been treated by this method with an encouraging measure of success. Both the above methods can be effectively applied only when the wound is seen early, and in warfare this is not always possible.

Many hours or even days may elapse before wounded men can be collected and carried to the casualty clearing-stations.

What, then, can be done when bacteria, deeply implanted in the tissues, are multiplying freely and in circumstances most favorable to their growth?

"Here the physiologist steps in and reminds the surgeon that the living body has its own guards against bacterial invasion; that healthy blood fluids are inimical to the growth of many, tho not of all, bacteria; that the white corpuscles, the so-called phagocytes or germ-eaters, form an immense army for home defence; and that the effect upon the body of the absorption of the special toxins produced by bacterial action is to cause it to elaborate a neutralizing substance or antitoxin. Here, then, is the physiological basis both of the salt method and of the vaccine method of treatment. It is found that if a strong or saturated solution of common salt be applied to an infected wound, the salt by its osmotic action sets up a greatly increased flow of lymph from the tissues

into the wound, thus relieving the inflamed tissues of congestion, and setting up a flow of fluid from within outwards which tends to wash away bacteria. Both the lymph and the strong salt solution are unfavorable to the growth of bacteria. So far as the white corpuscles are concerned, strong saline solutions are unfavorable to their vitality; but when the wound has become healthier it is usual to decrease the strength of the salt solution until its saturation has reached that of a fluid of the same specific gravity as the blood. In a fluid of this degree of concentration the phagocytes can live and act freely."

The practical application of these principles consists either in packing the wound with gauze, between the folds of which tablets of salt are placed, or arranging for the continuous irrigation of the wound with a solution of salt of a known concentration. The latter method is suitable in a fixed hospital. It is one of the great advantages of the former method that a case so dressed often requires no redressing for a few days, so that anxieties connected with the supply of fresh dress-

ings during transport from the casualty clearing-stations to the base hospital are set aside.

Finally, there is the subject of vaccines:

"The rôle of vaccines is to neutralize tissue poisons elaborated by bacteria, rather than to contribute directly to the closing and healing of the wound itself. The ideal vaccine would naturally be one which, injected into the body immediately after the wound is inflicted, has the power of getting in ahead of the toxins and neutralizing them. This prophylactic action is possessed by one of the serums used, and fortunately in the case of one of the deadliest of the bacteria, the tetanus [lock-jaw] germ. It has been found that the use of this serum in a moderate dose immediately after the infliction of the wound protects the wounded man from tetanus, and consequently an important part of the treatment at the casualty clearing-stations is the administration of this preventive dose.

"As regards the other bacteria, serums and vaccines are used, but their value is not so well established as in the case of tetanus."

QUESTIONS CONFRONTING THE NEW SCIENCE OF PLANT SOCIOLOGY

BOTANY has made such strides within the past decade and the developments and specializations are so confusing that few of us have even heard that there is a plant sociology. It is perhaps the very newest of the sciences. It has laws peculiar to itself, the nature of which may be inferred from the most obvious feature of vegetation the world over. Vegetation is divisible into groups of more or less homogeneous aspect, such as forests, thickets, meadows, prairies, marshes and deserts. The first step in plant sociology, therefore, is to classify these vegetation types or associations. As yet there is little agreement among botanists as to the details of such a classification.

It is also very important to determine the relative abundance of the different species, for obviously a forest with more pines than oaks or more shrubs than trees has a different meaning from one in which the proportions are reversed. For this sort of investigation, demography, meaning the study of population, would probably be a better term than sociology. It may be justly said, concedes Doctor Roland M. Harper, whose study in *The Scientific Monthly* affords these details, that the demographic study of vegetation has hardly begun, even in the neighborhood of the greatest research centers, and there are thousands of square miles of nearly every state or country where we know at present practically nothing of

the details of the vegetation as distinguished from the flora. But in plant sociology we are concerned among other things with the competition and cooperation between neighboring plants, or the struggle for existence; the rate of establishment and average longevity of the trees or other plants (either collectively or one species at a time); and the annual growth (absolute or relative) of wood, or of all vegetation, per unit area. Such studies, which are analogous to studies of the birth and death rate in human society, are very important to the new science. Doctor Harper proceeds:

"A most interesting phenomenon of plant sociology, which is going on everywhere all the time, but so slowly that it is not easy to observe or to experiment with, and was hardly thought of up to twenty years ago, is succession, which is the gradual replacement of one type of vegetation by another, with or without a concurrent fundamental change in environment. Many botanists have exercised their imaginations by theorizing on this subject, but often with too slender a foundation of facts and therefore without getting definite and convincing results. When quantitative studies of vegetation become more universal, however, the study of succession will be on a more solid basis. One might as well try to discuss the movements of population in the United States without census statistics as to speculate on succession of vegetation without knowing the relative abundance of the species."

Another problem for the plant so-

ciologist is to determine the normal frequency and effect of fire in each type of vegetation. Its frequency and intensity depend mostly on the character of the vegetation, and are therefore sociological problems. Then, too, there is the old problem of why prairies are treeless. It has been much discussed by geographers, geologists, ecologists, and never satisfactorily answered. It is really a problem in plant sociology. It may be solved when its methods are brought to bear upon the subject. A few of the other questions in plant sociology awaiting answer will afford an idea of the scope of the new science, the mysteries to which it must address itself:

"Why are the tallest trees in a given forest usually all about the same height, regardless of species?"

"Where are the densest forests in the world? The fastest-growing?"

"What is the relation between the average distance one can see in a forest and the amount of timber per acre?"

"In the same climate which takes the most food and water from the soil: forest or prairie?"

"What keeps evergreen trees from growing in the richest soils, in the eastern United States?"

"Why are weeds detrimental to crops?"

"Why are prairie and pine-barren plants all or nearly all perennial?"

"If the climate became a little colder or warmer, wetter or drier, what plants would become more (or less) abundant?"

NEGLECT OF PURE CHEMISTRY AS THE SUPREME AMERICAN PERIL

IF something be not done speedily to rescue chemistry in the proper sense of the term from the neglect in which America has permitted it to languish, our country may find itself at the same disadvantage with respect to the Germans from which Great Britain still suffers. No amount of warning on the subject of the importance of pure chemistry seems to have the slightest effect upon American opinion. It has been dinned into the ear of our public that Germany owes her triumphs in the field to her pure chemistry. Our failure to profit by the warning, observes Doctor L. Charles Raiford in his address at the chemical laboratory of Oklahoma University, is due to a typically American attitude of mind towards what so many of us are pleased to call "applied science." Many highly intelligent educated people do not understand research and hence they call it theoretical and impractical. Their cry is for this magic thing called "applied science," for something practical. They fail to recognize the fact that there can be no applied science until there is science to apply. Was Roentgen thinking of the extraction of bullets, the reduction of dislocated limbs or the setting of broken bones when he worked his way to the finding of the famous rays? By no means. Or Helmholtz, did he have in mind the prevention of eye diseases or their cure when he worked out the principle of the ophthalmoscope? Not at all. Was Cavendish thinking of providing food and war munitions when more than a century and a quarter ago he read his paper to a learned society on the fixation of nitrogen? No one will doubt the great value to the human race of Pasteur's researches, but it is proper to point out that he began by the study of the asymmetry of crystals and that he became a bacteriologist through his attempts to disprove the doctrine of spontaneous generation.

At this moment the republic is clamoring for "preparedness," with no perception that the preparedness of the foe is chemical—the pure chemistry of the research worker. Here in our own land cheap fertilizer must be furnished in times of peace and nitric acid and other materials for explosives in time of war. The real problem is to furnish the means—pure chemistry—by which this program can be carried out. Two specific requirements confront us. First there must be adequate training in the fundamentals of chemistry and second there must be opportunity for chemical research. Now, if you ask the first person you meet or if you get the opinion of the influential citizen, he is apt to tell you that the chem-

ist is a man who can analyze substances. How many, as they pour their sweet syrup on their cakes at breakfast, think of the pure chemistry to which they are indebted for the delicacy? Do we stop to think of pure chemistry when we read the headlines in the newspaper bearing a wireless message flashed across the ocean? Who, as he steps into his automobile or watches the movies, thinks of the chemist in his research laboratory? Chemistry! It will win the war and no American, befogged by "applied science," can get that truth into his head. We will let Doctor Raiford, whose paper we find in *Science*, give a concrete instance of what he means:

"Whenever one thinks of the Panama Canal one's thoughts turn at once to the chief engineer, Col. Goethals. He is the one to receive the medals, the honorary degrees, the thanks of Congress, the promotion to higher rank in the army, and finally to be named governor of the Canal Zone. Do not misunderstand me: I am not complaining of this recognition of the man's undoubted merit, because Goethals was unquestionably the moving spirit in the undertaking, and certainly worthy of all the honors that have come to him. But when we come to survey the case a little more closely, we see that there are at least three other factors for neither of which Goethals was personally responsible, but without the support of any one of which he would have been absolutely helpless. The first of these is the health of the laborers. The French undertook to build the canal years ago, and while their failure was brought about by several causes, perhaps one of the most important was the fact that the men could not live in that part of the world and retain their health. Yellow fever and malaria were everywhere, and it was but a matter of time when one must be attacked by one or both of these infections. It has been stated that the building of the railroad across the Isthmus meant the death of a man for every tie that was laid. But man can live in Panama now with perfect safety, so far as yellow fever is concerned, and this is due entirely to discoveries with which Col. Goethals had nothing to do. Dr. Gorgas was in immediate charge of the work of sanitation, but it was kerosene, the product of the chemist, which was sprayed on the stagnant pools, and which checked the development of the mosquito.

"In the second place, the penetration of Culebra, as well as the remainder of the blasting necessary, would have been impossible without the powerful explosives of the chemist. The gunpowder, dynamite, blasting gelatin and similar substances are all products of the chemical laboratory.

"In the third place, let us suppose that the development of the mosquitoes has been checked, that Culebra has been pierced—the work is only half done. It is necessary to control the level of water

in the canal, and this, under the conditions imposed, can be done in only one way, namely, by the construction of locks and dams. For these some material stronger than wood and less easily corroded and destroyed than iron must be used, and this is found in the chemist's cement. As is well known, thousands of barrels of this material were used in the work."

The question of food and war munitions can be answered for ourselves only by profiting from this lesson. The relation of chemistry is vital. Thus nitrogen is an essential constituent of the food of all living beings. In general, it may not be assimilated if taken directly from the air where it is present in free form. It must be combined with one or more other elements. As one begins the study of nitrogen in a chemical laboratory, he finds what at first sight appears to be a relatively uninteresting element. It has neither color, odor nor taste, is but slightly soluble in water and does not readily combine with other elements. In combination it is a constituent of many different substances of the most varied character. It is present in some of the most delicate perfumes as well as in substances whose odors are vile. It is a constituent of various fibers—wool, silk and so forth—and also of the aniline dyes which enhance their beauty. It is present in the most potent of medicines, in the deadliest poisons. As gunpowder it drives our bullets, as dynamite it explodes our mines, as cyanide it extracts our gold. Under the name of protein it is an indispensable element of animal food and as animal waste it is returned to the soil as food for plants.

"The free form is plentiful, since it makes up about four-fifths of the atmosphere, while the greater portion of the remainder is oxygen. The specific problem, then, is to cause those two gases to unite, or to find some other way of 'fixing' the nitrogen. This has been accomplished. . . .

"At present, the manufacture of calcium carbide, so largely used in the production of acetylene for lighting and heating purposes, offers an important method for fixing nitrogen. The manufacture of the carbide was begun in this country several years ago and is now one of the leading industries of Niagara Falls. Frank and Caro, German chemists, found that the carbide could be made to combine with nitrogen in such a way as to produce a valuable fertilizer. The nitrogen it contains can readily be converted into ammonia, and from the latter nitric acid can be prepared. As a matter of fact the Germans are now producing 600,000 tons of the carbide annually in order to supply, through the reactions indicated, the nitric acid required to make explosives for the war.

"In this brief and superficial fashion, I have tried to make it clear that the preparedness which the nations demand is twofold—agricultural as well as military—and that, in essence, both are largely chemical."

The difficulty to which Professor Raiford calls attention—the neglect of pure science for what is called "applied science"—is characteristic of the whole Anglo-Saxon world, affirms a writer in *The British Medical Journal*. In the Latin world as well as in the German world there is a far more vivid realization of the peril of neglecting pure science for the sake of what to a certain type of mind would seem "results." Now, it is impossible to say beforehand either what line of research is likely to prove rich in practical applications or what practical use will presently be made of the purely scientific "results" obtained in the course of any investigation:

"Thus Professor Pope is able to show that it was the scientific study of the mineral deposits at Stassfurt that enabled Germany before the war to make herself the chief source of supply of potassium salts, indispensable to the whole world as a cultural manure. In his essay on physical research Professor Bragg is able to show how Roentgen's discovery of the X-rays was directly based on Sir William Crookes's researches into high vacuums, Lenard's discovery of radiations able to pass through aluminium windows fused into vacuum tubes, and an entirely accidental observation of his own. In his essay on the modern science of metals, Dr. Rosenhain is able to show that the vast progress in our knowledge of the physical properties of metals and alloys made in the last few decades, upon which, indeed, almost all our recent engineering achievements depend, dates from the year 1861, when H. C. Sorby, a mineralogist, introduced the method of studying the minute structure of metals by the microscopic examination of metallic surfaces

first polished and then etched with acids. At the moment Sorby was seeking for nothing more than further information as to the structure of meteorites; yet at the present time every metallurgical works of any importance has its own metallographic laboratory where the methods of Sorby are daily practised for the control of industrial operations. . . . Again, in his essay on systematized plant breeding Professor Biffen is able to prove that the solution of the problem of intensive cultivation of the land, stated by Swift in the famous aphorism of the two blades of grass, has been enormously expedited by the use of the laws of inheritance discovered by Mendel, abbot of Brunn, through his experiments in growing and crossing varieties of the common or garden pea."

In all these instances and in many others that might be quoted, it is important to observe that no one had any inkling of their final results.

THE REVIVAL OF "THE SHADY SIDE" OF THE NEXT WORLD

ALTHO the increase in insanity expected in Great Britain as one consequence of the war has not made itself apparent, there has been a revival of "spiritualism" on a scale deplored by some noted alienists. Multitudes of women addict themselves to the practice of communicating with dear ones who have passed on through the portal of death in action. How best to deal with this manifestation is a problem which, in its comments, the London *Lancet* admits to be difficult of solution. A certain type of mind, it says, is prone to seek consolation for its bereavement in spiritualistic séances. Hence a warning on the subject by Doctor George M. Robertson, the student of mental maladies, is endorsed by the great organ of medical opinion, which agrees that those unversed in normal and particularly in morbid psychology are not qualified observers or guides of the bereaved and least of all are those wishing for and unconsciously expecting certain manifestations from friends they have lost reliable observers of ghost action. Accordingly, Doctor Robertson regards the publication of "Raymond" at this time as a thing to be deplored, as the scientist whose name is attached to it is distinguished and his influence has accentuated a craze that was tremendous enough before.

"Amateur and biased inquirers into the subject are, as a rule, quite unaware that if they would meet those who are hearing messages from spirits every hour of the day, who are seeing forms, angelic and human, surrounding them that are invisible to ordinary persons, and who

are receiving other manifestations of an equally 'occult' nature, they only require to go to a mental hospital to find them. It is true that the modern physician, by a long study of these phenomena, has come to regard them as symptoms of disease, and has renounced the doctrine of possession by spirits, tho it had the double merit of simplicity and of antiquity to support it. If honest mediums do exist who hear inaudible messages, or feel communications without words, or see forms invisible to others, the mental physician accustomed to symptoms is inclined to regard their 'gifts' as being, if not morbid, at least closely related to the morbid, with no element of anything 'occult' about them."

No argument will convince the out-and-out believer that this or that manifestation alleged to have occurred in his presence or through his own mediumship is merely the outcome of expectation or false deduction. Upon that point the eminent English thought reader, Professor Stuart Cumberland, speaks positively. To the believer in spirit phenomena the difference between facts and deduction from facts does not exist. As he has convinced himself of the genuineness of the manifestations which he alleges have been personally vouchsafed him, he declines to see trickery in other directions and resents as an attack upon his own faith the unmasking of other people's trickery. Professor Cumberland commenced his investigations into the facts of ghost manifestation years ago. The University of Oxford invited him to give one of his first expositions in the hall of Christ Church, after which he went to the western hemisphere and thereafter to the East, hoping for some

genuine instance of occult manifestation. In all that time Professor Cumberland declares he has never yet in any land or with any medium or adept discovered any alleged occult manifestation that was not explicable upon a perfectly natural basis and which in the majority of instances could not be humanly duplicated under precisely similar conditions. He writes in the *London Mail*:

"To-day, with its heavy death toll and fateful uncertainty so closely affecting every section of the community, is indeed the moment for the practitioners on the shady side of spiritism. There is a natural desire among the bereaved, or those in doubt as to the actual facts surrounding the 'missing,' to seek for news and guidance unobtainable through the ordinary channels. These credulous folk are told that this or that medium is a real wonder who has given such and such persons the most astounding revelations. So what has been vouchsafed others can quite as well be revealed to them. Hence the run upon the plausible 'crooks,' who so readily trade upon their credulity.

"The foolish, credulous dupes never for a moment consider the utter incongruousness of the association of their beloved dead or missing with these professional 'spookists.' It never enters their heads that if the spirit of any one dear to them could return at all it would be to them direct that his return would be manifested, and that to have to go to some strange 'crook' and part with money for the privilege of being put in touch with the spirit is the height of absurdity. They are told that they themselves are not mediumistic and that it is only through the truly mediumistic are such communications possible.

"Besides it is the fashion or 'the thing' to go to these mediums."

ANATOMICAL FALLACY OF THE GREEK IDEAL TOE AND THE LITTLE TOE

IT is high time to correct current delusions respecting the littleness of the little toe and of the ideal Greek form of the so-called long toe—the one next to the big toe. Physiologists and artists both are very prone to these delusions, the results being obvious not only in "masterpieces" of "sculpture" but in a field so remote from that art as the average man's shoe. As for the nonsense on the subject of evolution which springs from the delusion respecting our toes, it is literally unscientific. These points are made in one way and another throughout that elaborate work on arboreal man which the brilliant anatomist, Doctor F. Wood Jones, has recently given to the world after careful first-hand investigation. The foot, we

For example, the foot of a gorilla differs from the hand in the fact that all the digits are placed nearer to the extremity of the third segment of the hind limb. There is a greater extremity or rather length of foot behind the base of the great toe than there is of hand behind the base of the thumb. This posterior elongation of the foot or development of a heel is present also in many monkeys. The big toe of the gorilla is larger and better developed than the thumb. The remaining toes are not so well developed as the corresponding fingers. Nevertheless, they retain exactly the same relative proportions. We may speak of a digital formula for hand and foot, such a formula being an expression of the relative degree of projection of the

index finger. Doctor Wood Jones is not so sure that it should not be considered as a typical human condition. In such cases the formula stands thus: 3:2:4:5:1 or 3:2 equals 4:5:1. Man retains a very primitive digital formula for his hand. His nearest primate kinfolk retain it for both hands and feet.

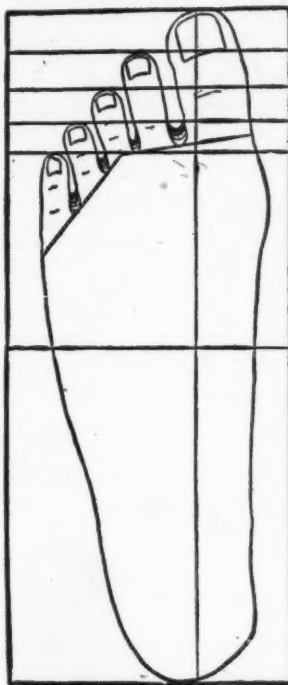
It is when we attempt to apply this formula to the human foot that we see how great is the alteration that has taken place between the existing anthropoid with the best primate foot and man himself. The digital formula for the human foot is as a rule 1:2:3:4:5. Such a statement holds good for the feet of the great majority of present-day Anglo-Saxon people. It is commonly assumed by artists and even by surgeons that the elongated big toe which projects in advance of the other four toes is not a natural human characteristic but is a result of boot pressure. A long big toe is regarded as a deformity rather than as a natural possession in which to take pride.*

Professor Flower long ago turned his attention to this point and he examined the feet of hundreds of the bare-footed children of Perthshire. Among them all he found no case in which the big toe did not project beyond the second toe. We must look upon a big toe which dominates the whole series as a typically human and a perfectly natural feature. Nevertheless, it is common enough to see feet in which the second toe is longer than the big toe. People who have feet with such a digital formula are apt to be somewhat proud of the fact. Such a foot is supposed to conform to the "Greek ideal," but that this type of foot ever was the Greek ideal is disputed by some authorities on the subject to-day, and certainly we may assume that it is less typically human and more ape-like than the foot of the average hospital patient who possesses a long big toe. So far we have as the typical digital formula for the human foot 1:2:3:4:5, with a not uncommon variant 2:1:3:4:5. There is yet another type which is much less common in which 2 equals 3:1:4:5. In the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons is the skeleton of a Bushman in which it is possible that the third digit was longest of all—a distinctly anthropoid condition.

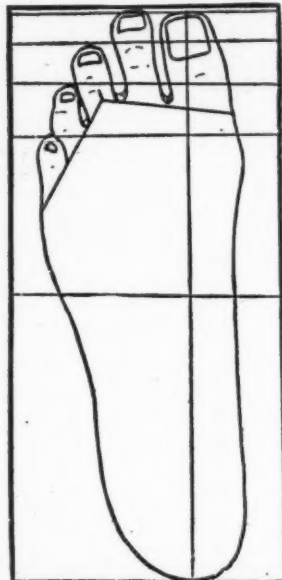
The change from the so-called Greek ideal to the foot with the dominant big toe is almost certainly no outcome of the practice of wearing shoes:

"Zoologically speaking, we may say that the very useful and specialized foot

* ARBOREAL MAN. By F. Wood Jones. Longmans, Green.



NATURE'S IDEAL TOES
Here we see the type of foot in which the big toe is considerably longer than any of the others.



THE SO-CALLED GREEK IDEAL

Here is an instance of the aesthetic fancy run mad—an inferior foot, because the toe longer than the big one has no business to be so.



OUTLINE OF A CHILD'S FOOT

Here is the ideal type, if there be any—no suggestion of the Greek ideal, which is no ideal at all. There seems little reason for the impression of some artists that ancient Athens gloated over a foot of any other proportions than these.

are assured by this British anatomist, is apt to be regarded as a poor relation of the hand, as a thing which, once being far more useful, has degenerated, within the narrow confines of a boot, into a rather distorted and somewhat useless member. Altho in modern man the boot has had its definite influence—as in limiting the possibilities of the power of grasp—such generalizations as those indicated concerning the toes are very far from true. If man should wish to point with pride to any organ the structure of which definitely severs him from all other existing primates, it is to the foot that he should point.

digits. In the gorilla, the digital formula for the foot is exactly the same as that for the hand, and both may be expressed as 3:4:2:5:1. Such a formula is an exceedingly primitive one and it is present in the primitive hand or "manus" of such reptiles as the water-tortoises. The strangely primitive human hand has an identical digital formula, the third being the finger that reaches farthest forwards, the fourth the next, the second the next, followed by the fifth, and the thumb is farthest back of all. There is an almost equally common variation in the human hand in which the second digit may be as long as or longer than the fourth and this is doubtless due to the functional importance of the

adapted for terrestrial progression is a foot of few digits. It may, in fact, be a foot composed of a solitary digit. The evolutionary stages by which the horse has come to stand solely upon its third digit are well known. Similar processes produced the two-digit foot of the deer and of the ostrich. There can be no doubt that Man is trusting, not to his third digit, but to his first, and all the others are undergoing a process of comparative atrophy. This is in reality a most interesting problem. There is an admitted tendency to specialize one digit in a thoroughly adapted terrestrial foot. Man applied an arboreal foot to terrestrial progression, and in this arboreal foot the best-developed member was the old grasping digit—the first or big toe. It seems that upon taking to a terrestrial life he has started the elaboration of this already specialized toe, and is tending towards the development of a foot which is quite unique—a foot in which the first digit is the dominant, and in the end, perhaps, the sole surviving, member."

It needs no demonstration to make plain that the little toe is somewhat of a rudiment in most persons of European origin:

"Usually it is but a poor thing; its nail is ill developed, and at times no nail is present. It is particularly liable to that circulatory disturbance which manifests itself in chilblains, and not uncommonly it seems in a poor state of nutrition. Most people possess but little power of movement in it, and its skeleton shows that its atrophic condition has affected the bones and joints, for the last two phalanges are very commonly fused together, making it short of a joint as compared with the rest of the toes. Very commonly its axis is not straight, and the toe is humped up and also somewhat bent laterally.

"It is easy to assume that all this is merely the result of wearing boots, but it is perfectly certain that this common explanation is not the correct one."

In many races, the members of which are innocent of the habit of

wearing shoes or boots at any period of their lives, the little toe is just as atrophic as it is in the average London hospital patient, and in some unbooted native races it is even more degenerated than is common in the booted Londoner. Among the Malays the absence of a nail upon the remarkably stumpy fifth toe is not at all uncommon. The barefooted races in Nubia are no better off in this matter and even in the very primitive Sakai the little toe has suffered. Just as the big toe is becoming dominant the little one is becoming rudimentary. In their turn, the fourth, third and second toes are undergoing a human evolutionary atrophy. There is a most interesting anatomical feature which is explained by this trend of human foot development. In the hand a system of short muscles which serves to part the fingers and hold them together is ranged symmetrically upon either side of the third or middle digit. This digit therefore constitutes the middle line of the hand from which and to which the other fingers can be moved laterally. In the monkeys, with the digital formula of the foot similar to that of the hand, a like grouping of muscles is seen about the third toe, which in movements as well as in length and axis constitutes the middle-line digit of the foot.

The same condition is seen in the chimpanzee and orang-utan. In man, however, the muscle symmetry is ranged about the second digit, and to and from this second digit the other toes are moved laterally. The middle line of the human foot has changed from the third to the second toe. In the gorilla a most interesting phase is seen, for while in most specimens the middle line of the foot passes through the third toe, it must be admitted that many gorillas, as Duckworth observes, possess the human arrangement, these

muscles being grouped about an axis formed by the second digit.

All the evidence from anatomy and natural selection indicates, startling as this may seem, that in man the outer toes are undergoing atrophy, even if this atrophy has not altered the outline of the foot:

"Human specializations seem to be producing a tendency to depend upon, and develop especially as supporting organs, the bones of the inner margin of the foot. The big toe and its supporting bones are becoming the principal axis of the foot.

"The imperfect efforts at walking upon the feet which the higher Primates can make have not attained to this human development. The human baby walks upon the outer side of its feet when it first learns to walk, and the bones upon this side of the foot are the first to become ossified. But a typically human and later change is the eversion of the foot, which brings its inner margin into the line transmitting the weight of the body to the ground. A whole series of finishing touches in human development is brought into play in this process, but since they are essentially not arboreal effects, they cannot be dealt with here.

"However, without going into the details of the eversion of the foot, the general facts are clear enough. Man has inherited a primitive and arboreal foot; purely human modifications are obviously at work producing a very typical human type of structure which, adapted in the first place for support in an arboreal habitat, is now being fitted for terrestrial progression. The human foot is a definite human evolution, and some may take comfort in remembering that it is evidence of a high grade of human evolution to possess a long big toe accompanied by a steadily diminishing series of toes towards the outer side of the foot, and that it is not necessary to label as 'sensible' the person, or the fashion, which seeks to confine this human foot into a boot constructed for the digital formula of an arboreal Primate."

QUEST OF THE "BASIC STUFF" OUT OF WHICH THE UNIVERSE IS MADE

THE physicist or chemist of our own day is compelled by each characteristic line of inquiry to formulate some hypothesis of the basic stuff of the material world. It is interesting to discover, avers that noted man of science, Sir William A. Tilden, whose views are set forth in the *London Nation*, that the conception the physicist or chemist forms of this basic stuff is fundamentally the same as that of the earliest philosophers. Aristotle's conception of the external world was that of a vast series of forms imposed upon a primitive stuff which underlay everything, being merely a sort of framework for various forms. Now,

the chemist of to-day continually proposes to himself the question whether there really is an "Urstoff" or "protyle" from which complex things have been evolved. Let us, for example, consider electricity, which appears a fairly concrete thing. Is it matter or a property of matter or is it "the" matter? For physics and chemistry, as they exist to-day, can not be dissociated from it. Modern physical science can hardly advance a pace without coming into contact with some manifestation of electricity. If by a process of analysis we follow matter back to its ultimate and irreducible expressions, we are faced by the clear evidences of electrical reactions. Just

as ancient science evolved an idea which seemed scarcely compatible with the view of a world whose substratum is one primitive stuff, modern science has found no means to clear a distinct atomic theory out of the way. Democritus, Dalton, Crookes and Thompson all found themselves impelled, tho for different reasons, to hold that matter can not be reduced past a certain point.

Modern science has revealed further complexities in this ultimate stage. If there be a protyle, as scientists like Crookes hold, surely it is a strange thing that in every element we find the existence of atoms which have a certain complexity of structure and show signs of a dualism. The *London Nation*

gives the following version of the theory of Sir William A. Tilden:*

"Even twenty years ago the atom was generally regarded as a simple piece of a simple stuff. But now we are not sure of the stability of the element, and tho the atom resists reduction beyond a point, it is obviously dual. Any atom is now conceived to be of a definite structure. It has a nucleus (or a circumference) of positive electricity, and a certain number of units of negative electricity—electrons. But since the electrons repel one another, there is clear proof that they cannot be arranged anyhow in the element, but must have a definite series of positions with regard to the positive nucleus in order to preserve neutrality. We have, therefore, in the simplest and smallest particle of matter of which we can conceive a very real complexity of structure.

"It is the structure of things which has proved the most fascinating line of modern discovery. The crystals of substances can be shown to have a simple and definite atomic structure."

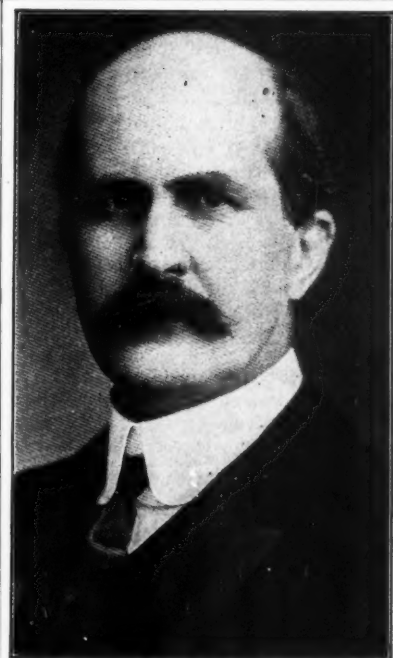
That the atoms in a crystal have something of the crude arrangement of a thoroly satisfactory garden city has been established by the recent discoveries of Professor W. H. Bragg and his remarkable son, Doctor W. L. Bragg. They have been awarded the Nobel prize for physics in recognition of the importance of their joint work in determining the atomic arrangement of crystals. The work of the elder Bragg is especially valuable, his investigation of the range of ionization of alpha particles being already a classic in the history of radioactivity. And the Braggs, father and son, have since proved that the atoms in a crystal stand in regular order at definite distances apart and these distances can be measured. We quote again from the London *Nation*:

"Around them are symmetrically grouped other atoms; and it is not until the crystals are dissolved or melted that the atoms select their affinities and behave like respectable partners in the genuine molecule of a compound body. And the idea of structure is not confined to crystalline bodies, tho it is in them that it can be experimentally verified. The carbon compounds which make up the subject matter of organic chemistry give many evidences of structural arrangements. There are numerous compounds which can be analyzed and proved to have the same composition and the same percentage composition and yet have different properties. Thus, three different paraffins have the same composition, and no known test can find any difference in the percentage of the ingredients. Their difference springs from a different arrangement of the atoms. If we could discover the apparatus, it is possible we should find that structure is at the essence of all differentiation. Clearly the vast strides made by modern chemistry are

largely dependent upon apparatus, and it seems impossible to maintain—as it is maintained—that outside the permanent boundaries of atoms, outside their trench systems, there lie some six patrol units which may be cut off without any resulting change in the atom. If these vagrant electrons are in the atomic system, it is inconceivable they are not of it. Until now, however, they seem to be purely neutral in alliance or in default."

The structure of the atom is a more workable theory than the structure of the elements of which atoms are units. Science has from various directions converged upon the conclusion that the ultimate stuff is but one and the question arises, how did these more complex elements evolve? There is now clear evidence of the transmutation of elements. Radioactivity has given that idea to the world and one of the least romantic of men of science vouches for it. Rutherford's degradation theory was merely a generalization from observed fact and the heavier elements, down to lead, can be taken as degradation products. It is but a small step from this fact, tho even so it may be too great, to the assumption of the possibility of transmutation down to a primitive matter. Says the writer in the *Nation*:

"For Mendeléeff established a distinct connection between the quantity of matter, the mass of an element, and its properties. He even lived to see the filling in of the vacant niches which we had left for several deduced elements; and the theory underlying his work is irrevocably part of modern science. But if properties do depend upon mass in some way,



A GREAT SCIENTIST AND THE FATHER OF ONE

Professor W. H. Bragg, himself a Nobel Prizeman for Physics, originated the series of investigations which have become already a classic in radioactive research.



THE PRODIGY OF A SON

He is a Nobel Prizeman for Physics and the youth who did so much to establish the atomic arrangement of crystals—W. L. Bragg.

and we have the verified case of elements being changed by the subtraction of mass, we have here a fair *prima-facie* case for believing in the ultimate reduction to a first stuff, which has the unique property of a capacity for properties.

"The difficulty of discontinuity stands in the way. One would think that there should be an infinite series of different things, and not merely eighty-three. There should be numbers of cases of elements, like nickel and cobalt, very similar in their properties, because they possess almost the same mass. It is possible there may be such shades and gradations which escape our recognition, because we have no apparatus to measure their differences. And how should we build up these diverse elements? Sir William Crookes imagines a protyle, a primitive stuff, in the form of a mist of particles which, gradually accreting in larger and larger clusters, gave rise to elemental atoms."

There are reasons for not accepting this theory, however, and after a careful summary of the evidence, Sir William A. Tilden supplies a few. But it is no real objection to suggest, says London *Nation*, that the radioactive elements were not formed by a process of condensation because we can verify their disintegration from more complex elements. They would not disintegrate if they were not more unstable, and the verification of an undoing of a process is rather the suggestion that the process was originally done. If we retrace our steps to the beginnings, we will find ourselves confronted with this complex state, the atom, in which the positive nucleus, at least, is in part the inert element helium and the rest are units of negative electricity.

* CHEMICAL DISCOVERY AND INVENTION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Sir William A. Tilden. London. Routledge.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

MR. WELLS REASSERTS HIS BELIEF IN A STRUGGLING GOD

IN his great war-novel, "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," H. G. Wells makes his hero say: "Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning; he works to no end." In another of his recent books, "War and the Future," Mr. Wells solemnly declares: "The time draws near when mankind will awake, and the dreams will fade away, and then there will be no nationality in all the world but humanity, no king, no emperor, nor leader, but the one God of mankind." Now, in a third book, just published, entitled "God, The Invisible King" (Macmillan), Mr. Wells may be said to fuse both of these statements in a glowing and eloquent definition of his faith.

No originality is claimed for this "renascent religion." Mr. Wells conceives of himself as scribe to the spirit of his generation. He says distinctly that modern religion has no revelation and no founder, is not the privilege or possession of any coterie of disciples. But he pays a special tribute to William James as his friend and master, and he elaborates many of the ideas expounded in "Pragmatism" and "A Pluralistic Universe."

The idea of a struggling and finite God, adumbrated in James, particularly appeals to Wells. Readers of "Mr. Britling" will recall how that worthy man was constantly trying to give coherence to his thought of God as a being not omnipotent, not the maker of all things, but as one struggling, "in his great and comprehensive way as we struggle in our weak and silly way," to remake the world on the lines of righteousness. Mr. Britling's "struggling God," already the center of many an ardent theological controversy, is the God to whom Wells gives allegiance in his new book.

At the very outset of his argument Mr. Wells asserts: "It is impossible to deny that God presents himself as finite, as struggling and taking a part against evil." He continues:

"Perhaps the most fundamental difference between this new faith and any recognized form of Christianity is that, knowingly or unknowingly, it worships a *finite* God. Directly the believer is fairly confronted with the plain questions of

the case, the vague identifications that are still carelessly made with one or all of the persons of the Trinity dissolve away. He will admit that his God is neither all-wise, nor all-powerful, nor omnipresent; that he is neither the maker of heaven nor earth, and that he has little to identify him with that hereditary God of the Jews who became the 'Father' in the Christian system. On the other hand, he will assert that his God is a god of salvation, that he is a spirit, a person, a strongly marked and knowable personality, loving, inspiring, and lovable, who exists or strives to exist in every human soul."

The fact that God is finite, Mr. Wells reiterates, is one upon which those who think clearly among the new believers are very insistent. "He is, above everything else, a personality, and to be a personality is to have characteristics, to be limited by characteristics; he is a being, not us, but dealing with us and through us; he has an aim and that means he has a past and future; he is within time and not outside it." And the new believers "point out that this is really what everyone who prays sincerely to God or gets help from God, feels and believes." Our practice with God is better than our theory. "None of us really pray to that fantastic, unqualified *dans le trois*, the Trinity, which the wranglings and disputes of the worthies of Alexandria and Syria declared to be God. We pray to one single understanding person." The argument proceeds:

"God is, like us, a being in conflict with the unknown and the limitless and the forces of death; who values much that we value and is against much that we are pitted against. He is our king to whom we must be loyal; he is our captain, and to know him is to have a direction in our lives. He feels us and knows us. He hopes and attempts. . . . Modern religion declares that tho he does not exist in matter or space, he exists in time just as a current of thought may do; that he changes and becomes more even as a man's purpose gathers itself together; that somewhere in the dawning of mankind he had a beginning, an awakening, and that as mankind grows he grows. With our eyes he looks out upon the universe he invades; with our hands, he lays hands upon it. All our truth, all our intentions and achievements, he gathers to himself. He is the undying human memory, the increasing human will."

God, we are told further, is pre-eminently courageous. "God is courage beyond any conceivable suffering." Mr. Wells writes in this connection:

"The symbol of the crucifixion, the drooping, pain-drenched figure of Christ, the sorrowful cry to his Father, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' these things jar with our spirit. We little men may well fail and repent, but it is our faith that our God does not fail us nor himself. We cannot accept the Christian's crucifix or pray to a pitiful God. We cannot accept the Resurrection as tho it were an afterthought to a bitterly-felt death. Our crucifix, if you must have a crucifix, would show God with a hand or a foot already torn away from its nail, and with eyes not down-cast but resolute against the sky; a face without pain, pain lost and forgotten in the surpassing glory of the struggle and the inflexible will to live and prevail. . . .

"We do not care how long the thorns are drawn, nor how terrible the wounds, so long as he does not droop."

The third thing that Mr. Wells tells us of the true God is that God is Youth. Most of the old religions, he says, derive from a patriarchal phase. God is in those systems the Ancient of Days. Mr. Wells knows of no Christian attempt to represent or symbolize God the Father which is not a bearded, aged man. White hair, beard, bearing, wrinkles—a hundred such symptoms of senile decay are there. These marks of senility, Mr. Wells observes, do not astonish our modern minds in the picture of God, only because tradition and usage have blinded our eyes to the absurdity of a time-worn immortal. Jove, too, and Wotan are figures far past the prime of their vigor. These are gods after the ancient habit of the human mind, that turned perpetually backward for causes and reasons, and saw all things to come as no more than the working out of Fate.

"But the God of this new age looks not to our past but to our future, and if a figure may represent him it must be the figure of a beautiful youth, already brave and wise, but hardly come to his strength. He should stand lightly on his feet in the morning time, eager to go forward, as tho he had but newly arisen to a day that was still but a promise; he should bear a sword, that clean, discriminating weapon, his eyes should be as bright as swords; his lips should fall apart with eagerness for the great

adventure before him, and he should be in very fresh and golden harness, reflecting the rising sun. Death should still hang like mists and cloud banks and shadows in the valleys of the wide landscape about him. There should be dew upon the threads of gossamer and little leaves and blades of the turf at his feet."

This elate rhetoric is characteristic of the entire book and provokes comment of widely varying character. A reviewer in *Zion's Herald*, the Boston Methodist weekly, says: "The work contains many most excellent things and likewise much that is absolutely nonsensical, giving the impression of one confused in his thinking." Mr. E. F. Edgett, in the *Boston Transcript*, declares:

"We very much doubt if the turning of its final pages will leave any reader much the wiser as to what Mr. Wells really thinks. To indulge in a rhapsody, and to say, at the end that 'it is the Kingdom of God at Hand' is not to be especially convincing."

On the other hand, the *New York Times Review of Books* says:

"Apparently Mr. Wells is voicing a very profound movement of the religious feeling which is stirring the heart of Great Britain as it has not been stirred, perhaps, in all its history. Evidence of this religious unrest and groping and of longing for spiritual consolation and for fresh spiritual sanctions has come in many a book from England during the last two years. In a land where death is striking down fathers and husbands and sons and friends by the hundred thousand such a stirring was inevitable. 'Our sons, who have shown us God,' wrote Mr. Britling in that touching broken sentence upon whose note ended the *Odyssey* of his soul. . . .

"The Invisible King' is written with the sincerity and simplicity of utter conviction, whatever opinion one may have of its message, and with a compactness and conciseness of style to which Mr. Wells's books are too often a stranger. It has also the vividness of phraseology that comes from vividness of experience and depth of conviction and a certain flame combined of kindled imagination

and exalted feeling glows through all its pages. In precision of idea and clarity of statement, in keenness of insight and closely argued presentation it shows Mr. Wells at his best. Nothing else that he has written has so embodied and blazed forth his own strong and vivid personality."

And *Public Opinion* (London) comments, in equally enthusiastic vein:

"The great thing in Mr. Wells' statement is that the most stimulating and provocative writer of the day demands the full Christian Extra—a spiritual life working to its highest capacity. His is no gospel for groundlings, and for those who fear to climb lest they should tumble down. As you read Mr. Wells's book you see 'Alps on Alps arise' in the spiritual Oberland, and the gleaming towers of the Kingdom that shall be reached rise in the sun-drenched distance.

"Here is a message and a future to fight for, and we can imagine many a soldier on the field as he reads this book saying to himself with tears in his eyes, 'Well, if that is what I am fighting for, it is worth while, and it is not worth fighting for anything less.'"

MAKING VICE UNATTRACTIVE TO SOLDIERS

IN a pamphlet on "Prostitution in Relation to the Army on the Mexican Border,"* Dr. M. J. Exner makes the statement that "during the first eighteen months of the war, one of the great powers had more men incapacitated for service by venereal diseases contracted in the mobilization camps than in all the fighting at the front." The same writer, reporting on moral and hygienic conditions existing in the camps on the Mexican border last summer, brings out the following startling facts:

1. Commanding and medical officers at the border assumed that prostitution is necessary. In several camps, the officers established prostitute quarters for their men.
2. In one case, a woman in the active stage of syphilis had been in position to communicate it to 120 men within the preceding two days.
3. The civil communities where camps were stationed protested against regulation of prostitution on the ground that it would hurt business.
4. In many places boys and men stood in line for hours awaiting their turn.
5. Conditions in almost all of these camps were such as to make it all but impossible for any boy, no matter how well and cleanly brought up, to resist the overwhelming temptation to indulgence.

In order to offset these and similar evils, a Federal Commission on Training Camp Activities has been appointed. Raymond B. Fosdick, formerly Commissioner of Accounts of New York City, is chairman. Other members are Dr. Joseph E. Raycroft,

Professor of Hygiene and Director of Physical Education at Princeton University; Joseph Lee, President of the Playgrounds Association of America; John R. Mott of the International Y. M. C. A.; Lee F. Hanmer of the Sage Foundation, Charles P. Neill of Washington, Thomas J. Howells of Pittsburgh, Malcolm L. McBride of Cleveland, and Major Palmer E. Pierce of the United States Army.

Mr. Fosdick, in an interview published in the *New York Times*, declares that the Commission has two main functions. First, it is charged with the responsibility of keeping the Secretary of War informed as to conditions in training camps and the zones surrounding them. In the second place, it is expected to coordinate the different agencies, such as the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. and the Red Cross, that are seeking an opportunity for service among the soldiers. Mr. Fosdick is quoted further:

"Our first function is aimed, of course, to do away with the evils that have been too often associated with army life, not only in America, but in Europe. Our boys are to be drafted into service. We cannot afford to draft them into a demoralizing environment. The responsibility of the Government is doubly obvious in view of the measure of conscription. A man might volunteer for service and run his chance with vicious surroundings. When conscription comes into play, however, the Government itself must assume the responsibility for eliminating these evils. It is a responsibility which we owe to the families of the men, to the communities from which they come, and to the men themselves.

"On the positive side of our program is the necessity for competing with what I have termed 'demoralizing influences,' such as the saloon and the vice resort. This function of our work divides itself naturally into several lines. Within the camp activities of the Y. M. C. A., an organization now officially recognized by an executive order of the President, as Commander in Chief of the armies, form an important part in the recreational program. In connection with the work, but under the direct control of the army, is the promotion of athletic sports and games such as are now carried on in England under the Aldershot plan, and promoted to a large extent in Canada. Briefly, these games are built up on the inter-unit system, their idea being to develop the competitive instinct in the soldier. Boxing, wrestling, bayonet exercise, and all forms of hard physical games are followed. Everybody must take part. Squads compete with squads, companies with companies, regiments with regiments, brigades with brigades, and divisions with divisions."

Another important function of the Commission lies in the line of cooperation between camps and the communities in the neighborhood, and in efforts to make the community feel its share of responsibility for providing amusement and recreation for men on leave. Mr. Fosdick says:

"Joseph Lee, a member of the Commission, is himself President of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, and has general charge under the Commission of this important activity. We shall have an expert community organizer in every town and city in the neighborhood of all the camps in the United States, whose aim it will be to coordinate all the activities along this line.

* Published by the American Social Hygiene Association, 105 West 40th St., New York City.

Just at present we have thirteen of these trained men in the communities nearest the thirteen Officers' Reserve Camps now opening up. Dr. Rowland Haynes, for example, is representing us at Plattsburg, and through his efforts a local committee has been organized, and all agencies intending to work in Plattsburg will find full scope for their plans in the large program that has been laid out, while overlapping will be eliminated.

"In some communities, for example, outside the camps, there will be 'canteens' for the soldiers run by women's

organizations, where food and tobacco can be obtained at cost prices, and where an opportunity will be afforded for meeting and talking with women. In Toronto the 'Take the Soldier Home for Dinner' Movement was organized, and through this agency a number of men found homes which they could visit whenever they were on leave in the city. Work of this kind can be multiplied almost indefinitely."

Too many of the evils surrounding camp life are traceable, in Mr. Fos-

dick's view, to the lack of adequate amusement and rational recreation for the soldier. "Our Commission," he observes, "does not intend to attempt to apply impracticable idealistic standards. We shall be dealing with a fine lot of healthy, red-blooded men, and we must have healthy, red-blooded forms of recreation. My point is that there must be plenty of it to absorb the surplus energies of the soldiers in their hours of relaxation."

A NEW ESTIMATE OF THE SPIRITUAL GAINS OF THE WAR

LET the young despond over the present condition of the world, the breakdown of civilization, the failure of Christianity, and so on. The old folks ought not to despond, for they are those who remember the wonderful gains in Christianity within their own lifetime." So writes the Rev. Dr. William C. Gannett, of Rochester, N. Y., in *Unity* (Chicago). He goes on to recall how, in this country alone, four great causes, two of them barely winged for flight, two just beginning to stir in the chrysalis, when the old men of to-day were in nurseries, were the Temperance Movement, the Peace Movement, the Abolition of African Slavery, the Emancipation of Woman. Of these, Slavery has gone from the land. "Woman owns most of herself to-day, and is fast winning the rest." Prohibition of alcoholic drinks is spreading fast and wide through the States—twenty-five "dry" as against twenty-three "wet," just now, it is said; and in spite of the war and all war's new horrors, Dr. Gannett holds with confidence that the world is far closer to the new internationalism of justice and peace than ever before. He continues:

"But not to look back, let those who lose faith in God and in man in these days of ours look at this war alone. It has out-helled hell in its horrors. Belgium! Armenia! Poland! Those trenches of France! That human shark of the seas! The cities and towns in ruins! The millions of desolate homes, of widows, of orphans! The cripple-armies of armless men, of legless men, of eyeless men! One land a land without little children! Another decimated of its girls! Besides, the millions of human creatures—bodies all youth, faces of brightness, brains alive, all only yesterday part of the world's morning, promise of its morrow—now but a memory 'slowly to imperl in hearts of friends,' now without mission on earth—

Save to make green their little
length of sods,
And deepen pansies for a year
or two!

"Add ourselves on the brink of hell—

a great new victim-nation to plunge into it. Add the long trailing diseases which men in the camps carry back to their homes. Add the lowered vitality of two generations to come. Add the unborn millions that should be brightening the morrows! Add the financial exhaustion abroad, the economic exhaustion everywhere, the famine the nations are facing, the crushing burden that the future must carry as its contribution to the past. Add, among minor evils—minor compared with any of these—the temporary suppression of individual liberty, which national danger in war-time imposes—dangerous, hysterical, often unneeded suppression, and the intolerance so natural, but so blind and unjust. Add all you will to the devil's side of the account: and then count carefully, for they are as truly parts of the war-fact, the human gains, the human uplifts, already emergent from the glare!"

The first of the great compensations of the war, as Dr. Gannett sees it, is the New Temperance and the sweep of its march over the warring lands. He asserts that the movement in Russia, in England, in France, has advanced more in two years than it probably would have advanced in a whole generation of peace. "The savings-bank deposits in Russia for the last year of vodka were \$40,000,000; for a year of prohibition, \$885,000,000." The second gain is found in the New Womanhood and in the disclosure of woman's powers as never before. Already it is enfranchisement in England, its partial attainment in France, its possibility in Russia, and the effect of this on the watching neighbors. Next, Dr. Gannett speaks of the New Democracy:

"Split this word 'democracy' into meanings: the nearing end of autocracy; the let-down of nobles and kings; the crumbling of classes and castes, and the final transition from feudalism; the right of the people to govern themselves, and the human expansion and uprise that this right in its exercise brings; the liberty, happiness, character, and progress of the massed millions recognized as the sole end of national existence. It is no handwriting upon the wall of something impending; it is history already recorded that, as direct effect of the war, there has come

immense acceleration to this whole movement. In England it startles; in Russia it astounds; in Germany it throbs like an audible heart-beat."

The New Integration of National Life is the fourth of the gains that Dr. Gannett enumerates. He refers to conscription as an idea that may lead men's minds from the obligation to enlist for the country's defense in times of national danger to the duty of enlisting for service in times of peace. The Socialists, he says further, ought to be a happy tribe to-day, for the war is swinging the world strongly their way. Suddenly the state is achieving a tremendous expansion of its right of eminent domain, and the question is bound to be asked: If the state is so much more efficient than private initiative in times of war, why not in times of peace?

New International Sympathies, Dr. Gannett proceeds, are issuing from this war. Belgium has become the little child set in the midst of the plying world. The Red Cross hastens wherever the red agony calls. New International Politics, also, are in evidence. President Wilson, in his address to Congress on January 22nd, summarized more than our own aspirations; he spoke of equal rights for nations little and big—and we think of Ireland, Serbia, Poland, Finland, the Jews, the Armenians, the Africans. We look forward to international courts of investigation; mediation and arbitration for international quarrels; a new code of international law; perhaps, in the distance, a parliament of nations.

The Raising of the Standard of War-Motive is the next point extolled. "Not for conquest, not for revenge, not for any form of profit to ourselves, not for 'honor' insulted, not to punish wrongs already committed, great tho they be, but to prevent new wrongs pledged to be unremitting, to prevent the triumph of a temporarily dehumanized nation and the degradation such triumph would cause—these," Dr. Gannett says, "are the motives that draw our nation into the hell."

Finally, "the nations are finding their souls in this war." Only yesterday we were thinking of "frivolous France," "commercialized England," "materialized America," "brutalized Russia." Now we see a new France, calm, resolved, consecrate; a new England, defending the freedom of the world; a new Russia, "winged on the instant with power to achieve revolution almost without bloodshed and scattering liberty over the Empire as April scatters her flowers on the land."

"Did we call it just now 'our materialized, sensualized, mammonized age'? Look at Europe's wide Calvary fields, then, and explain those hundreds of thousands of crosses, attesting that probably never in all human history have so many men in so short a time voluntarily made the supreme offering, *life*, for a cause which to them represented justice and righteousness. That each life given means a life taken, and that hell yawns in the giving and taking, does not blot out that splendor of human self-sacrifice. Entente and Germany share in *that* alike. Is there hate in the trenches and hate in the homes? Doubtless; but in the psychology of the war the loyalty and self-sacrifice are writ large, the hate is the footnotes."

These all are spiritual values: spreading temperance, rising womanhood, winning democracy, growing sympathy,



A MATERIALIST WHO STAKES HIS FAITH ON THE HUMAN FUTURE

Joseph McCabe, once a monk, now England's leading Rationalist, declares in a new book that his controlling thought is a consciousness of human power.

discipline in communal cooperation, plans for internationalism, organization of peace, quickening of soul in the nations. They are immense and enduring spiritual accretions to the

mounting life of the race. To those who cry in despair that "the future dies" in this war, Dr. Gannett rejoins: "Does 'death' look like *that*? How, then, would 'life and life more abundantly' look?" He concludes:

"Does such a cold-blooded reckoning of permanent good coming out of this war leave one insentient to its agony? No. Sentient, but not inclined to minimize it? No. Blind to long-lasting, most pitiful evils, also resulting? No. A warrior in spirit and eager for pray? Feeling could not be more directly the opposite. An easy chooser of war for the sake of concomitant benefits? Absolutely no! It leaves one as before a yearner, a striver, a planner, a worker, for peace,—and willing, against a nation's frenzy of injustice and violence, to use war itself to secure it, as we use the policeman, the fetter, the jail, to curb an individual who claims and practises the right to murder and drown. So will the most of us certainly do, whether it be rightly named the 'Jesus-spirit' or not.

"It is easy in these days to lose courage and hope. It seems but a duty to make a careful analysis like this before losing heart one's self or spreading discouragement and unfaith among others. To those of little faith I submit my itemized count. We look back to our Civil War as the era of our nation's new birth. We are living in a greater era to-day: a *world* is in rebirth."

A FREETHINKER'S INSPIRING GOSPEL

IT is sometimes assumed that unbelief in God and in immortality leads inevitably to pessimism and decay, but a recent book* by Joseph McCabe, England's leading Rationalist, inculcates just the opposite view. The book is entitled "The Tyranny of Shams," and in it Mr. McCabe assails some of the most cherished institutions of modern civilization, including church, state and marriage. He is, confessedly, a philosopher of rebellion and a denier of the ancient traditions. Yet the conclusion at which he arrives is positive and inspiring. It is rooted in his faith in the creative power of humanity. "If at times I write fiercely, cynically, even bitterly," he says, "it is not from pessimism, but from fulness and fire of optimism. My controlling thought is a consciousness of our power."

Mr. McCabe's book, which was conceived and, for the most part, written during a long voyage from Australia to England, reveals him more intimately than any other of his fifty odd books. He declares:

"The old faith is growing dim in our minds, and we have a suspicion that the thousands of men and women who, each night, terminate a life of pain or struggle or burden, will never see the sun

rise again on this or any other planet. We know that every decade in which we put off, with worn and hollow phrases, the abandonment of old errors, sees another generation pass away with just the same scars and traces of pain as those which scored the hearts of the dead two, and four, and six thousand years ago. We are vividly conscious that, quite apart from the myriads whose lives were embittered by poverty, or war, or a galling marriage-yoke, or the tyranny of some old tradition, there are further and vaster myriads who, whatever comfort they knew, might have been far happier, and now the sun has gone down on them forever. There is real and very serious ground for impatience. The acreage of squalor and misery and grossness is still appalling, and on every hand lies the crushing burden of militarism; and this fearful visitation of war reminds us of the incalculable periodic cost of our folly. The soil of the planet is wet with blood and tears, and a great part of this inhuman rain might be arrested. Much has been done: it is just that which stings. You cannot look back on the darkness from which the race has issued without perceiving that man has the power to transform the face of the earth: without entertaining a reasoned and coldly intellectual conviction that a day will yet dawn on this planet when laughter, as of children on May morning, will ring from pole to pole, and life, for all its work, will be a holiday. And when this reasoned and just belief encounters the sullen or selfish indifference of men and

women to their creative power, their insensitiveness to the evils that they or their fellows endure, it glows and spits fire."

This impatience, Mr. McCabe continues, cannot be rebuked by saying that the remedy of our ills is very obscure. Some of the greatest reforms that are pressed on us are not obscured by any serious controversy. Yet "in every civilized nation," Mr. McCabe exclaims, "the mass of the people are inert and indifferent." Some even make a pretense of justifying their inertness. Why, they ask, should we stir at all? Is there such a thing as a duty to improve the earth? What is the meaning or purpose of life? Or has it a purpose? To these and similar questions Mr. McCabe responds:

"One generally finds that this kind of reasoning is merely a piece of controversial athletics or a thin excuse for idleness. People tell you that the conflict of science and religion—it would be better to say, the conflict of modern culture and ancient traditions—has robbed life of its plain significance. The men who, like Tolstoy, seriously urge this point fail to appreciate the modern outlook on life. Certainly modern culture—science, history, philosophy, and art—finds no purpose in life: that is to say, no purpose eternally fixed and to be discovered by man. A great chemist said a few years ago that he could imagine

* THE TYRANNY OF SHAMS. By Joseph McCabe. Dodd, Mead & Company.

'a series of lucky accidents'—the chance blowing by the wind of certain chemicals into pools on the primitive earth—accounting for the first appearance of life; and one might not unjustly sum up the influences which have lifted those early germs to the level of conscious beings as a similar series of lucky accidents.

"But it is sheer affectation to say that this demoralizes us. If there is no purpose impressed on the universe, or prefixed to the development of humanity, it follows only that humanity may choose its own purpose and set up its own goal; and the most elementary sense of order will teach us that this choice must be social, not merely individual. In whatever measure ill-controlled individuals may yield to personal impulses or attractions, the aim of the race must be a collective aim. I do not mean an austere demand of self-sacrifice from the individual, but an adjustment—as genial and generous as possible—of individual variations for common good. Otherwise life becomes discordant and futile, and the pain and waste react on each individual. So we raise again, in the twentieth century, the old question of 'the greatest good,' which men discussed in the Stoa Poikile and the suburban groves of Athens, in the cool atria of patrician mansions on the Palatine and the Pincian, in the Museum at Alexandria, and the schools which Omar Khayyam frequented, in the straw-strewn schools of the Middle Ages and the opulent chambers of Cosimo dei Medici."

When a man seriously considers the question, "What is the best purpose for

the race, in its own interest to adopt?" he is apt to answer, according to his temperament, culture, character, happiness or efficiency. Any or all of these, according to Joseph McCabe, are worthy objects of human ambition. But deeper than all is something that involves radical social, sexual and religious changes. Militarism is to be overcome. Narrow patriotism is to be outgrown. Kings, emperors and czars are to be discarded. Wealth must be distributed more equitably. Sexual problems must be faced more rationally. Education must be brought up to date. Religious superstition must give way to intellectual enlightenment. This program, Mr. McCabe avers, is the logical culmination of the human struggle. He adds, in concluding:

"The religious person will close this work, if he perseveres to the end, with a series of horrified exclamations. Socialism! Immoralism! Republicanism! Materialism! Malthusianism! I shudder under the shower of horrid epithets, yet would ask this outraged reader to forget 'isms' for a moment and consider a simple statement of the human faith I here present.

"The ideals which I hold in supreme regard are truth in our beliefs and statements, justice and generosity in our actions, the cooperation of all men to make the earth happier. I am in temperament no hedonist. Thirty years of assiduous study, of much severe trial, of stoical endurance have left me more or less insensible to what men and women usually

call happiness. My personal desires are sated in that I may, in circumstances of peace and modest comfort, devote myself to intellectual labor and the employment in the cause of progress of such influence as I have. I see no purpose imposed on life, and I therefore conclude that men and women are free to put such purpose on their collective life as they deem advisable. No purpose seems to be wiser, grander or more inspiring than that they should seek to assuage the last pang of remediable pain and bring sunshine into the dark places of the earth. For me there is no heaven; and therefore the spectacle of those thousands passing daily and nightly into the silence, after lives of pain, misery or brutality, while we cling to the barbaric traditions or ill-devised institutions that have come down to us, is an intolerable goad. Let us have criticism and scrutiny of all that we do and all that we believe; and let us have courage to reject all that we think false and purify all that we find corrupted. Let us assert that mighty power of which we are conscious; and if it takes ages to undo all the errors of the past and agree upon a plan of a regenerated earth, let us at least strive to awaken men to a consciousness of their power and of the evils they have to remove. These are my suggestions of what is wrong in life and how it may be righted. It may be materialism, this plain human gospel of mine; but it seems to me that, if it could be carried into effect, there would spread gradually over this earth such joy and freedom and prosperity as men's prophets have babbled of in their dying dreams."

WHY BILLY SUNDAY DOES NOT APPEAL TO ROMAN CATHOLICS

WHEN Billy Sunday sets up his tabernacle in a modern American city, church members of many denominations rally to his support. Roman Catholics, however, are, as a rule, conspicuous by their absence, and in some cities priests and bishops have preached sermons condemning the famous evangelist. In an article written by J. Harding Fisher, S.J., for *The Catholic Mind* (New York), we learn that Roman Catholics are forbidden by the church authorities to attend Sunday's meetings. The same article sets forth the reasons for this prohibition.

In the first place, the writer says, Roman Catholicism is shocked by the "vulgarity" of Sunday's utterances and the "familiarity bordering on the blasphemous," with which he speaks of the sacred person of Christ. But the Roman Catholic objection goes deeper. It regards his services as "plainly heretical" not only in the broad sense in which all Protestantism is heretical, but in the hymn book that he uses, the Bible interpretations that he sanctions, and the sermons that he preaches. To quote further:

"Occasionally he slips into dogmatic error; and not only does he refrain from any mention of tenets very dear to the Catholic heart, such as devotion to the Blessed Virgin, but he never says a word in favor of other dogmas which are touchstones of Christian orthodoxy. He never speaks a word about the Vicar of Christ, the successor of the one to whom Our Lord said, 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church.' Neither his head nor his heart is right with the heart of Catholic life, the Blessed Sacrament. Indeed one of the striking features of his preaching is the fact that, altho he insists in season and out of season and most vigorously on the necessity of accepting Christ, he himself passes over in silence, as if they were of no value, those very things which are most clearly enunciated and are of supremest importance in the teaching of Christ.

"Nor is it only in his omissions that the falsity of Mr. Sunday's position is seen; the whole basis of the religion he preaches is wrong. His course of sermons demonstrates the fact that he acts on the fundamental Protestant assumption, which is the essence of heresy, namely, the right of private judgment. He does not submit to the canon of the Scriptures or to the sense of the Scriptures laid down by the

Divinely appointed and authoritative interpreter of the Word of God. Among the Christian doctrines he chooses and rejects at will, and in effect, he decides for himself what he shall or shall not hold as integral parts of Divine Revelation. And yet with true Protestant inconsistency, he will not permit others to do what he does himself. Altho he assumes the right to disregard as irrelevant the most precious part of Christ's teaching, he is loud in his denunciation of those who follow his example and reject what he sees fit to accept. The Catholic Church is wholly in sympathy with his fearless assertion of the Divinity of Christ and the existence of hell; but it declares that the foundation of his position is the shifting sands of private opinion, not the immovable rock of Divine faith."

Mr. Sunday's converts, according to the same critic, profess an altogether inadequate Christianity. "They do not understand the supernatural character of the Christian life, or at most only a glimmering of it, they do not accept the entire deposit of faith, they do not order their lives according to the whole of Revelation, they do not belong to the true Church." The most that can be

said for them is that they are "eclectic Christians," and "eclectic Christianity is heresy pure and simple." It is doubtful, moreover, in the same writer's mind, whether Sunday's influence on converts is lasting. He writes in this connection:

"Statistics would indicate that a number of his followers do begin a reformation in their lives in response to his passionate preaching. The strong emotional shock they receive is amply sufficient to explain not only why this should be, but even why the effect should be at times fairly continuous. He might even afford the occasion for justification because an act of perfect contrition might arise in the hearts of some of his hearers, as they listen to his fiery denunciation of sin, but this, tho conceivable, is not

likely and, if it happened, would be an accident and not a part of his deliberate scheme. In general, however, his influence must necessarily be transitory and specious rather than real. A false religion has no claim on God's assistance, and of course Mr. Sunday's religion is false.

"But over and beyond this the essential weakness of all his efforts is his utter inability to offer supernatural means of grace. Naturally he does not recommend the Sacraments. Nor has he any legitimate reason for expecting the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, of whom he speaks with reverence; for he is not in communion with the Fountain of Truth, and therefore he is not an accredited spokesman for Christ, to whom he is much attached. In other words, he is not 'sent.' His preaching, therefore, tho it

may be for some a sort of external grace and, as has been said, an occasion, too, for internal grace, is not an *ordinary* means of gaining actual internal graces. He does well, therefore, to tell Catholics to go to their priests. The least eloquent of Catholic priests can do more than he. They are official ministers of the Word; he is self-appointed. They are Divinely constituted dispensers of things Divine and the merits of Jesus Christ, of the ordinary helps to salvation. Mr. Sunday, when all is said, is only an ardent layman who pleads for a better life; he has no credentials from on high. His system is something natural, as far as any effectiveness of his own goes. To Catholics, therefore, it must appear as hopelessly inadequate because totally lacking in any power to give the grace of God."

THE HEROISM OF THE COMMON MAN AS REVEALED BY THE WAR

THE heroism of the common man—the man who was just food for powder or food for pikes in olden times—is, in the eyes of Sidney Low, the English writer, the distinguishing feature of the present war. Most of the great stories of valor and sacrifice in war have celebrated the selected, the socially superior, officers. The hero has usually been "an officer and a gentleman." Homer was preoccupied with Agamemnon, Menelaus, Odysseus, Hector, Achilles; he had very little to tell us of the rank and file. The medieval chroniclers—Froissart, Mallory and the rest—were concerned with knights and barons, rather than with the multitude in leather jerkins. We were all brought up to regard heroism in battle as a special attribute of aristocracy. This is one of the chief reasons why war appeals to the imagination as ornamental, spectacular, romantic.

But *this* war, Mr. Low says, has changed our orientation. As he puts it (in the *Fortnightly Review*):

"Heroism has become so common that it has long ceased to be picturesque and theatrical, tho it tugs at our heart-strings none the less on that account. We have discovered that the quite average, ordinary man can do deeds which would have seemed notable enough to fill half a canto of sounding verse, or half a chapter of reverberant prose, in the days of the effigy-hero. For *him*—it may be he will get a line in a bald telegram or a bit of ribbon and a metal cross. It is much more likely he will get nothing, and nobody but a comrade or two will know how he lived and died. He goes about all this work with an amazing modesty, calmness, and self-effacement, as tho to suffer appalling torture, to be mangled, ripped open, maimed, blinded, killed, were just an incident in the day's doings."

In the years before the war, solemn pages used to be written arguing that the world was losing the sterner virtues and that our young men no longer possessed the robust fortitude of their forefathers. And "it is these same young men," Mr. Low declares, "who have stepped from behind their counters, or out of little back workshops, to do deeds any hour of almost any day that once would have given them an immortality of fame."

"Arnold von Winkelried, you remember: gathering a sheaf of enemy spear-points into his own breast to make a way for his friends into the hostile square. A fine thing to do! But no whit finer than that of the soldier who throws himself upon a live bomb, and so deliberately risks being blown to shreds in order to save his comrades. It has been done again and again in the trenches: this and other things which need a tougher nerve, and a better allowance of sheer physical resolution, than they had 'any use for' at the battle of Sempach.

"They do it all so quietly, with so complete an absence of pose! In all the armies I think that is so, but most in our own. I cannot imagine any but a British regiment rushing into the hell of the machine-gun fire with the cry 'Early doors sixpence extra'; or with the men kicking a football before them through the zone of sputtering bullets. The established hero gives one the impression of being conscious that the eyes of the world are upon him. 'For God and the King', he cries, or 'For the lilies of France', or something of that kind, as he charges gloriously, with white plume waving, and a magnificent flutter of laced cloak or flying huzzar-jacket. One suspects that even in dying he faces his audience, feeling that he owes it to himself and his order to make his exit with a sense of style."

Mr. Low recalls the fact that in his boyhood-days the story of Sir Philip Sidney at the battle of Zutphen bit deep

into his imagination. He derived it from a large, popular History of England, in which the incident was made the subject of a full-page engraving over which he used to linger with delight. For years afterwards the picture, with additions and embellishments, would come back at intervals to his mind. The scene, as he envisaged it, was replete with an ornate dignity. The battle raged decorously in the background; men, in correct attitudes, with corselets and bright lances, stood about; in the center lay the dying hero, an arresting figure with his curled ringlets, his white and spotless ruff, his slashed jerkin, his Elizabethan hose and stockings. One saw the draught of water offered (in a silver goblet); the knight, about to raise it to his lips, turning to the wounded soldier at his side with his "Friend, thy necessity is greater than mine." "A grand thing." Mr. Low comments—"done in the grand manner!" He continues:

"In the earlier days of the war I came upon a paragraph in a newspaper correspondent's letter about the fighting near Festubert. A British soldier was lying wounded on the ground, fevered with thirst, close by a German even more desperately hurt. Stretcher-bearers arrived and offered the Briton a tin of water. The man was reaching for it eagerly when his glance fell on his tormented enemy. 'After 'im,' he said, and handed back the vessel for the German to drain. So now, when I seek to recall my old vision of Sidney at Zutphen, it is blotted out by another: a vision of a man in drabbed khaki, lying in the horrible crimsoned filth of No Man's Land; of another man in a torn gray tunic, drenched with blood, staring with wolfish eyes at the water; of the former shutting his own parched lips tight over his teeth and putting the precious draught by with a short, ill-said word of refusal. Surely a greater hero, that nameless cockney,

than the sworded and scented courtier! 'After 'im!' It is better than the nobly mellifluous phrase that made Philip Sidney immortal!"

The next story of heroism recounted by Sidney Low has to do with the naval engagement of last summer in the North Sea:

"There was Sir Richard Grenville, of the *Revenge*; and here is Captain Loftus Jones, of H. M. Destroyer *Shark*. In the battle of Jutland ten German ships were pouring their fire into the *Shark* at short range. Steering gear, funnels, superstructure were blown away. Half the

crew were dead, the commander himself was severely wounded. Another destroyer, the *Acasta*, pushed in front of the helpless ship to shield her and brave destruction herself. Loftus Jones, who was the Commodore of the division, refused any aid, and signaled the *Acasta* to keep out of the way. Then a splinter of shell came which took off the captain's leg above the knee; still he sat on the shattered deck and gave his orders and fought on. He noticed that the flag had been shot down, and ordered that another should be run up; and this was done, so that the *Shark* went under with colors flying. When they were in the water the few survivors pulled their dying chief

on board a raft. 'Let's have a song, boys,' he said; and they sang 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' till that indomitable soul passed away."

It would be easy, Mr. Low says, to multiply the examples. Courage, self-sacrifice, magnanimity are no longer the prerogative of the honored few; they are the common heritage of the common man. The war, according to this interpretation, has raised the standard all round; it is the answer to the scientific sentimentalists, like Nietzsche and his followers, who talk about slave-morality and crowd-instincts.

ZIONISM GROWING STRONGER AS A RESULT OF THE WAR

THE possibility of international action in favor of a Jewish State in Palestine after the war has led to a quickening of the Zionist hope. It is understood that a conference between Mr. Balfour and Justice Brandeis centered upon this topic on the occasion of the recent visit of the British Mission to Washington. Within recent weeks, Secretary Lansing has received a communication from a new Jewish Bureau established at the Hague for the purpose of keeping the press of the world informed regarding the Jewish situation, and of promoting an intelligent attitude toward the idea of a national renaissance of the Jewish people. Dr. Chaim Weitzman, President of the English Zionist Federation, declares that he has assurances from the Governments of Great Britain, France and Italy and from the highest authorities of the Roman Catholic Church that they are in full sympathy with the Zionist plan for the establishment of a publicly recognized, legally assured homeland for the Jewish people. The Rev. Dr. Moses Gaster, Chief Rabbi of England, has even written an article describing the charter which the Zionists expect the Powers to grant. Israel Zangwill announces his return to Zionism, which he repudiated twelve years ago. Jacob Schiff, the leading Jew of America, is in favor of the establishment of a Jewish cultural center in Palestine, if not of a Jewish nation. At a meeting held in New York recently, the Kehillah, or Jewish community, which represents the million and a half Hebrews of the metropolis, passed a resolution in sympathy with Zionism which brought the five hundred delegates to their feet, shouting, cheering, weeping for joy. And when the white and pale blue banner, with the double star of David, was unfurled, their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

It would be premature, of course, to commit the Allied Governments to

the realization of the Zionist dream in a definite and exact sense. Even the specific declarations of some of the leaders of the Russian Revolutionary Government, pledging themselves to obtain the restoration of Palestine to the Jews, are not to be taken too seriously. *Jewish Comment* (Baltimore) thinks that the Russian Revolution may hinder, rather than help, Zionism. "Now that the Jews will have equal rights and opportunity in Russia," it says, "it will no longer be necessary for them to have a 'legally assured home.' What, then, will be the slogan of Zionism?" On the other hand, *The American Hebrew* (New York) and other influential publications of American Jewry seem more than half converted to the Zionist crusade; and Leo Motzkin, a Russian Zionist who has lately arrived in this country, is quoted (in the *New York Times*) as expressing his conviction that the Russian Revolution will strengthen the Zionist movement. He gives two reasons:

"First—Because the persecution of the Zionists will cease. Under the old régime the Zionist party, with other progressive parties, was persecuted and hindered. Zionism was illegal, as was evidenced by the fact that when the war began 100 Zionist cases were awaiting trial in courts. Of course, Zionism will now become legal, as will other progressive movements, and the hindrances will be removed.

"Second—With the growth of democracy and the removal of restrictions from speech and the press Zionists will be permitted to extend their propaganda and educated persons will be able to learn something of Zionism and to understand its ideal. They will learn to respect its purpose, which is simply the creation of a natural cultural home for Jewish people in their ancient country. This view is based upon the fact that the present Foreign Minister of Russia has recently expressed his sympathy with the Zionist aim, and the same sentiments have been heard from other progressive statesmen in all democratic countries."

The results actually achieved by

Jewish settlers in Palestine during the last thirty years are summarized as follows in an address recently delivered in Baltimore by E. W. Lewin-Epstein, Treasurer of the Provisional Zionist Committee:

"Concretely, in 1914, just before the outbreak of the war, there were in Palestine:

(a) Forty Jewish self-governing villages, with a population of about 15,000, combined in pooling organizations prosperous and hopeful of an even brighter future.

(b) Vineyards, with an investment of about 13,000,000 francs; orange groves, 20,000,000 francs; almond, olive, and other groves, 7,000,000 francs, and with buildings and improvements to the amount of 100,000,000 francs.

(c) City settlements, teeming with activity, with a highly developed commerce, with the beginning of an industrial development, and with fortunes amassed for future developments.

(d) A financial institution—the Anglo-Palestine Company—with branches in the principal cities and in all the Jewish villages, trusted with the deposit from Jews and Arabs amounting to 10,000,000 francs.

(e) An adequate school system in all the Jewish villages and three high schools in Jerusalem, Jaffa and Haifa—and Hebrew, the language of life, not only for the Jews, but for large numbers of Arabs and Christians. So completely had Hebrew gained the mastery that the signs over Christian and Arab business houses are in Hebrew. Plans for a Hebrew University were in progress before the war.

(f) A young generation, strong morally and physically, prepared to give up their lives to protect the Jewish interests in the Jewish land.

(g) A total Jewish population of 100,000—a small number, yet dominant and enjoying the respect and confidence of their neighbors.

Who, visualizing the picture that these bald facts present, asks the *New York Evening Post*, will not say that it is a wonderful achievement, and a sure guarantee that the 2,000-year-long dream of the Jew is near to realization?

LITERATURE · AND · ART

THOREAU'S EARLY DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FOR AMERICAN LITERATURE

ELOQUENT PLEAS for a declaration of literary independence for America, which of late have been so often reiterated, are not the novelties their authors seem to believe. No less than eight decades ago, in the course of a college essay now given to the general public for the first time, Henry David Thoreau anticipated our latter-day critics in their cries for a stronger nationalism in literature. His analysis of our cultural "colonialism" was written in 1836, when he was nineteen years of age and a student at Harvard College. Even now it would be hard for an American to present a sounder verdict of the case of American literature, the late Frank B. Sanborn notes in his definitive biography of the Concord recluse (Houghton, Mifflin Co.).

"We are not totally indifferent," wrote the youthful Thoreau, "with regard to the notice which the *soi-disant* critics of Europe have condescended to take of our literature: and tho we may affect to overlook their cutting remarks, or regard them as but the sallies of envy and calumny; still we feel that they are not without foundation." But, he continued, the more cuffs and hard knocks we sustain, the more manly and robust our literature ought to become.

"Our respect for what is foreign, on the other hand, has a tendency to render us blind to native merit, and lead us into a servile adoration of imported genius. We afford but little encouragement to that which is of domestic manufacture, but prefer to send our raw material, that it may pass through a foreign mill. The aspirant for fame must breathe the atmosphere of foreign parts, and learn to talk about things which the homebred student never dreamed of, if he would have his talents appreciated, or his opinion regarded by his countrymen. Then will they dwell on every word he utters, watch the cut of his coat, the cock of his hat—ape his pronunciation and manners, and perhaps honor him with a public dinner.

"Ours are authors of the day; they bid fair to outlive their works; they are too fashionable to write for posterity: what the public seizes on with avidity to-day ceases to interest it to-morrow, when the charm of novelty has worn off. Particular styles and subjects have each in their turn engaged the attention of the literati.

"How much ink has been shed, how much paper wasted, in imitations of Ossian, while the productions of Macpher-

son lie neglected on our shelves! The devotee of literary fashion is no stranger to our shores. True, there are some amongst us who can contemplate the babbling brook without (in imagination) polluting its waters with a mill-wheel; but even they are prone to sing of skylarks and nightingales, perched on hedges, to the neglect of the homely robin red-breast, and the straggling rail fence of their native land."

Those were the days when the popular favorites were Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and the traveled exquisites Willis and Longfellow. Thoreau foresaw with prophetic clarity the advent and recognition of such truly American writers as Hawthorne, Poe, and Whitman, as well as the Concord school of authors in, which he himself was to strike the most exalted note.

In another college essay, Thoreau contrasted the "Traveling Author" and the "Native Author," much to the advantage of the latter. Your cosmopolitan writer, he audaciously declared, is usually too content with a short-lived and bloated reputation, at the expense of truth. The other, however, should beware of provincialism:

"He feels that he is writing the biography of a family of which he himself is a member. It is the broad and flourishing homestead that he describes; the faults and blemishes in the picture he never attended to—or else the whims and oddities of his brothers and sisters have become so familiar to him as no longer to seem such. He remarks in them those peculiarities alone from which he is free, and which, to the eye of a stranger, have nothing in common with habits of mind which are said to 'run in the family.' The one, in fine, knows too much, and the other too little, of the country he would describe, and the manners he would portray."

Thoreau's attitude toward the future of American literature never radically changed from the youthful convictions expressed in these college essays. He was one of the most ardent champions of Walt Whitman when "Leaves of Grass" first appeared in 1855. And he anticipated the Irishman Synge in his appreciation and valuation of the poetic language that springs direct from the soil. Thus, in a passage from his journal of 1843, which is quoted in the new biography, we find the poet-naturalist writing:

"We must look to the West for the growth of new literature, manners, architecture. Already there is more language there than here which is the growth of the soil. Good Greekish words are there in abundance,—good because necessary and expressive; 'diggings' for instance. If you analyze a Greek word you will not get anything simpler, truer, more poetical: many others also, which now look so ram-slang-like and colloquial when printed, another generation will cherish and affect, as genuine American and standard. Read some Western stump-speech, and tho it be untoward and rude enough, there will not fail to be some traits of genuine eloquence, and some original and forcible statement, which will remind you of the orators of antiquity. I am already inclined to read the stump-speeches of the West, rather than the Beauties of our Atlantic orators."

Thoreau's championship of John Brown after his capture at Harper's Ferry, and the eloquent passages concerning the agitator's gifts indicate also the challenging Americanism of his literary standards. Mr. Sanborn quotes one of his most compelling passages, which was read by Brown's grave in the Adirondac forest. Thoreau wrote:

"What avail all your scholarly accomplishments and learning, compared with wisdom and manhood? To omit his other behavior, see what a work this comparatively unread and unlettered man wrote within six weeks. He wrote in prison, not a History of the World, like Raleigh, but an American book which I think will live longer than that. I do not know of such words, uttered under such circumstances, or so copiously withal, in Roman or English or any history. The art of composition is as simple as the discharge of a bullet from a rifle, and its masterpieces imply an infinitely greater force behind them. This unlettered man's speaking and writing are standard English. Some words and phrases deemed vulgarisms and Americanisms before, he has made standard American."

When Thoreau called on Whitman, he chanced to remark that "I did not think much of the present America, nor of politics—which may have been a damper to him." The naturalist's nonchalance and paradoxical manner did conceal his real Americanism, for Whitman remarked later to Traubel: "It was a surprise to me to meet in Thoreau such a case of superciliousness." This was a misapprehension.

states Mr. Sanborn (who was the last survivor of the Concord group, and who died last February, a short time before the publication of the Thoreau biography). Yet his manner of speaking alienated many, including James Russell Lowell. Lowell's well-known disparagement of Thoreau's genius may have been occasioned by the latter's refusal to permit Lowell, as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to tamper with and rewrite his essays. But the systematic disparagement of Thoreau by such men as Holmes, Lowell, J. F. Clarke, Alger,

and R. L. Stevenson—whose criticism—"he was a skulker"—Mr. Sanborn considered nothing less than insulting—has been forgotten in the literary rebirth of Thoreau. His biographer writes:

"... Being, indeed, a 'universal lover of mankind,' the human race found it out, and began to reciprocate in turn. They read him more and more, because they found that he cared too much to flatter them. Hence what I call his literary rebirth. When the critics, who are apt to fancy that literature exists by their

patronage (a superstition as rife as anywhere in the Cambridge of the *North American Review*), thought they were giving Thoreau, at his death, his proper place, the rest of the world said to itself, 'We will look into this; there is something about this writer which seems attractive'; and they read him all the more for this dispraise. He is now probably more read by the unlearned, and more appreciated by the learned, than ever before. . . . He built himself up in literature from boyhood, and that without becoming a pedant, or trying to form a school, or even a class. . . ."

THE PASSING OF PUNCTUATION IN A NEW SCHOOL OF FRENCH POETRY

PUNCTUATION is unpopular with that new school of young French poets who have grouped themselves about the striking figure of Guillaume Apollinaire, and who are called the *nord-sudistes*, after the new literary monthly which contains their startling productions, entitled *Nord-Sud*. M. Apollinaire is represented in the first number of this new attempt to "reorganize letters" by a poem of three pages named "Victory." This poem contains no more than two commas, but not even a single period, unless we include that one which follows the signature of the author. But we are not to conclude that this chariness of commas is due to war-time economy. The passing of punctuation is merely an integral part of a revolutionary program to create a new literature. This program aims, freely to paraphrase M. Apollinaire, to discover a new language, about which the grammarians will have nothing to say. Old languages are dying; and it is only through habit and lack of boldness that poets still make use of them. New sounds are needed, new sounds of every conceivable sort. The new poets, says M. Apollinaire, want consonants without vowels, exploding crackling consonants. The poets wish to imitate

the sound of a spinning top. They want to smack their lips; they desire to imitate the sound of "one who eats without civility." Other vocal devices will undoubtedly be invented by the new poets.

M. Paul Dermée is evidently the esthetician of the new movement, and in the first number of *Nord-Sud* explains the aims of the group. Some of his theories follow:

"The work of art ought to be conceived as a pipemaker or a hatmaker conceives the object of his artisanship. All parts ought to have their function and their own importance.

"Until the present, French lyricism, and particularly Symbolist poetry, has been based on the word, on verbal beauty. Now undoubtedly it would be foolish not to make use of the strange magic of words. But we consider this as a means, of the same value as rhythm, musicality, assonance, rime, etc. The aim of the poet is to create a work which, independent of him, lives its own life, which may be situated in a special heaven, like an isle on the horizon.

"Finally, no development, nor anything that tells a story, explains itself, or into which intervenes an element of ratiocination, which has always chained our poetry to earth. Look where poetry has always lived freely: in China, in Persia, in Arabia—if it has needed any

anecdote, any reasoning. Reasoning, said Byron, is the death of poetry.

"The more emotion is seized close to its source, the stronger it is, the better it communicates itself. Literary development is always the clouding of a state of mind. The complexity of a moment is the strongest unity that one can give to a work of art. . . .

"Far from being—as one sagacious critic affirmed—the 'tail of symbolism,' we claim to have nothing in common with it. Without doubt the themes of poetry are eternal. There have always been poets of talent; the manner of creating—the esthetics—alone differ.

"Our esthetics is already elaborated; it lives its own independent life. It is made up of concentration, of composition, of purity. We wish to build works which will utilize the liberties conquered by our predecessors, but by gathering and uniting the most diverse elements and the most disparate in appearance."

All of which, comments the *Mercur de France*, in paternal fashion, is not very clear—when it is not very ancient. Pierre Reverdy, who is the editor of the new publication, and Max Jacob also contribute to this new effort to abolish punctuation and reorganize letters; but it remains for the formidable Apollinaire to direct this work of surveying new roads for poetry and to open new horizons.

JOSÉ CHOCANO, THE PERUVIAN POET OF PAN-AMERICANISM

DESPITE the intense admiration of the *modernista* poets of South America for Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman, Spanish-American literature has for the most part had ideals diametrically opposed to ours of the northern continent. Altho he wrote in Spanish, Rubén Darío, the leader of the moderns in South America, was influenced by the ideas and ideals of French literature vastly more than by those of Spanish literature. "This new literature," as the late Remy

de Gourmont perceived, "owes little to Spain beside the language. Its ideas are European. Its intellectual capital is Paris. . . ." Moreover, as a matter of fact, Darío and all the poets of Latin America have felt the United States to be their chief enemy—"the colossus of the north," whose spirit was typified in the figure of Theodore Roosevelt. It is true that Darío repudiated this false conception of us during the latter part of his career; but the conception of Anglo-Saxon stupidity and "Yankee domination" current in the letters of

South America was in no small degree spread by his famous ode "A Roosevelt."

There is one striking exponent of Pan-Americanism, however, to be found among the poets of Latin America, so we learn from Dr. Alfred Coester's new "Literary History of Spanish America" (Macmillan). This is the Peruvian poet José Santos Chocano, Darío's true successor. At the age of nineteen (1894), Chocano found himself in prison in Callao for participation in an attempted revolution. He vented

his wrath in verses written in pugnacious style. A little later he published "Iras Santas," printed in red ink to emphasize his flaming words. Later still he published a series of poems descriptive of country life in Peru. His development was such in the next five years that he became famous as the rival of Rubén Darío for the title of the "poet of America."

In place of Darío's eighteenth-century marquises and languishing swains, the Peruvian sang of the virile deeds of Spanish conquistadors. The sentiment for the solidarity of race also increased the popularity of Chocano's "Alma América." Not only was the great Darío influenced by him to write in the same strain in his later years, but Chocano became the leader of a new school of poets which sprang up in South America which made "America" its special theme. The key-note of Chocano's praise of America, to follow Dr. Coester, may be found in his sonnet, "Bláson," in which the poet sings:

"I am the singer of America, aboriginal and wild; my lyre has a soul, my song an ideal. When I feel myself an Inca, I render homage to the Sun, which gives me the scepter of royal power. When I feel my Spanish blood, I evoke colonial

days. My verses are like trumpets of crystal."

Chocano's Americanism is Pan-Americanism. He does not share the fear of "Yankee" domination. Yet, Dr. Coester confesses, Chocano's views are none too popular. On the contrary, there is a constant literary agitation against the United States. The poetic Pan-Americanism of Senor José Chocano, this authority believes, is idealistic rather than one of facts. He thus interprets the Peruvian's outlook:

"In his 'Istmo de Panamá,' a most interesting poem, he gives praise to Anglo-Saxon energy and hints at the joint control of America by the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races. The antagonists in the past, he sees them brought together by the blessing of labor. At Panama, the place of their union, the Latin and negro races are performing the manual labor while North American intelligence directs. When, however, the canal is completed, it will benefit the Latin race more than the Anglo-Saxon. Again in 'El Canto del Porvenir,' Chocano sings the union of the North and the South, declaring that America is the home of liberty, the daughter of a new race, of which 'the Adam was from the North, Latin the Eve.'"

"As in this line Chocano often shows himself a coiner of apt and striking phrases. Referring in a certain poem to

two ships which meet at night, he writes, 'Both crews spoke the language of Spain. Oh language of Utopian land!' In a sonnet in which he describes the characteristics of the Latin American as inheritances from many races living in a tropical environment, he calls them 'Locuras del sol' (mad pranks of the sun)."

"Chocano's gift is the ability to see the essence beneath the superficial and set it forth in rhythmic phrase decked with such fitting adjectives or metaphor that the reader is held athrill with admiration. This is especially true of the series of poems on the cities of Spanish America."

As to the future, Dr. Coester himself thinks it evident that the two Americas will develop along the natural lines of racial cleavage, and their differences will be reflected in their literatures.

"The writers of Latin America will be likely as in the past to follow the changes in form of European literature, while supplying the matter from the details of their own environment. As the language spoken by the millions who will inhabit the Southern continent must necessarily be Spanish or Portuguese, their form of culture will be predominantly Latin in type. Thus they are apparently predestined to be the standard-bearers in the new world of the classic ideals of beauty and literary form."

WHAT GUY DE MAUPASSANT OWED TO THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

ALMOST a quarter of a century after his tragic death, despite the voluminous studies and the detailed investigations that have been made of his life and genius, innumerable and seemingly impenetrable mysteries surround the figure of Guy de Maupassant. This is admitted by Léon Deffoux and Emile Zavie, who summarize the results of these investigations in a recent number of the *Mercure de France*. None of his tales were more mysterious, more sinister, than his own life. Both his birth and his death are veiled in mysteries which have never thus far been solved. Some claim that he was born in a hovel in a Normandy village; others assert that his birthplace was the aristocratic Château de Miromesnil. His death certificate named still a third place. Nor was the place of his death ever named. His life itself was lived in strict accordance with the dictum of his literary master, Gustave Flaubert, who said that "a man who institutes himself as artist has no right to live like others." Guy, who looked so far afield for subjects worthy of his pen, might, as the present writers hint, have found more than he needed at home.

The seeds of his insanity were inherited from his mother. She suffered from hallucinations. She tried to poison herself, and finally it was necessary to

cut off her hair to prevent the unhappy woman from strangling herself with it.

In a certain sense, Guy de Maupassant's story-telling genius bloomed out of the blood-soaked soil of the Franco-Prussian war. The Prussian invasion of France, with its cortege of horrors, miseries and sorrows, left on the young Guy "that impression of persistent horror which characterizes some of our dreams." It overshadowed his whole life. At first he was all enthusiasm for the war. He was certain of the victory of France. Disillusion came all too soon. He wrote to his mother:

"I saved myself with our routed army. I passed from the advance guard to the rear guard, to carry an order of the intendant to the general. I walked fifteen leagues on foot. After walking and running the whole night long, I slept on the rocks in a glacial cave; except for my strong legs I would have been captured."

That experience furnished the material for his first and perhaps his greatest short story—"Boule-de-Suif." And its sharp memory pursued him for years. The cruel hallucination of the cadenced step of the enemy rang long in his ears. Its shudder is felt in many of the stories. The idea of *revanche* obsessed him. War's effect on Maupassant and his preoccupation with national revenge did much to shatter Zola's dream of reconciliation and uni-

versal fraternity. Twenty-two years later, in 1892 (a year before his death), the hallucination returned when the semi-insane writer shouted to his valet: "Are you ready, François? We're off! War is declared. You know we've always agreed, you and I, that for *la revanche* we would march together. . . . We must have it!"

Indirectly, the war drove him into literature. The fortunes of his family were dispersed by it. He became a clerk in the Ministry of the Marine at about \$300 per annum, and was then transferred to the department of public instruction.

Strangely enough, few of those literary men who knew Maupassant as a young man ever guessed that he possessed exceptional talent. Neither Zola nor Jules Lemaitre nor the editors of the papers on which he helped discerned anything exceptional in the reserved young man. But the reading of his first story swept them, as it swept others, off their feet. This war-time story, published in the volume "Les Soirées de Médan," wrenched the literary critics from their "moorings." And that was precisely the intention of its young author. It assured him success, several years of methodical production, a continuous progression in talent, fortune.

He hurled himself into life, pleasure,

love affairs. His tremendous fecundity was really, according to one authority, one of the most authentic symptoms of general progressive paralysis. The tragic irony of Maupassant's life was that the very expression of his unique genius brought him inevitably closer and closer to the state of madness. And if, our French authorities point out, the *femme fatale* had not existed, Guy de Maupassant would have invented her for the joy of being her

victim. Unfortunately she was not an invention, but quite real and manifold.

But he sought to escape, in moments of sanity, "from all these people, their ideas, their futile penchants." To quote MM. Deffoux and Zavie:

"The sores of contemporary life darkened his outlook the more as more and more he felt the fatigue of a method of life against which he felt himself henceforth incapable of reacting. For a moment he seized himself with 'The An-

gelus,' a work in which he wished to throw himself into the social and metaphysical problems which had for a long time been tormenting him. Again it is, from the beginning, a vision of the war of 1870, but this time augmented with all of the author's views on the world, life, men, even of divinity. On the eve of the shipwreck of his will, the great realist—in the last period of excitation favorable to his genius—was going without doubt to realize a work of synthesis expressing the nullity of dreams of perfection."

CAMOUFLAGE: ART'S AID IN MODERN WARFARE

CONCEALMENT has taken a preeminent place among the methods of modern warfare. The day of the waving plume and the fluttering pennon is gone. The flash of brilliant colors, brass buttons and gold braid is no more. The passing of the spectacular soldier is due in part to the greatly increased destructiveness of our modern machines of war. Mined acres of earth explode under charging regiments. Death is dropped from soaring birds of prey. Foul and deadly gases sometimes fill the air. To be seen is to be lost. The soldier must strike his blows and then hide—hide and strike. Protective coloration as a necessity among armies, altho sensed and approximated in the warfare of past centuries, has never until the present war become a definite and important tactic of defense. The French have named this art of concealment *camouflage*. The artists, with their forces of sign painters, scene painters, sculptors, mechanics and car-

penters, are termed the *camoufleurs*. These facts are set forth in the art page of the N. Y. Times by H. Ledyard Towle, a member of the newly organized American camouflage, made up of many of our most skilful American artists.

Camouflage is to no small extent the result of air scouting,—an answer to the airplane, which, says the American exponent of camouflage, has become the best provider of information that the world has ever known. It became impossible for either side to mass men, guns or supplies behind the lines unnoticed by the air scouts of the enemy. It became necessary to deceive the air scouts. In scattered sectors along the fighting lines the artists who were in the artillery and cavalry began attempts at concealment of the great guns by illusionary means. Successful, they turned their attention to the supply wagons and everything that needed special concealment. Such success was attained by these first artists in ca-

mouflage that it was not long before large numbers of artists of all sorts were withdrawn from the trenches, and, together with some of the older painters, formed the "Camouflage Corps." Mr. Towle explains the meaning of the word:

"The word itself, translated freely, means to conceal. Guns hidden beneath a mattress of interwoven leaves, supported by poles—camouflage; animated stacks of straw containing observers, who inch forward whenever possible, telephone wires trailing over the fields behind them—camouflage; immense dummy cannon, mounted in conspicuous places, with stuffed gunners clustering about them, to draw the fire of the enemy—camouflage; in fact, anything and everything to throw dust into the eyes of the foe.

"One who is of the camouflage is called a *camoufleur*.

"The best of the magicians that graced the stage before the war have no mysteries for him. The rabbit taken struggling from the coat sleeve, the cards that vanish in the air, the smashed hat that becomes whole again at a word; all these are as nothing compared to the wonders which he has performed.

"Whole trains, backed on sidings, loaded with supplies, have been painted out of the landscape. Buildings, bridges, all the numerous and necessary impediments which go to make up the needs of vast armies have been lost to the enemy airman by the scientific use of broken color."

It is a fascinating and dangerous game, the American artist continues, played often in the forefront of the battle. It demands a high degree of personal initiative and individual cleverness in planning the work. The artists must learn to see things with a "bird's eye." They must continually do the unexpected. To obtain the right perspective, the *camoufleur* must often fly over the fighting lines with the aviators, taking notes of the needs and problems of the sector in which he is engaged.

The new American organization was formed at the suggestion of General Leonard A. Wood. Response from artists has been immediate. Every train-



A PAINTED HEN AND HER PAINTED MOTION

This is not a new scheme of exterior decoration for country life in America. It is an army building within the French lines painted by the *camoufleurs* to deceive the airmen of the enemy. Viewed from a closer distance, it is not unlike the canvases of some of the modern artists.

ing camp, says Mr. Towle, should have its camouflage, as in all branches of the services there is nothing like actual field service to perfect a working organization. He notes some of the problems of the newest art:

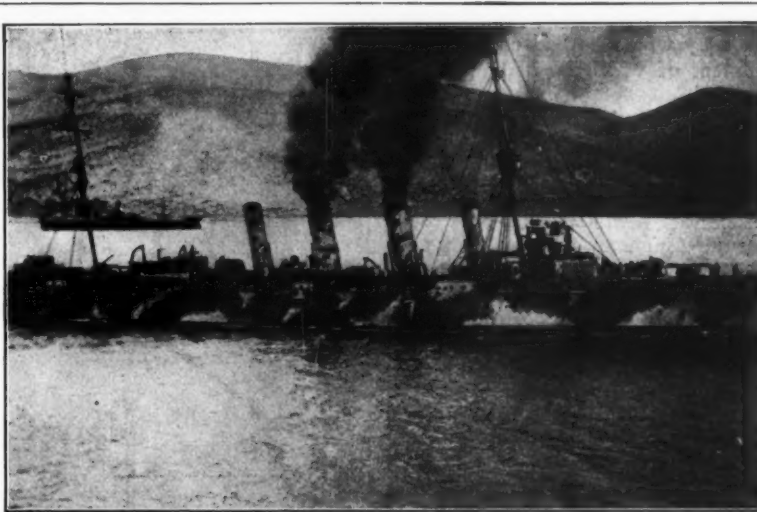
"Every sector of the fighting line must have its camoufleurs—officers and men. The officers in high-powered cars or on motorcycles, speeding from place to place as the line advances, using their artistic knowledge and ingenuity to keep the mass of war material 'painted out' of the landscape.

"A battery has been stationed for a week in a ~~open~~ forest. Suddenly it is moved forward. The guns, painted in irregular stripes of light and dark, to simulate tree shadows, are now conspicuous in their new surroundings. The watchful eye of the camoufleur takes note of the problem. A little water, a few tubes of tempera, a pad drawn from his belt, and he has made a sketch of the conditions, together with samples of the colors to be used. His subordinates repaint the cannon as opportunity offers, and once more they are 'lost.'

"Successfully to undertake the work in actual battle large centralized supply depots must be established. This is where

the creation of the woman camoufleur would be useful. The greatest amount of order and efficiency must be maintained,

so that materials can be readily reached and a full stock of essentials kept constantly on hand."



NAVAL CAMOUFLAGE

Decked in doped protective war paint, the Allied ships thus made their way up the Dardanelles. This example of camouflage makes the ship appear at a distance as tho it were a part of the waves and the sky.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE AS THE PETER PAN OF THE VICTORIAN POETS

THE boy who refused to grow up—this was Algernon Charles Swinburne. He was the Robin Goodfellow of Victorian literature. So much seems evident from the mass of new biographical detail and criticism that has been flooding the British and American press, consequent to the publication of Edmund Gosse's new biography. (Macmillan), and the personal recollections of the poet's cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith (Putnam). In his boyhood Swinburne was a precocious lad; but even in his declining years he was a boy to the last. Literature, his own poetry, his admiration for Victor Hugo, for Mazzini, and for that arch-adventurer, Sir Richard Burton, were all a kind of sport, like riding or swimming or cricket. To all of these things he had the same attitude as to children. No one ever loved children more than he did. But he remained a bachelor because he remained a boy. Throughout his life, as a critic in the *London Times* suggests, he was more like a boy home from the holidays than a man who had any profession, a recognized Victorian poet. With children he must have been the most delightful big—but not very big—brother. He refused maturity even in his old age. "His very flashes of profound wisdom or sorrow," comments the critic of the *Times*, "seem to be precocious even when he has almost reached the psalmist's limit. . . . He will be the boy poet to the end of time."

Mr. Gosse's biography is, to the majority of critics and admirers of the poet, a keen disappointment. As a portrait of Algernon Charles Swinburne it is vague. Those kindly suppressions and silences which grew up around the poet during the later years of his life, have developed, according to Bernard Lintot, into a veritable conspiracy of silence. Now, since the death of Swinburne, his intimate friends, and his parents, this serves no further useful purpose. This "conspiracy," he writes in *Today*, Mr. Gosse has done nothing to reduce. And yet the Gosse biography has had the effect of bringing out any number of interesting impressions of Swinburne. There is, for instance, the sketch of Max Beerbohm of the poet in his declining years, living at Putney under the kindly tho unfortunately dominant janitorship of Watts-Dunton—"the little old genius, and his little old acolyte, in their dull little villa," as someone described them. Swinburne suffered from deafness; but he did not lose his childlike and bird-like qualities. Mr. Lintot quotes Max Beerbohm's impression of the poet:

"A strange and small figure in gray, having an air at once noble and roguish, proud and skittish. My name was roared to him. In shaking his hand, I bowed low, of course—a bow *du cœur*; and he, in the old aristocratic manner, bowed equally low, but with such swiftness that we narrowly escaped concussion. . . . The first impression he made on me, or would

make on any one, was of a very great gentleman indeed. Not of an *old* gentleman either. (He was, in fact, not sixty-two.) Sparse and straggling tho the gray hair was that fringed the immense pale dome of his head, and venerably haloed tho he was for me by his greatness, there was yet about him something—boyish? girlish? childish, rather; something of a beautifully well-bred child. But he had the eyes of a god and the smile of an elf. In figure, at first sight, he seemed almost fat, but this was merely because of the way he carried himself, with his long neck strained so tightly back that he all receded from the waist upward. . . . When he bowed, he did not unbend his back, but only his neck—the length of the neck accounting for the depth of the bow. His hands were tiny, even for his size, and they fluttered helplessly, touchingly, unceasingly."

Never was Swinburne's boyish impishness more evident than in his reactions to the historic attack on his "Poems and Ballads" in 1866, when he was denounced as an "unclean fiery imp from the pit. . . . The libidinous laureate of a pack of satyrs . . . reveals to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of a school-boy over the dirtiest passages in *Lemprière*." Whereupon Swinburne, says the *Spectator*, resolved to keep up his character by publishing a further book "which," as he said, "I flatter myself will be more offensive and objectionable to Britannia than anything I have yet done." But in spite of this boyish

bravado, Swinburne soon shrank from an obloquy which he had courted and the extent of which he had exaggerated.

He championed freedom of utterance, but with a lack of sustained or consistent interest. He welcomed Walt Whitman with rapture, but under the influence of Watts-Dunton, who detested the American, he completely reversed his judgment, calling Whitman's Muse "a drunken apple-woman indecently sprawling in the slush and garbage of the gutter." This ineradicable boyishness is further indicated by the *Spectator*:

"The indiscreet publication in the *Letters of Matthew Arnold* of a slighting reference to himself as a sort of Pseudo-Shelley converted Swinburne's admiration for Arnold into gall and bitterness. So, again, his eminently appreciative estimate of Byron prefixed to the selection of that poet's lyrical work in 1866 gave place in later years to a pronounced and excruciating prejudice. As Mr. Gosse truly remarks, almost all his literary convictions were formed while he was at school; the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, Victor Hugo, and Landor remained his idols in old age as in early boyhood, and he never outgrew his curious dislike of Horace, or his inability to enjoy Lucretius or Virgil—due in the latter instance to having to learn him by heart at Eton. 'Catullus alone of the Latin classics gave him pleasure of an ecstatic kind.' He greatly admired Aeschylus and Sophocles, but hated Euripides, and harbored a lifelong passion for Sappho. The first novel he ever read was 'Domby and Son,' and in the placid evening of his life at Putney he read through the whole of Dickens's novels every three years."

We find two letters in Mrs. Disney Leith's volume in which Swinburne describes how he introduced a little child, evidently a relative, to the immortal Falstaff:

"Again and again during my half reading, half relating the main part of the



THE ETERNAL BOY

Here is Swinburne as depicted by Carlo Pellegrini in 1874.

great comic scenes, the child went over on the small (the very small!) of his little back among the sofa cushions, crowing aloud like a baby, choking with laughter, shouting and rolling from side to side with his heels any height above his head and kicking with absolute fury of delight. 'Oh, didn't he tell stories!' he said to his father."

Of the same child when he had attained the age of sixteen the poet wrote this letter, which suggests that he himself rested content in his own boyhood:

"There's one comfort between ourselves—that towering athlete who looks down physically on his uncle and me is not above sweetmeats—any more than I am. Crisp gingerbread and small biscuits with currants in them, when brought out from Wimbledon in my coat pockets (as they have been this day, correctly packed and of course in paper bags), are as acceptable to sixteen as they would have been to six. What a privilege it is to have known a child as intimately as possible from the one age to the other, and not only to have won and obtained his regard (I don't want to brag and say his 'affection,' tho perhaps I might), but to be told by his mother and his guardian that I have drawn him on—coaxed him, so to say—to enjoy and understand what, thanks to you, my darling mother, I did when a little boy—Shakespeare and Molière as far as young boys can or ought to understand them—and that is most of the way—and Scott and Dickens altogether."

All his life Swinburne had the small boy's love of a joke or a quarrel. One of the best-known stories is retold by the London *Literary Guide*, concerning a cabman who asked the poet an excessive fare in bad weather. "Come down from your perch," the little poet shouted, "and hear how a poet can swear." His egoism was untarnished by sophistication. He rated the great English poets somewhat in this fashion: "Shakespeare, without doubt; then Milton; then Shelley; then I do not know what other people would do, but I should put myself!"

STEVENSON AS PROGENITOR OF OUR NEUROTIC 'LITERARY OPTIMISM

NOT a few critics have tried to trace the genesis of that syrupy optimism which pervades so many American novels nowadays. Miss Margaret Widdemer, the young poetess and novelist, boldly declares that no less a figure than Robert Louis Stevenson was the inventor of this neurotic and unhealthy optimism and "gladness." If the war effects no other benefits for American literature, in the opinion of Miss Widdemer, it will at least destroy what she terms the "Pollyanna" school of thought. In an interview in the *N. Y. Times* she declares:

"Stevenson's gospel wasn't healthy, no matter what people thought of it. How could it be? His gospel was the inevitable precursor of the 'Pollyanna' school of thought. He was the original 'Glad Book' inventor, altho when he came to write his own 'juvenile' he had too sound an artistic conscience not to fill it with battle, murder, and sudden death, and quite realistically and commonplacely wicked people.

"But his later gospel gets gladder and gladder. 'The world is so full of a number of things, I think we should all be as happy as kings,' is his cheerful text. It is so untrue that one has a sense of glowing virtue in repeating it and pretending to believe it.

"But led by a consumptive on a remote island, who was trying to pretend to himself that he was getting well, we had all got into the habit of reciting to ourselves this pleasant little couplet, together with various other Stevenson wall mottoes of perfect style and falsity, and believing them. We had ruled evil out of our cosmos.

"For between the health-and-happiness affirmation of the unhappy and dying Stevenson and the force-and-brutality affirmation of the futile Nietzsche literature has got the world into a pretty mess!

"And it took this very terrible war to make the world look things in the face and set about mending them."

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

THE need of poets, to arouse, to interpret, to inspire, is never recognized so fully in any country as on the eve of a great crucial struggle. The entry of the United States into the European war has not elicited as yet a new "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; but there are signs that the thrill of great events is laying hold upon our singers and kindling their souls with patriotic fervor. In the competition for the National Arts Club prize for the best American patriotic poem nearly four thousand poems were sent in. Most of them were, of course, mere trash and a weariness to read. Many of the best poems were—and this is rather significant—inspired not by the part our own country is playing or is to play but by the part played by England, France or Russia. Many of the writers showed by their historical allusions that they had never gone farther into American history than the school text-books and the forensic efforts enshrined in the old school-readers. Nevertheless there were many poems well worth while.

The poem which received the award is by a writer whose work has received very limited recognition in the past. His poem, which we reprint below, is full of fire and, when read aloud, puts a genuine thrill into the blood and a quicker beat into the pulse. Here it is:

THE ROAD TO FRANCE.

BY DANIEL M. HENDERSON.

THANK God our liberating lance
Goes flaming on the way to
France!
To France—the trail the Gurkhas
found!
To France—old England's rallying
ground!
To France—the path the Russians strode!
To France—the Anzacs' glory road!
To France—where our Lost Legion ran
To fight and die for God and man!
To France—with every race and breed
That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah France—how could our hearts
forget
The path by which came Lafayette?
How could the haze of doubt hang
low
Upon the road of Rochambeau?
How was it that we missed the way
Brave Joffre leads us along to-day?
At last, thank God! At last we see
There is no tribal Liberty!
No beacon lighting just our shores!
No Freedom guarding but our doors!
The flame she kindled for our sires
Burns now in Europe's battle fires!
The soul that led our fathers west
Turns back to free the world's
oppressed!

Allies, you have not called in vain!
We share your conflict and your pain!
"Old Glory," through new stains and rents,
Partakes of Freedom's sacraments!
Into that hell his will creates
We drive the foe, his lusts, his hates!
Last come, we will be last to stay—
Till Right has had her crowning day!
Replenish, comrades, from our veins,
The blood the sword of despot drains,
And make our eager sacrifice
Part of the freely-rendered price
You pay to lift humanity—
You pay to make our brothers free!
See, with what proud hearts we advance—
To France!

None of our poets shows more patriotic feeling than that which Edith M. Thomas has been for the last two years putting into her verse inspired by the war and the issues involved in it. We find in the New York *Tribune* the following fine poem:

THE FLAG.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

*I walked at noon down Broadway,
And east I turned at Wall,
Crossed Nassau Street and William—
Old Glory over all! . . .
Did you not do the same, to-day—
And brush the sudden tear away?*

THE hanging gardens—how they
bloom
Far up the builded canyon's
gloom!

There never was before a spring
Of such a wondrous blossoming
To make the eye and heart adore! . . .
How beautiful, how beautiful—
How beautiful I never knew before!

The hanging gardens—Oh, how brave
When on the lifting wind they wave!
Nor flaw nor frost can work them wrong,
Perennial is the stock, and strong—
In hardihood 'twas sown of yore! . . .
How beautiful, how beautiful—
How beautiful I never knew before!

The hanging gardens—colors three
Are all the raptured eye can see.
No flower exotic here has place,
But all are sprung of native race—
The red, the white, the blue—not more . . .
How beautiful, how beautiful—
How beautiful I never knew before!

The hanging gardens—and how far
May crimson band and candid star
A looming throw in other skies
O'er lands where kindred bloom shall rise
From broadcast seed that Freedom bore. . .
How beautiful, how beautiful—
How beautiful I never knew before!

Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Julian Grenfell, "Edward Melbourne" (Lieut. Hodgson) are names that shine. To this list of poets who have sacrificed their lives in the service of the Allies, that of Leslie Coulson should be added.

He was a London newspaper man who went into the war in the second month and died leading a charge last October. Here are his last verses:

BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE.

BY LESLIE COULSON.

OUR little hour—how swift it flies
When poppies flare and lilies
smile;
How soon the fleeting minute dies,
Leaving us but a little while
To dream our dream, to sing our song,
To pick the fruit, to pluck the flower,
The Gods—They do not give us long—
One little hour.

Our little hour—how short it is
When Love with dew-eyed loveliness
Raises her lips for ours to kiss
And dies within our first caress.
Youth flickers out like windblown flame,
Sweets of to-day to-morrow sour,
For Time and Death, relentless, claim
One little hour.

Our little hour—how short a time
To wage our wars, to fan our fates,
To take our fill of armored crime,
To troop our banner, storm the gates.
Blood on the sword, our eyes blood-red,
Blind in our puny reign of power,
Do we forget how soon is sped
One little hour?

Our little hour—how soon it dies;
How short a time to tell our beads,
To chant our feeble Litanies,
To think sweet thoughts, to do good
deeds.
The altar lights grow pale and dim,
The bells hang silent in the tower—
So passes with the dying hymn
Our little hour.

There is pathos in the lines and pathos between the lines of the following poem. It was found penciled on a sheet of paper in the pocket of a young Australian who died in the trenches at Gallipoli—written evidently by him just before he met his death. The lines were printed in an English paper but it was unable to give the name of the writer.

YE THAT HAVE FAITH.

YE that have faith to look with
fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world
at strife,
And know that out of death and night
shall rise
The dawn of ampler life,
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have
your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.
That ye may tell your sons who see
the light

High in the heavens—their heritage to take—

"I saw the powers of Darkness put to flight,
I saw the morning break."

It is evident that the reason for the resignation of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, as Minister to the Hague, was that he found it too difficult longer to confine the expression of his feelings about Germany to the limits that a diplomatic position required. His feelings are finely expressed in these stanzas first published in the *New York Times* the day after the author's return:

HOMeward BOUND.

By HENRY VAN DYKE.

HOME, for my heart still calls me;
Home through the danger zone;
Home, whatever befalls me,
I will sail again to my own.

Wolves of the sea are hiding
Closely along the way,
Under the water bidding
Their moment to rend and slay.

Black is the eagle that brands them,
Black are their hearts as the night,
Black is the hate that sends them
To murder, but not to fight.

Flower of the German culture,
Boast of the Kaiser's marine,
Choose for your emblem the vulture,
Cowardly, cruel, obscene.

Forth from her sheltered haven
Our peaceful ship glides slow,
Noiseless in flight as a raven,
Gray as the hooded crow.

She doubles and turns in her bearing,
Like a twisting plover she goes;
The way of her westward faring
Only the captain knows.

In a lonely bay concealing
She lingers for days, and slips,
At dark, from her covert, stealing
Through channels feared by the ships.

Brave are the men and steady
Who guide her over the deep,
British mariners ready
To face the sea wolf's leap.

Lord of the winds and waters,
Bring our ship to her mark,
Safe from this game of hide-and-seek
With murderers in the dark.

We have had much delight in Richard Burton's new volume—"Poems of Earth's Meaning" (Henry Holt & Company). The author has sane views of life and his poems nourish the heart as well as stimulate the imagination. He is one of the few poets of our day who does not disappoint us when his verses are collected and issued in book-form. Here is one of his finest poems:

AN HOUR OF HOURS.

By RICHARD BURTON.

TO-MORROW, we take up our tasks
That sweep us toward the hidden goal;
To-morrow, we resume our masks;
To-night, we meet as soul to soul.

Mayhap the magic of the moon
Has done it, or the breakers' sound,
Or else the mocker's madcap tune
Or sweet scents stealing from the ground.

The loneliness has proved a snare
To draw us close; this garden place,
Removed, and dim and passing fair,
Has seized us with its subtle grace,

Made us forget, recall and dream;
And so we sit as in a spell,
Muse on the glory and the gleam
Of Life, and feel that all is well.

The words unspoken in the day
Come softly to our lips; our hands
Are linked; as much as mortals may,
Each looks on each and understands.

Yours is the glamour of the stars,
And mine the wisdom of the years;
The tranquil night effaces scars,
Its solace wipes away all tears.

Yet sorrow broods behind each breath
To lend a sharper touch of bliss;
For joy the keenest fellows death
And peril trembles in a kiss.

But O the moonlit world, the palms,
The passion flowers, the smell of sea,
How they do proffer us their balms
Of Beauty and of Mystery!

And this brief while, beneath a sky
That throbs with meanings rich and strange,
Luring our hearts out, you and I,
Lifting us high o'er chance and change,

Has welded us and made us one
With the immortals; they who live
As if Fate were not, and the sun
Had only golden gifts to give.

The heavens go gray, the dawn is near,
Upfolded are the tranced flowers;
Remember, we were happy, Dear,
For this sole, sacred hour of hours!

A first volume of poems by Scudder Middleton comes from the press of The Little Book Publisher, Arlington, N. J. It is a notable first volume and has a number of unforgettable things in it. We have already reprinted "The Wax Museum for Men" and "Mother." Here is another fine poem from the volume:

GHOSTS.

By SCUDDER MIDDLETON.

THE ghosts of the spring are haunting autumn—
The sighing wind and the sobbing rain;

I hear them come in the dusk and mutter,

Searching the land for their loves again—
For the pale new rose and the green vine twining,
For the beautiful grass and the singing grain;
Out of the gray of the day they wander
Over the land for their loves again.

The ghosts of my youth are haunting my heart—
The simple trust and the dreams long slain;

I feel them come in the wind and water,
Searching my heart for their boy again—
For the wondering child with the eyes of laughter,

For the glorious joy untouched by pain;
Out of the dusk and the rain they wander,
Searching my heart for their boy again.

The "Profiles From China," by Eunice Tietjens (Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Chicago, Ill.), is one of the most interesting adventures in free verse since the "Spoon River Anthology." Miss Tietjens gives us a series of impressionistic views of China. Her work is vivid, sincere and significant, and it is surprising what poetic values she finds underneath the surface of life there. We reprinted "Cormorants" several months ago. Here is a picture almost equally good:

THE ABANDONED GOD.

By EUNICE TIETJENS.

IN the cold darkness of eternity he sits,
this god who has grown old.
His rounded eyes are open on the
whirl of time, but man who made
him has forgotten him.

Blue is his graven face, and silver-blue
his hands. His eyebrows and his
silken beard are scarlet as the hope
that built him.

The yellow dragon on his rotting robes
still rears itself majestically, but
thread by thread time eats its scales
away,

And man who made him has forgotten
him.

For incense now he breathes the homely
smell of rice and tea, stored in his
anteroom;

For priests the busy spiders hang festoons
between his fingers, and nest them
in his yellow nails.

And darkness broods upon him.
The veil that hid the awful face of god-
head from the too impetuous gaze of
worshippers serves in decay to hide
from deity the living face of man,

So god no longer sees his maker.
Let us drop the curtain and be gone!
I am old too, here in eternity.

Nothing more picturesque and dramatic has come out of Russia since the great upheaval than the story of the long procession of Siberian exiles returning to Moscow and Petrograd. Miss Bates has caught the spirit of the event happily in this from the *Outlook*:

OUT OF SIBERIA.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

SHAKE-RAGS, cripples, gaunt and dazed,
Prison-broken hosts on hosts,
Torture-scarred and dungeon-crazed,
Down the convict road they pour,
More and more and myriads more,
Terrible as ghosts.

Shuffling feet that miss the chain,
Shoulders welted, faces hoar,
Sightless eyes that stare in vain,
Writhe limbs and idiot tongue,—
They are old who were so young
When they passed before.

Grimy from the mines, a stain
And a horror on the white
Sweep of the Siberian plain,
These, grotesque and piteous, these
Fill the earth with jubilees,
Flood the skies with light.

While each squalid tatter spins
At the sport of wind and snow,
Russia hails her paladins,
And with cheer or sob proclaims
Long-unspoken hero names,
Names they hardly know.

They unto themselves are vague,
Even as they tear the bread
That their famished fingers beg;
They themselves are specters, who
Melt into their retinue
Of unnumbered dead.

From the shackles, from the whips,
Over frozen steppes they stream,
Quavering songs on ghastly lips,
Haggard, holy caravan,
Saviors of the soul of man,
Martyrs of a dream;

Martyrs of a dream fulfilled,
Givers who have paid the price,
Homing now to hearths long chilled,
Guests exalted over all
At glad Freedom's festival,
Saints of sacrifice.

We like this poem in the *Bellman*. It reminds us that there is still peace in a stormy world.

THE COW-PATH.

BY FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS.

NO chain has covered its distance,
nor needle pointed the way;
Up the rugged, sun-parched hill-
side it leads to cranny and glade,
Where a brook down moss-green ledges
tosses a silver spray,
And 'tis cool in the hottest noontide,—
that's where the trail is laid,
The long trail, the wild trail, the trail
that the cows have made.

Skirting boulder and hillock it winds
off into the woods;
In spring the early saxifrage, like bil-
lows of fragrant foam,
And violets, yellow and blue and white,
peering under their hoods,
Blossom along the borders of the hard-
packed pasture loam;
Blossom and nod on the borders of the
trail where the cows come home.

Freed from shutter and roof-tree when
new green tints the hill,
And every last-year's mullein stalk is
tipped with a singing bird,
Come, let us take to the open and follow
the trail at will,
Bringing our feet to the good brown
earth that spring has leavened and
stirred;
Climbing, up the hill climbing in the
wake of the gypsy herd.

We shall hear the winds of summer
softening through the pine,
We shall find the purple trillium by
the root of a beechen tree;
Faring along together, you and I and
the kine,
One quest theirs to follow, and an-
other for you and me,
Up the long trail, the steep trail, where
beasts and men go free.

Are there other pathways, tell me, that
lead to holier things—
Chickadees in the hemlocks, a winter
wren in the brush,
The drumming call of the ruffed grouse
beating his lover's wings,
And the song that fills the wood's edge
after the sunset's flush,—
The wild, sweet hymn of the pasture
sung by a hermit thrush?

Come, then; for the day is ready, and
spring is on the land;
Over the hill the saxifrage is spilling
its fragrant foam,
There is peace in the winds of heaven,
and treasure on every hand;
We will fill our cups with gladness as
up the trail we roam,
As down the trail at set of sun we
follow the cattle home.

A poignant little poem, beautiful in
its simplicity, is one which we find in
Miss Monroe's anthology "The New
Poetry" (Macmillan):

MUSIC I HEARD.

BY CONRAD AIKEN.

MUSIC I heard with you was more
than music,
And bread I broke with you was
more than bread.
Now that I am without you, all is
desolate,
All that was once so beautiful is dead.
Your hands once touched this table and
this silver,
And I have seen your fingers hold
this glass.
These things do not remember you, be-
loved;
And yet your touch upon them will
not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among
them,
And blessed them with your hands and
with your eyes.
And in my heart they will remember
always;
They knew you once, O beautiful and
wise!

Speaking of music, here is a striking
tribute from the "Collected Poems" by

James Elroy Flecker (Doubleday, Page
& Co.), the young British poet who
died early in 1915:

TENEBRIS INTERLUCENTEM.

BY JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

ALINNET who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And some one there stole forth a hand
To draw a brother to his side.

There's a fine satiric vein in this
poem from *Reedy's Mirror* and it ends
with a snap:

THE ASYLUM.

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

I LOVE my asylum,
My home in the skies,
Splashed with splendid color,
Drenched in dazzling dyes:
Clouds and winds and oceans,
Blue above—below.
I love my asylum. . . .
But the other inmates? No!

All in our asylum
Are mad as can be.
I stick my tongue at them.
They stick their tongues at me.
And purple authorities
And gilded bloody gods
All rule in our asylum
With black whips and rods.

And men cry "Alleluia"
To hop-toads with wings;
And women love poodles;
And all love breaking things,
Love swearing and peering,
Love reptiles and lice. . . .
Yes, in my asylum
It isn't very nice!

But sometimes the windows
Are burst by magic dawns,
And then we see far vistas
Of star-embroidered lawns
Where rational angels
Are laughing like fun.
But, of course, in our asylum
It simply isn't done!

So one wears a crown,
One piles his gold in rows,
One balances a feather
On the end of his nose.
One's a sword-swallower,
One mumbles "One-two-three."
And all in our asylum
Are unhappy as can be.

For, you see, the whole trouble
(Tho we're absolutely mad!)
Is, we fear a strange sensation
We have sometimes had.
So sometimes we huddle close
And clutch at heart and brain.
For I'll tell you what's the trouble:
We're afraid of going—sane!

We seldom hear nowadays from
Miss Coolbrith, but we never hear
from her without wishing to hear
again. Her tribute to Bret Harte in

Town Talk (San Francisco) several months ago is thoroly satisfying. It adds to the interest of it to remember that Miss Coolbrith was associated with Bret Harte when he was editor of *The Overland Monthly*.

BRET HARTE.

BY INA COOLBRITH.

WHAT wizardry is this? What necromance?

These forest-aisles, these mountains grim and vast?
These shadowy forms and faces that advance
From out the misty past?

The old familiar faces, how they crowd!
Like ghosts returning from the farther shore!

These Beings without being, yet endowed
With Life forevermore.

Each in my own life-weft has woven part,
Whether or grave or gay; unkept or shorn;

This one, "The Luck" they call him, stole my heart

The day that he was born.

With these I sat beside the camp-fire's glow

And heard, through untaught lips, old Homer tell

The Tale of Troy, till with the falling snow

God's last white silence fell.

I knew the cabin in the lone ravine

Where she, the Fallen, far from mart

and men,

Watched by the stricken and, unknown, made clean

Her garment's hem again.

And these, the Partners in world-storm and stress

With faithful love, unknowing selfish aim;

The friendship pure that grew not hot nor less

Through good or evil fame.

These, too (I loved them!), reckless, debonair,

That life and fortune staked upon a cast;

The soul itself held lightly as the air,
To win or lose at last.

I tracked the mountain trail with them; the sweet

Cool smell of pines I breathed beneath the stars;

The laugh, the song I heard; the rhythmic feet

To tinkle of guitars.

I knew the Mission's fragrant garden-close,

Heavy with blooms the wind might scarcely stir,

Its little laughing maid—Castilian rose!—
And saucy speech of her.

I knew them all—but best of all I knew
(Who in himself had something of all these)

The Man, within whose teeming fancy grew
These wondrous histories.

I see him often, with the brown hair half
Tossed from the leaning brow, the soft yet keen

Gray eyes uplifted with a tear or laugh
From the pen-pictured scene.

And hear the voice that read to me his dear

Word-children—and I listen till I seem
Back in the olden days; they are the near
And these are but a dream.

O Prince of Song and Story! Thee we claim

The first and dearest, still our very own!

We will not yield the glory of thy name
Nor share thy laureled throne!

SAINT DYMPNA'S MIRACLE—A TALE OF BELGIUM

The writer of this poignant sketch (which we reprint from the *Atlantic Monthly*) is Edward Eyre Hunt, one of the group of young Harvard men who have combined writing and a life of action. Alan Seeger, John Reed, and Walter Lippmann were his classmates. Hunt himself has until recently had charge of relief work in Belgium and has written an authoritative book on his experiences in that country. This story is an outgrowth of those experiences.

PIERRE, the chauffeur, launched a savage kick at the newly punctured tire and swore into the patient night. "Three quarters of an hour, monsieur, to repair it," he said reluctantly, switching off the motor. "Do you wish—"

Into the sudden silence stole the slow incessant roar of the Yser cannon. The level stretches of the Campine, alternating black vistas of scrub evergreens with little fields, peat bogs, and kitchen gardens, lay fragrant and silent in the moonlight. Heather was in bloom, nightingales were nesting and so were no longer singing, and the narrow Flemish road before and behind the automobile lay like a placid silver river, inviting one to quiet thoughts.

"Yes," I answered Pierre's unfinished query. "I'll go for a stroll toward the next farm-house. Take your time, Pierre. There's no hurry to-night."

We had just left the town of Gheel, one of the most remarkable places in Belgium, a town where more than a thousand insane folk live quiet and useful lives, parceled out among the peasants, but under the supervision of district doctors. The insane are treated as if they were normal beings, are given work according to their strength, mental and physical, and find companionship among a peasantry noted for industry and stubborn independence. This is originally due to certain miracles of Saint Dymphna, one of the guardian saints of the insane—an Irish princess, converted to Christianity, and martyred at Gheel by her pagan father on the 30th of May in the year of Our Lord 600.

UNDER the bright moon the land seemed singularly like Ireland, and a little old man stepping toward me down the silvery road, his pipe in his mouth, his eyes screwed up, his bent legs wrapped in ill-fitting trousers, his feet in wooden shoes, might have been the fabled leprechaun, or Wee Hughie Gallagher of Donegal. He wore a *brassard* on his right sleeve, for he was one of the village watch, guarding the telephone and telegraph wires so that no accident might happen to them to give the Germans an excuse for crushing the commune with an exorbitant fine.

"Goe'n avond, mynheer," I called cheerfully.

"Avond, mynheer," he answered in a weak voice.

"I am the American delegate of the Komiteit voor Hulp en Voeding," I explained.

"Mynheer is American?" he asked doubtfully, taking his pipe from his mouth and scratching his head as if to recall where or what America could be.

"Ja wel. Have you a cup of milk at your house?"

He turned and faced back down the road, still scratching his head.

"Als 't U belieft, mynheer," I added ceremoniously.

My superlative courtesy seemed to decide him, and he gave a gesture of assent. Side by side and in silence then we walked down the silver road to the first farm-house. A black mass of protecting trees hung close over the chimney, and low thatch swept down like the back of some prehistoric monster, gray-

green in the clear moonlight. The walls were lath, filled in with clay. Two little rectangular windows glowed dully, and the edges of the thick, ill-fitting door shone with faint light.

"You live here, mynheer?" I asked.

"Ja, mynheer."

"You own it?"

"I rent it."

"I may enter?"

"You may enter, mynheer."

WE thrust open the door without knocking. I stumbled into the dimly-lighted room, hardly knowing what I expected to find. Peasants' cottages were invariably interesting to me, and invariably they contained surprises. But this was older and more primitive than any I had yet visited—a relic of long-gone days. It was like opening an ancient tomb or a buried city. I entered expectantly, and lo! the centuries rolled backward, and I stood with people of Froissart's day, with peasants who had scarcely altered since the Middle Ages, whose feet were hardly on the threshold of modernity.

The room was square. At one end was a brick fireplace, rude as if aborigines had built it, with an iron frame squatting in the ashes, a thick pot suspended by a chain, a broiling rack, a heavy iron fork, a charred stick for a poker, and a rude crane. In the smoke of a tiny turf-fire on the hearth hung rows of drying vegetables and skins of meat. The floor was beaten earth, hard as brick. The walls were whitewashed. The ceiling was slow and strung with

onions and other roots and vegetables, and the only touch of modern things was a hanging lamp in the center. In a corner hung a man's suit of Sunday clothes, like a creature which has been hanged. A ladder beside it went up to the blind loft overhead. A picture of the Virgin hung on one wall, and a plaster statue of Saint Anthony and Saint Joseph gleamed from a shelf over the fireplace, drawing one's eye to a row of plates and dishes. An odor of smoke and cooking and manure heaps and the foul smells of unwashed human beings crowded the little room, and the air droned with the sleepy buzzing of innumerable flies.

A barefooted, prematurely aged woman, bent with too much child-bearing, gave me a chair, wiping it ceremoniously with her apron. The man spat on the floor behind us and scraped the spittle with his sabot. Three children were asleep in a recess on a pile of litter curtailed from sight in the day-time. But the most striking person in the room was a young woman, sitting before the turf-fire with a fourth child—evidently the youngest—in her lap. She wore stockings, leather shoes, and a simple, black bombazine dress. Her face was turned from me, but I saw that her hair was neatly coiled about her head and pinned with a shell comb.

The older woman sprang to the hanging lamp and turned it high until it smoked. "Good evening, mynheer," she called in a panic of fear and pleasure. "Be seated, if it please your Excellency."

SHE dragged the chair beside the lamp and the table in the center of the room. During the next five minutes she was feverishly busy offering me beer, milk, and everything else that her mean little house afforded.

I stared at the woman beside the fireplace, and my host—who refused to seat himself in my presence—at last touched his head significantly. "Ah, monsieur," he sighed. (He had been one of the *frankmannen*, migratory laborers who work for several months of the year in France, and he spoke tolerable French. Indeed he was much better informed and quicker of wit than his person or his home would indicate.) "She is mad: like all the world, she is mad. All the world is mad."

"You mean the war?"

"Yes, monsieur. Saint Dymrna has received thousands of mad ones, and of those who are mad, but whom she has not received, there are millions. When the war broke out two men went mad in this village. They were carried away to Gheel, raving. Their eyes stared, their lips frothed, and they twitched all over. When the Germans came here, certain ones went mad at sight of them. I have seen it with my eyes, monsieur. They say that when the Germans came into France they sent whole long trainloads of mad ones back into their own land. When the big shells burst in the forts, all the garrison goes mad. When the aviator flies over the trench, men go mad. You have seen there are always two German sentries together? It is so that if one goes mad the other will be at hand. For they go mad, monsieur, by dozens, by hundreds, by thousands. Have you seen their eyes? They are mad. And their lips? They work like the lips of men always talking to themselves. When the war began, I too was mad. I dreamed terrible dreams. For two months I was mad—like all the world."

"But the woman there?" I asked, pointing to the figure beside the turf glow.

The man clattered over to her and laid

his hand gently on her shoulder. "Madame," he said, "there is a gentleman here to speak with you."

"Nay, mynheer," she answered quietly, "not until midnight."

"He is not the doctor, madame."

She turned and gave me a searching glance. The movement revealed that her breast was uncovered, and that she held the sleeping child against her heart. "Nay," she said again, "not until midnight."

He came slowly back. "When a child is sick, she knows it and she comes," he explained apologetically. "At midnight she goes back to the doctor's house."

"Alone?"

"Alone, monsieur. God and the Devil alike love the mad. God and the Devil alike watch over them. This one," he pointed to the woman with the child, "was a lady of Louvain, of the Krakenstraat; she was rich; she had a husband and two children. They were killed by the Germans, and she was wounded in the shoulder. Her house was burned; her money lost. She went mad. She was taken to Duffel, I think; then to Antwerp, then to Hoogstraeten, then she was brought to Gheel, screaming for her children and her husband—mad—mad and soon to die. Then, monsieur, Saint Dymrna wrought a miracle through the love of a little child, a little sick boy in the doctor's house where madame was confined, and she became well after a fashion. And now in whatever house a child is ill, madame by the grace of God knows of it, and she comes and nurses it back to health. The first madness is of the Devil, monsieur, violent and bloody; the second is of God, and it is kind."

IN the midst of his prattle the woman rose slowly, holding the sleeping child in the hollow of her right arm and buttoning the bosom of her dress with her left hand. "Hush!" she admonished softly. "Listen, mynheeren!" From some instinct of courtesy, I rose to my feet. She raised her hand warningly, but did not turn her head. "Listen," she repeated, staring toward the fireplace.

It was an uncanny thing. We stood as if frozen. The heavy breathing of the peasant woman pulsed through the quiet room; the old man stared with all his eyes; a sleepy chicken chuckled from an adjoining shed, but there was no other sound from outside. A minute went by; another; a third, and still we stood stiffly in the center of the room. At last madame beckoned to the peasant-mother, who stole across the floor toward her and paused at her side. Silently she gave the mother her child, her finger on her lips, her eyes still fixed on the spot near the fireplace.

Then she turned, and laying her hands on the head of the sleeping boy, she began in a strange, low, hissing voice: "This one shall be an avenger of Louvain, he shall be an avenger of Dinant, and Termonde, and Aerschot, and Andenne, and Liège, and Taminés, and Visé. He shall avenge our nation. He shall not forget. In the days of his happiness, he shall remember our sorrow; in the days of his prosperity, he shall remember our misery; in the days of his strength, he shall remember our weakness. Go! Be healed!" Then in her quiet, natural voice, pointing to the spot on the level with her eyes at which she had stared, she added, "A sick child is there, mynheeren. Three, four kilometers away it is, and I must go to it."

"God!" the old man breathed.

"I must go now. The child is very ill. I must go now, or I shall be too late."

The old man crossed himself again and again. "God! God!" he repeated helplessly.

The young woman wheeled suddenly. "What is that noise?" she exclaimed, pointing to the roadway.

The roar of an automobile resounded outside, and I knew Pierre was coming.

"Is it the Germans?"

"No, madame, it is my automobile, at your service."

She showed no astonishment or perplexity. Her mind seemed wholly absorbed in the problem of the sick child. "Take me in your automobile to the child, monsieur," she replied rapidly, speaking in French. "Let us hurry, hurry!"

"But where, madame?"

"I do not know, monsieur, but I will show you. There! There!" She waved her hand in the direction of Gheel.

WE hurried like fugitives from the house and into the tonneau, leaving the awe-struck peasants standing with mouths agape. Pierre stared in consternation at our coming, but said no word. I did not try to explain. Our passenger sat tense, her head turned to one side as if she were listening closely.

We came quickly to a fork of the road. "Which way, monsieur?" Pierre asked.

"I do not know. It is for madame to say," I answered.

She was quiet for an instant. "To the right hand," she exclaimed suddenly. "Make haste!—There! In that house!"

The car jerked to a stop, and I leaped out to help madame to the ground. Now that we had arrived, to my astonishment she made no move to leave the car. Her head sank slowly forward to her breast, and she sat huddled listlessly, paying no attention to Pierre or me.

"Is it this house, madame?" I asked, hoping to arouse her.

"This house," she said, "but we are too late."

"But no, madame!" I exclaimed. "Go quickly and help!" At the moment I believed in her supernatural powers as firmly as any peasant of the Campine.

She lifted her head. A sad light had come into her eyes. "It is too late. The avenger of Belgium is not to come from this house," she muttered.

"But yes! Hurry!"

The madness of my words did not occur to me until days afterward: the lunacy of thinking either that she could heal, or that the child of these poor peasant-folk when healed would avenge his nation on her enemies. God knows what wild thoughts were in my mind that night! God knows, and Saint Dymrna!

"I will go in then," she said, rising, giving her hand with a queenly gesture, and stepping from the car. "Thank you, monsieur. You need not wait; indeed you must not wait. I am here with friends. Adieu!"

She clutched my arm in a sudden spasm of fright.

"Listen!" she breathed.

A piercing wail rose from the quiet cottage; a dull lamp flared as it was borne hastily past a window; a man's deep voice groaned horribly. Children in the loft, awakened by the outcry, began to scream, and a startled dog far away howled in terror.

Madame released my arm and walked slowly toward the house of death. At the door she turned and looked back at us as if she feared to go in. Her left hand fumbled for the latch; her right waved our dismissal. "Adieu, monsieur, adieu," she called in a strained, unhappy tone. And we drove quietly away and left her under the placid moon.

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

[Unless otherwise stated, prices are net and binding is cloth. Orders for any book in this list may be sent direct to the publisher, but any regular subscriber for CURRENT OPINION may, if preferred, send order with money to the Service Department of CURRENT OPINION and the book will be sent on approval. If the book is returned to this department within two days after its receipt, the money will be placed to the credit of the subscriber to be applied to future orders.]

- A DOMINIE DISMISSED.** By A. S. Neill. Adventures of a Scotch school-master who became a cattleman. Sequel to the author's previous book, "A Dominie's Log." \$1.25 McBride.
- ADVENTURE OF DEATH.** By Robert W. McKenna, M.D. Aims to show that fear of death is taken from dying and that the act of death is free from pain. Deals with feelings of soldiers in action. \$1.50. Putnam's.
- AMERICA AND THE GREAT WAR.** By Willis Fletcher Johnson, Hon. Prof. of History of Foreign Relations in Univ. of N. Y. Comprehensive study of events that forced the U. S. into war. \$1.50. Winston.
- ARE WE CAPABLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT?** By Frank W. Noxon. A frank criticism of American democracy. \$1.50. Harper.
- BROTHERS IN ARMS.** By E. Alexander Powell. Mr. Powell's eloquent little book does for our relations with the sister republic of France what Ian Hay in his "Getting Together" did for our connection with Great Britain. Houghton, Mifflin.
- CARRY ON: LETTERS IN WARTIME.** By Coningsby Dawson. With portrait and int. by his father, the Rev. W. J. Dawson. Written from dug-outs on the Somme battlefield in the intervals of artillery fire. \$1.00. Lane.
- CHEMICAL DISCOVERY AND INVENTION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.** By Sir William A. Tilden. Written in simple and interesting style for the ordinary reader. \$3.50. Dutton.
- CONDITIONS OF LABOR IN AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.** By W. Jett Lauck and E. Sydenstricker. Authoritative study. Authors are, respectively, director of Bureau of Applied Economics at Washington and public health statistician of U. S. Public Health Service. \$1.75. Funk & Wagnalls.
- CONFESSIONS OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.** By William G. Shepherd. Deals with the human side and personal aspects of the great conflict. Mr. Shepherd was the first American reporter permitted at the British front in France. \$1.00. Harper.
- CONSTANTINE I. AND THE GREEK PEOPLE.** By Paxton Hibben. Maintains that King Constantine has always favored joining the Greek army to the Allied forces, and that the refusal of the Allies to guarantee the future integrity of Greece is what has prevented union. \$2.00. Century.
- CRIMES OF CHARITY.** By Konrad Bercovici. With int. by John Reed. Bitter onslaught on organized charity in the form of personal reminiscences of a charity-investigator. \$1.50. Knopf.
- DOING MY BIT FOR IRELAND.** By Margaret Skinnider. An account of last year's Irish revolt, in which the author participated and was wounded. \$1.00. Century.
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- ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY.** By Waldo H. Dunn, Prof. of Eng. Languages and Literature in Wooster College. Said to be the only book in any language devoted to a study of that section of literature which deals with biography. \$1.50. Dutton.
- FRONTIERS OF LANGUAGE AND NATIONALITY IN EUROPE.** By Leon Dominian, Map Curator, American Geographical Society. Shows how language is a factor in the shaping of nationality, and interprets linguistic problems in the light of the war. \$3.00. Holt.
- FUNDAMENTALS OF MILITARY SERVICE.** By Capt. L. C. Andrews, U. S. C. Used as a text-book at training camps and endorsed by the War College. \$1.50. Lippincott.
- FUNDAMENTALS OF NAVAL SERVICE.** By Commander Yates Stirling, U. S. N. Covers principles of naval strategy, organization of Navy Department and evolution of different types of fighting ships. \$2.00. Lippincott.
- HEART OF THE BALKANS.** By Demetra Vaka. A remarkable tribute, by a Greek woman, to the fierce patriotism and unconquerable spirit of the Balkan people; written in semi-fictional style. Ill. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin.
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- RUSSIA THEN AND NOW, 1892-1917.** By Francis B. Reeves. Mr. Reeves headed the commission sent over by the United States in 1892 for the relief of Russia in a period of famine. \$1.50. Putnam.
- RUSSIAN REALITIES AND PROBLEMS.** By Paul Milyoukov, Peter Struve, A. Lappo-Danilevsky, Roman Dmowski, and Harold Williams. Addresses delivered before the University of Cambridge in August, 1916. \$2.00. Putnam.
- RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.** By Isaac Don Levine, Foreign News Editor, N. Y. Tribune. First inner story of the upheaval that overthrew the Czar and established a democratic Russia. \$1.00. Harper.
- SEEING AMERICA.** By Logan Marshall. Describes the great cities, historic battlefields, beauty-spots, interesting sites and places of the U. S. Ill. \$1.25. Winston.
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- STORY OF THE AUTOMOBILE.** By H. L. Barber. Particularly interesting to the investor. Includes corporate statistics and important facts about the automobile. \$1.50. Munson, Chicago.
- SUCCESSFUL FARMING.** By Frank D. Gardner, Prof. of Astronomy, Penn. State College. A practical encyclopedia of ready reference on all phases of agriculture. Ill. \$2.00. Winston.
- SWINBURNE.** By Edmund Gosse. First biography of the poet, based on personal acquaintance and on documents and reminiscences furnished by Lord Redesdale, Lord Morley, Lord Bryce and others. \$3.50. Macmillan.
- THE LOVERS.** By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. A war-romance told in letters written by a French artist-soldier to his wife. \$1.00. Lippincott.
- THE RUSSIANS.** By Richardson L. Wright. Finds a basis for an *entente cordiale* between Russia and the U. S. Author was correspondent for N. Y. *World* and London *Express* in Siberia and Manchuria. \$1.50. Stokes.
- TRENCH WARFARE.** By J. S. Smith, Second Lieutenant with British Expeditionary Force in Flanders. A manual giving all the technical details of building, holding and taking trenches. \$1.50. Dutton.
- WAR.** By Pierre Loti. Tr. by Marjorie Laurie. Describes the author's encounters with wounded soldiers, Sisters of Mercy, Belgian orphans, and other victims of German barbarity. \$1.25. Lippincott.
- WATCHING AND WAITING ON THE BORDER.** By Roger Batchelder. Strong appeal for universal military service by a member of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment at the time of the mobilization of the National Guard last year. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin.
- WHAT IS MAN? AND OTHER ESSAYS.** By Mark Twain. Reprint of a statement of Mark Twain's pessimistic philosophy published and distributed privately; also essays on Howells, Schurz, etc. \$1.75. Harper.
- WHITE NIGHTS AND OTHER RUSSIAN IMPRESSIONS.** By Arthur Ruhl. Contemporary Russia, Moscow, Petrograd, Kiev, as seen by a war correspondent of *Collier's*. \$2.00. Scribner.
- WHY WE ARE AT WAR.** By Woodrow Wilson. The President's four messages to Congress in January, together with his proclamation of war and his message of April 15, 1917. \$0.50. Harper.
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FICTION.

- BAB: A SUB-DEB.** By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Does for the girl in her middle teens something of what Booth Tarkington did for the boy of that age in "Seventeen." \$1.40. Doran.
- HIS FAMILY.** By Ernest Poole. Deals with the problem of the well-meaning, tho bungling, parent who struggles awkwardly to understand and be understood by his children. The scene is laid in New York. \$1.50. Macmillan.
- MISTRESS ANNE.** By Temple Bailey. Heart-story of a Maryland school-mistress. \$1.35. Penn Pub. Co.
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- THE BANKS OF COLNE.** By Eden Philpotts. Powerful and ingeniously constructed novel with a Devonshire setting. \$1.50. Macmillan.
- THE RED PLANET.** By William J. Locke. A story of wartime, but not of war. \$1.50. Lane.

IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN CURRENT PERIODICALS

[Unless otherwise stated, articles are in June magazines. Any article listed below will be forwarded by us upon receipt of Ten Cents. Be sure to address Service Dept., CURRENT OPINION, 63 W. 36th St., New York City.]

- AMERICA'S GRAIN IMPERILED. By Paul V. Collins. Discusses possible shortage of sisal, now grown in Yucatan, and advocates growing a new crop in Florida. *Review of Reviews*.
- BATTLE OF VERDUN. By Raoul Blanchard. An effort to tell the whole story of the battle, with all its vicissitudes. With map. *Atlantic*.
- BELGIAN RELIEF. By Vernon Kellogg. One of Hoover's associates tells what has been accomplished by the Commission for Relief in Belgium. *World's Work*.
- BOOM IN AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDING. By Robert G. Sherrett. Estimates that American ship-yards are handling to-day in the neighborhood of \$250,000,000 worth of tonnage. *Munsey's*.
- BUREAUCRACY AND FOOD CONTROL. By William C. Edgar, editor of the *Northwestern Miller*. Advocates control through an emergency board. *Review of Reviews*.
- CONSCRIPTION OF INCOME. By Charles J. Bullock. Shows the difficulties in the way of this proposed conscription, or taxation. *North Am. Review*.
- EAT AND SAVE MONEY. By Charles Phelps Cushing. Dietary hints in time of war. *World's Work*.
- EXPULSION OF THE TURK FROM EUROPE. By Willis J. Abbot. Takes the view that "a Turkish Constantinople and peace are irreconcilable." *Munsey's*.
- FOOD PREPAREDNESS FOR THE UNITED STATES. By Charles O'Brien. The war-time problem stated. American and German methods compared. *Atlantic*.
- HAIG—GENERAL MANAGER OF THE WAR. By Isaac F. Marcossou. Describes a visit to the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief of all the British armies in France and Flanders. *Everybody's*.
- HOOVER. By Ernest Poole. A "close-up" of the remarkable man who has fed Belgium—our next Food Commissioner. *Everybody's*.
- HOOVER OF THE "C. R. B." By Edward Eyre Hunt. An associate's tribute to the American mining engineer who has been appointed chairman of our National Food Board. *World's Work*.
- HOPE OF OUR MERCHANT MARINE. By John Heard, Jr. Exposes inadequate maritime policies, and urges shipyards organized by shipping men and financed by the Government. *Century*.
- HOUSTON: A GREAT FARMER. By J. C. Hemphill. Tribute to the vision and common sense of the Secretary of Agriculture. *North Am. Review*.
- HOW I BECAME CONVINCED OF SURVIVAL. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Phazes in the life of a Spiritualist. *Metropolitan*.
- HOW MEN OF SCIENCE WILL HELP IN OUR WAR. By George Ellery Hale. Outlines the program of the National Research Council, of which the author is chairman. *Scribner's*.
- INTERNATIONAL IDEALS. By David Jayne Hill. Discusses the sovereignty of the state versus that of the people, and concludes with a prophetic hope for internationalism after the war. *Century*.
- LAND OF DEATH. By Judson C. Welliver. Describes the trail of wreck and pillage left by the retreating Germans in northern France. *Munsey's*.
- LIVING LANDMARKS OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Abraham Cahan. The editor of the Jewish daily *Forward* tells what he knows of Madame Breshkovsky, Kropotkin, Bourtzeff, and others. *Harper's*.
- LUDENDORFF. By H. L. Mencken. "The nearer one approaches the inner circle of German opinion, the less one hears of Hindenburg and the more one hears of Ludendorff." *Atlantic*.
- MEDICAL TRIUMPHS AND OPPORTUNITIES. By W. Gilman Thompson, M.D. Tribute to the achievements of American medical science. *North Am. Review*.
- MR. CHOATE AS AMBASSADOR. By Britannicus. "The outstanding merit of Mr. Choate's Ambassadorship was its supreme range of sociability." *North Am. Review*.
- NEW NATIONAL PARKS. By Guy Elliott Mitchell. Describes Mount McKinley National Park, Hawaiian National Park, Lassen Volcanic Park, etc. *Review of Reviews*.
- NEW YORK, THE HIGH LIGHT OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By Edwin C. Hill. Eloquent tribute to the greatness of America's metropolis and its kaleidoscopic wonders. *Munsey's*.
- OUR ENTENTE WITH SOUTH AMERICA. By Thomas Walsh. Stresses the need for more effort on the part of Americans to inform themselves regarding their Latin-American neighbors. *Bookman*.
- OUR FINANCIAL PART IN THE WAR. By Alexander Dana Noyes. Analyzes our stupendous financial program, and compares our expenditures with those of England. *Scribner's*.
- RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION IN WAR. By Herbert T. Wade. Covers railway problems in all the leading European countries. *Review of Reviews*.
- RAEMAEKERS—MAN AND ARTIST. By George Creel. Tells of the transformation of an inconspicuous Dutch newspaper cartoonist into the supreme interpretive genius of the war. *Century*.
- RASPUTIN. By Princess Lucien Murat. Conveys in a personal interview the character of Russia's "mystery man" in the days of his greatest power. *Century*.
- RECOLLECTIONS OF JOSEPH CHOATE. By Joseph B. Gilder. *Bellman* (June 2).
- REMY DE GOURMONT. By James Gibbons Huneker. Tribute to De Gourmont as "a poet for poets, a critic for critics." *North Am. Review*.
- RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF PACIFISM. By Henry James Ford. Draws a line of distinction between "militant" and "predacious" nations, and argues that it is the pacifists who tend to bring about war, while the militants accomplish the opposite result. *Atlantic*.
- RISE AND FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ROMANOFF. By Richard H. Titherington. Traces the red record of the Czars. *Munsey's*.
- THE NAVY IS READY. By Arthur Wallace Dunn. Authoritative statement of what the Navy Department has actually accomplished. *Review of Reviews*.
- THE SILENT VOICE. By Edward Mott Woolley. Describes modern advertising and tells something of the huge sums spent in commercial publicity and electric devices. *II. Scribner's*.
- THE WAR AND THE INTELLECTUALS. By Randolph Bourne. Anti-war article which advocates "apathy" toward war and heightened devotion to the arts of peace as the best antidote to militarism. *The Seven Arts*.
- UNITED STATES AND PAN-GERMANISM. By André Chéradame. Urges the U. S. to prepare for a war of long duration, and suggests that President Wilson solicit the active assistance of Japan in bringing it to a close. *Atlantic*.
- UNIVERSAL TRAINING—FOR HEALTH. By Edwin F. Bowers, M.D. A plea for military service on hygienic and military grounds. *Everybody's*.
- WASHINGTON IN WAR TIME. With full-page pictures of Secretary Houston, Major-General Goethals, Theodore N. Vail, George Creel, etc. *World's Work*.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB NOTES

In the competition held by the National Arts Club, of New York, for the best design for a Valor Medal, the jury of judges, consisting of J. Alden Weir, Douglas Volk, Gardner Symons, J. Massey Rhind, John Flanagan and Chester Beach, selected two designs, one by Allan G. Newman and the other by Emil Sieburn, and asked the two sculptors to complete their models on or before June 29, when the jury will make the award. Five hundred dollars will be awarded by the National Arts Club for the first choice; and the other design will receive an award of \$150 which has been offered by the American Defense Committee.

The prize of \$250 for the best American patriotic poem was awarded to Daniel M. Henderson for his poem, "The Road to France," which is included in our *Voices of Living Poets* in this number of *CURRENT OPINION*. Mr. Henderson was one of some four thousand American poets who enlisted in the contest, and his poem was the choice of the committee composed of Percy Mackaye, Joyce Kilmer and Edward J. Wheeler.

Commenting editorially on this prize-winning poem, the *New York Sun* pronounces it to be "certainly much better verse than could reasonably have been looked for as the result of a public contest" and gives several reasons for drawing special attention to the poem. Among them:

"Mr. Henderson says in his second stanza: At last, thank God! At last we see There is no tribal Liberty! No beacon lighting just our shores! No freedom guarding but our doors! The flame she kindled for our sires Burns now in Europe's battle fires. The soul that led our fathers west Turns back to free the world's oppressed!"

"In the first four of the eight lines quoted the poet has stated tersely the basic cause of this country's participation in the war.

"It was because the American people had come to see that their own freedom was menaced by the policies and practices of the Imperial German Government that they entered the war. Either we shall preserve our liberties and procure, so far as we can, the liberty of other peoples or we shall perish."

It is announced by the jury appointed to decide on the best American war song, for which a prize of \$250 was offered, that none of the songs thus far submitted is regarded as sufficiently meritorious to justify an award. Consequently the contest will be reopened, and it has been decided to increase the award to \$500 for the best song music to accompany the prize patriotic poem, "The Road to France." The competition is open to all residents of the United States, and to all American citizens wherever resident. All entries must be in the hands of the National Arts Club Defense Committee, Gramercy Park, New York City, before September 15.

The demand for the National Arts Club patriotic stamp, designed by Eugene F. Savage (Prix de Rome 1912) and selling at one cent each, the proceeds to be devoted to assisting the dependents of American artists who go to war, has been extremely gratifying. The design carries the slogan "Service Together," and symbolizes the relation between the farmer, the soldier and the nation as exemplified by the figure of Columbia.

THE Δ INDUSTRIAL Δ WORLD

HOW WOMEN ARE REVOLUTIONIZING THE INDUSTRIES OF EUROPE

IT is estimated that more than nine million women in Germany are now working for a living in factories, on farms and elsewhere, and that nearly two million women are doing the same thing in Great Britain. In both countries the advent of women, in such immense numbers, into the ranks of labor constitutes one of the most important and significant features of the war. Furthermore, it promises to work a post-bellum industrial revolution in Europe. Prior to 1914, and even after the beginning of hostilities, German women played little or no part in the industrial life of the empire. But all this has changed, and Carl W. Ackerman, the United Press correspondent who recently returned from Germany, says in the *New York Tribune* that German statesmen who never believed that woman suffrage would be an issue are looking forward to the time when women in Germany will be fully enfranchised. He adds:

"From the Empress to the poorest woman in the country there is a feeling that the war cannot be successfully conducted unless the women as well as the men help the Fatherland. And because the women have been asked to do so much the feeling has grown that when peace comes the women must have something to say in governmental affairs. During the last two years the activities of women have reached every branch of trade and many government departments.

Last fall a woman was made an assistant in the newly organized *Kriegsam*, which was to have charge of the German civil service. On the Kaiser's birthday this year, when the submarine war proposal was finally decided upon, two women, the Empress and Frau von Hindenburg, were invited to Great Headquarters. It was the first time militarism ever consulted a woman. . . .

"To-day, when one travels in any direction from Berlin one finds the women at every railroad station still serving hot substitute coffee, fruit and some sandwiches to the traveling soldier. Often while traveling to the front with troop trains I have watched these women work, and have noticed what a great comfort and aid they were to the weary soldiers. I have heard officers and soldiers remark that it would have been impossible for Germany to continue the war were it not for this assistance. . . . In Berlin, Frau Franke, the wife of a prominent physician, is in charge of the soup kitchen in the city market hall, where 80,000 liters of stew are prepared daily for the poor. In Cologne, where this system of cooking and distributing food has been so successful, women do most of the work, and with the exception of Street Commissioner Schmidt the people who direct the food depots are women.

"I know of no German city where there are men street-car hands unless by chance a man has been so seriously wounded that he cannot serve at the front or manufacture ammunition. Then if he is capable and if he once was a street-car motorman or conductor, he is given his old

job. In Berlin more than two-thirds of the employees of the underground railroad are women. In the Krupp works at Essen there are over 25,000 women making ammunition. On Zimmerstrasse, in Berlin, where a great many uniforms for soldiers are made, women do practically all the work. There are women taxi-drivers, women hotel-clerks, women porters, women postmen, women clerks, women street-cleaners and women drivers of big trucks and delivery wagons."

It is much the same story that Glenn E. Laughery, recently back from England, tells in the *New York American*. Of the great work women are doing in the British Isles. Already more than 300,000 are registered for farm work and the number is daily increasing. Practically all the train and bus conductors are women or girls, the Military Tribunal Justice having assisted the companies in getting rid of their men by wiping out exemptions from military service. Figures revealing the number of women actually employed in the munition industries he found difficult to obtain, but, "since the great offensive opened on the Somme, men have been constantly weeded out and replaced by women in the 5,000 munition factories now operating in the British Isles." This writer reports that they are paid as high as £7 a week, and there are instances where skilled women operatives earn as much as £10 a week.



300,000 WOMEN ARE REGISTERED FOR FARM WORK IN ENGLAND

The advent of millions of women into the ranks of labor constitutes one of the most important and significant features of the war.

"In the large hotels and the principal restaurants alien waiters are chiefly employed. But behind all of the desks English or Irish girls and women are working. Their numbers increase every week. Now the waiters are beginning to go. France has demanded that every Frenchman in England, able to perform military duty, be compelled to return and serve his country. This has opened up more positions to girls and women.

"Girls employed in offices during the week give up their week-ends for service in the London hospitals. They do this willingly, to give a brief period of recreation to the girls and women who are on duty in the wards and other nurse rooms all week. Their service is without pay.

"In many offices and mercantile places only one or two old men are about directing the business. All of the clerical work and even the porter work is being done by women and girls."

Women have found it difficult to break into the Law Courts in England, but, we read, ten women have obtained positions in the Supreme Court of Judicature as a test—a concession that has no precedent since the honorary appointment of Nell Gwynne in the reign of Charles II.

What will become of this great army of women workers after the war? asks James M. Beck, Jr., in *Munsey's*. He has been in England making an exhaustive study of women and the war work they are doing in Great Britain. In speculating on "the strange awakening which has taken possession of all the peoples of Europe—men and women, boys and girls—impelling them to subordinate their individual interests with an intensity of feeling that ap-

proaches the religious fervor of crusading days," he concludes:

"The past holds no precedent for the present situation, and nothing to throw light upon the problem of the future. Hundreds of thousands of women, who now earn two or three pounds—ten or fifteen dollars—a week, will be thrown out of employment or forced to compete with men. Women who have once attained so strong a foothold on the industrial world will not be dislodged without a struggle.

"The impression that most Americans form after studying the existing conditions in England is that the women will demand a fair return for their splendid and timely work."

Explosive manufacturers in this country used 538,710 bales of bleached cotton fiber in 1916, which was an increase of 294,707 bales over the amount used in 1915.

WHY WE MUST GET NITROGEN TO WAGE WAR ON A GREAT SCALE

A BILLION a year from the air! No, it is not a blue-sky mining scheme, but a thoroughly practicable proposition and a national economic necessity. The purpose is to imprison free nitrogen—to get it from the air instead of from Chile; and Robert G. Skerrett asserts in the *Saturday Evening Post* that "if we applied nitrogen upon the German scale to our soil, equivalent to about 10,000,000 tons of Chilean saltpeter yearly, the value of our crops would be increased by \$1,000,000,000."

Austria-Hungary, Canada, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland, we are told, all have their own factories for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. Why do we hesitate to appropriate more than a few paltry millions for a government air-nitrogen plant when the winning of the war "is absolutely dependent upon our having an immense and steady supply of nitrates to feed both men and guns"? In round terms, the fertility of the earth is broadly reckoned by the measure of its contained nitrogen. This reckoning is supported by the fact that land holding three-tenths of one per cent. of nitrogen will prove very fruitful and, other things being equal, will produce anywhere from thirty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre. A soil with two-tenths of one per cent. of nitrogen will be good for about twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. If it contains but half that amount of nitrogen the yield will be in the neighborhood of fifteen bushels; and if this plant food be as low as one-twentieth of one per cent., the earth will be too poor to grow a profitable harvest.

But, we are reminded, this element of life and growth is also an element

of death and destruction; for all explosives, without exception, are nitrogenous compounds. Every pound of powder that has been fired on the battlefields of Europe was made through the agency of nitric acid; and nitrogen is one of the compounds of this corrosive liquid. A pound of smokeless powder requires one and a half pounds of nitric acid for its production, and that acid, when made from Chile saltpeter, requires two and a half pounds of sodium nitrate. Plainly, nitric acid is the thing we must have in great quantity in order to wage this war successfully. Says the writer in the *Post*:

"The soils of Germany are by nature no better than those of the surrounding countries. Thirty years ago, by rotation of crops and by very careful cultivation, the Teuton farmers were able to garner from eighteen to twenty bushels of wheat to the acre and only fifteen bushels of rye. But immediately preceding the present conflict, thanks to the use of nitrogenous fertilizers, the cultivated acres of the Fatherland were producing from thirty to thirty-two bushels of wheat to the acre and twenty-five bushels of rye. Three decades back, without recourse to this plant food, the oat fields produced thirty bushels to the acre, and in 1913 nitrogen fertilization brought up the crops to sixty-one bushels an acre.

"The potato in Germany, as here, is a fundamental element in the national diet. In the early eighties 130 bushels of potatoes to the acre was considered a prime yield, but in 1914 Chile saltpeter had made it possible to count upon an output of 210 bushels per acre. Germany did this while the seas were open to her; and because the same course was not followed by farmers in Russia, Austro-Hungary, France and Italy, these countries, with similar if not better soils, did not improve upon their crops of thirty or forty years ago. On the other hand,

Great Britain, Belgium and Holland, profiting by German example, were able to increase the abundance of their acres anywhere from fifty to a hundred per cent.

"Prior to the war, Germany drew upon Chile yearly for something like 900,000 tons of sodium nitrate, and there is good reason to believe that fully 600,000 tons of this were utilized in the preparation of fertilizers for domestic use. German ships transported most of the saltpeter from the Chilean beds, and her enemies knew the economic significance of that traffic. One of the first acts of the Entente Allies was, therefore, to try to stop these shipments, not only to silence in this way the Teuton guns but to bring the peoples of the Central Powers to the point of desperate hunger. . . . The performances of the German commerce raider *Möwe* is fair evidence of the difficulties that would confront us if we had to depend upon Chile for the major part of our nitrates. Two or three vessels of this sort loose in either the South Atlantic or the South Pacific could utterly demoralize shipping bound to us with saltpeter."

When the Germans captured Antwerp, we are told, they found there 250,000 tons of nitrate, which proved a windfall. It sufficed to tide them over the critical period in which they were rushing to completion their plants for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen. We probably have less than 250,000 tons of nitrates in this country today, while Germany, when she took Antwerp, had in reserve 600,000 tons, and was able to import 200,000 tons more. Even so, within a year from the outbreak of war her entire resources of 1,050,000 tons of nitrates were used up. To quote further:

"The experience of Germany in peace and in war is of profound significance to America. To-day nearly twenty per cent. of the saltpeter imported is diverted to

agriculture, and we cannot afford to deny our fields this modest allowance of necessary plant food. . . . How much fixed nitrogen we shall need to meet existing conditions is not easy to determine, but it cannot be denied that there must be a constant production of it to keep the fighting forces equal to their work and to enable the farmer to get what he should from his acres. It is a known fact that even the far-seeing Germans found themselves away off in their original estimates of the nitric acid that they would want; and it is equally certain that the war on several occasions came practically to a

standstill on both sides because of lack of munitions."

Plainly, however, this question of an abundance of nitrogen garnered from the air by practical electrical processes has a wider and more far-reaching significance than the mere provision against a military emergency. We read that under normal conditions Germany, with an area less than that of the state of Texas, uses about a third more nitrogen than we do. If we used it at the same rate as Germany we should

consume, instead of \$88,000,000 worth of this plant food, seven times as much annually. But, says Mr. Skerrett, before we can do this economically, there must be a forty per cent. reduction in price, and this can be done only by tapping the air, instead of going to Chile, for nitrogen.

Nineteen sixteen was a prosperous year in Newfoundland except for the lumber industry, which showed a decrease. The seal catch was valued at \$637,000, as against \$94,000 in 1915.

NECESSITY IN TIME OF WAR, THE MOTHER OF DESTRUCTIVE, AS WELL AS CONSTRUCTIVE, INVENTION

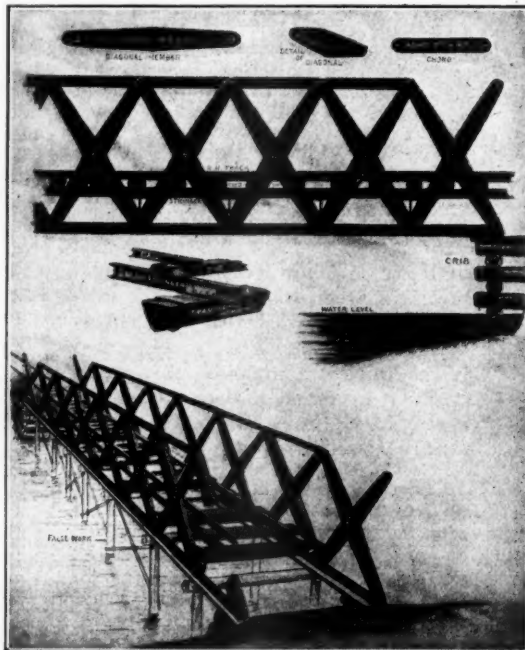
TO build a railroad is, of course, appreciated as a big undertaking; but to destroy one seems to the average layman to be a simple matter. Yet the work of destroying a hundred miles of line, completely destroying it so that it will be of no use to the enemy, is a task requiring the highest engineering skill. Never in history has any other war developed so great a capacity for destruction as this one, and it is observed by I. K. Dawson, writing in the *Scientific American*, that the Russians have done so much retreating in the past two years that they have "brought destructive engineering to the point of absolute perfection." It requires no effort of the imagination to realize that a retreating army, in destroying bridges and railroads behind it, has no time to lose, as but a few hours may elapse between the departure of the last train and the arrival of the enemy's advance guard. The Russian system is simplicity itself. A dynamite cartridge is bound to every rail-joint and exploded. This, we read, either breaks the rail off at the fish-plate or bends it out of line an inch or so. A small matter, but just enough to make it impossible to use the rail again till it has been sent back to the mill and straightened. Mr. Dawson has seen hundreds of miles of rail thus rendered useless in Poland and Galicia. He continues:

"The Russian track is of a gage about a foot wider than the German, which is the standard continental. Hindenburg at one time decided to retreat out of a certain district. In advance of this move-

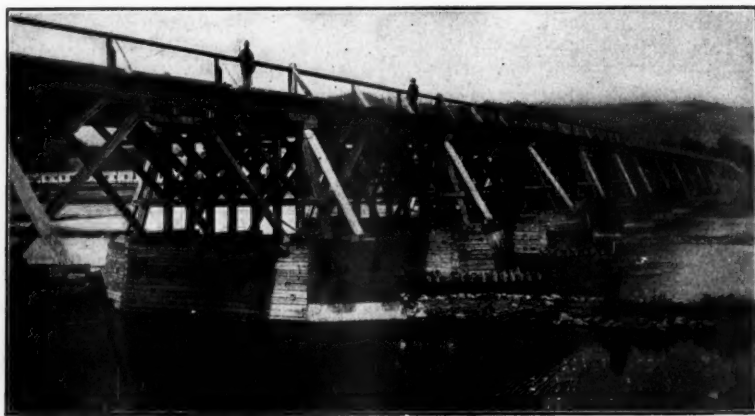
ment he had all the railroad ties taken up and cut off so that they were just long enough for the German standard gage track but too short for the broad gage Russian. The Russians had to take up the entire line and put down new cross-ties, an extensive operation which seriously delayed their advance for many days.

"In a retreat every railroad building is burned, every tunnel blown in and every bridge or crossing burned or dynamited. It is not enough to blow out the piers of a bridge but the spans should be broken in the middle as well. At one point I saw a steel bridge which the Austrians left behind in their first retreat. They had blown out the center pier letting the two spans drop in the middle. Along came the Russians who built up a cribbing pier of heavy timber where the stone pier had stood, laboriously jacking up the ends of the two spans as they went till they were again level and the bridge was as good as new. When they in turn retreated they burned the crib and when I last saw the bridge the Germans were jacking it up again.

"In the advance through Serbia the German railroad builders were confronted with a serious problem. The country is mountainous. The railroads follow the rivers through the valleys and cross and recross the streams many times. Serbia is in many parts a treeless country. The forests are gone and there remain only fruit trees and scrub growth too small for construction work. The German engineers in planning this campaign decided that they needed a type of small steel bridge, easily



How German military engineers build standardized railroad bridges out of stamped steel sections.



AUSTRIAN BRIDGE ACROSS THE WEICHSSEL, BUILT OF TIMBER TAKEN FROM THE DEMOLISHED HOUSES OF NEARBY VILLAGES

erected and handled and adjustable so that it could be used to span openings of various widths."

It was in solving this problem, we read, that the Germans developed what is known as the "comepackt," or "knockdown" bridge, one of the cleverest engineering feats attributed to the war. The idea seems to have been borrowed from the erection toys now so popular with children—those sets of stamped-out steel sections and blocks with which a clever boy can build anything from a sky-scraper to a merry-go-round. The Germans, in adapting it, have reduced their bridge members to a few standard parts stamped out and punched in the factory—much as they have done with their submarines

—and these parts can be assembled to erect a span of from ten to a hundred feet. No cutting, drilling or riveting tools are required, the only necessary tools being wooden mauls to drive the bolts through, and wrenches to tighten up the nuts. Furthermore:

"No piece of this new bridge is so heavy that it cannot be handled by four men, while one man can carry most of the pieces. For this reason unloading and erecting can be carried on with the greatest speed, even where no machinery is at hand. The erecting gangs are drilled till there are no false motions in their work. They work in three shifts and find twenty-four hours sufficient time to throw a 50-foot span across a stream. The construction train comes up to the break, the engine pushing the cars of material

ahead. A light false-work is thrown across the stream with material brought along on poles cut at hand. The men are soon swarming like ants on this flimsy platform and like ants we see them marching in line from train to bridge, each man carrying a bridge piece on his shoulder. The trusses grow before our eyes, and in a short time the gap is bridged with steel, the rails laid across, everything tightened up, and the false-work knocked out and loaded up. The construction train now pushes ahead over its own bridge to the next job."

Besides the usual standard-gage railroads, this writer found the theater of German military operations threaded by "feld railroads," a good gang of men putting one down at the rate of about two miles an hour.

HALF A BILLION AMERICAN DOLLARS ANNUALLY THAT GO UP IN SMOKE

THERE was a time when smoke was considered a necessary evil, which had to be endured. After a while smoke began to be looked upon as a nuisance, and war was declared against it by those who suffered from its disagreeable properties; but now we know that smoke is a waste, and that nobody has better cause to wage war against it than the man who produces it.

The story of the world-war against smoke is so long that the mere list of books and papers on the subject published by the Mellon Institute, of Pittsburgh, fills 164 pages. The facts and figures adduced in the arraignment of the evil are stupendous. It is said, for example, to cause an annual waste and damage of \$500,000,000 in this country alone. Yet dollars—not to mention health—continue to go up in smoke.

Pittsburgh furnishes an example not only of the smoke evil at its worst but also of what may be done to mitigate it. According to data published by the Mellon Institute the smoke evil has been costing Pittsburgh \$9,944,740 per annum, not including depreciation in the value of property, absence of vari-

ous industries which cannot flourish in a smoky atmosphere, and injury to human health. The smoke-makers themselves, we read, have been losing \$1,520,740, which might have been saved by more perfect combustion of fuel. The laundry bills of Pittsburgh have been \$1,500,000 bigger than they would have been in a clean atmosphere, and the dry-cleaning bills \$750,000 bigger. The city, prior to inaugurating its crusade against smoke, was spending more than \$730,000 a year for artificial light in the daytime. Since the stringent smoke-abatement ordinances were adopted in 1914 the amount of smoke emitted has been reduced 75 per cent. and it is stated that the Smoke Bureau, which costs the city \$11,000 a year to maintain, is effecting an annual saving to the community of several million dollars. The methods adopted to diminish the smoke include changes to gas, coke and low-volatile coals, installation of down-draft boilers, inclined chain-grate stokers, steam jets and extension stacks. Says the *Popular Science Monthly*, in this connection:

"Exact measurements of the amount of solid matter contributed to the atmos-

phere by smoke have been made more extensively in Europe than in America. Measurements of sootfall made at twelve stations in Pittsburgh in 1912-13 indicated an annual average deposit of soot in that city amounting to 1,031 tons per square mile. In Leeds, England, the sootfall ranges from 26 to 539 tons per square mile in different sections of the town. London's average is 248 tons for the whole city and 426 tons in the central districts. In the center of Glasgow the annual deposit during 1910-1911 was 820 tons per square mile.

"In Great Britain the recently formed Committee for the Investigation of Atmospheric Pollution has installed standard measuring apparatus in sixteen English and Scotch towns. In some cases there are as many as ten stations in a single town. The organization is analogous to a meteorological service, with its network of stations for observing the weather. The standard collector, or 'pollution gage,' consists of a large cast-iron funnel, enameled on the inside, having a collecting area of four square feet. Projecting above the gage is a wire screen, open at the top, intended to prevent birds from settling on the edge of the vessel. The gage communicates at the bottom by a tube with one or more bottles for collecting rain-water, with its solid contents. The bottles are emptied monthly and their contents analyzed."



PITTSBURGH BEFORE AND AFTER ABOLISHING THE SMOKE EVIL

It has been costing that Pennsylvania metropolis \$10,000,000 a year to get a clean-air education, and there are many other American cities in the same class.

THE WAR PLAYING QUEER PRANKS WITH GOLD AND SILVER IN CHINA

THE war, in turning continents topsy-turvy, has not neglected China. In fact, the world-shaking conflict has played no stranger pranks anywhere than in the realm of Chinese finance, over which silver just at present is holding despotic sway. Travelers and those who are engaged in Oriental trade report a state of financial affairs in the flowery republic that make it appear that Bryan was twenty years ahead of the times when he advocated the supremacy of silver, and half a world away from the place. Gold, once the fetish, has been forced by war conditions to take a humiliating second place in the Chinese order of reckoning values. As a case in point, Samuel G. Blythe tells, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of a recent experience he had with a Shanghai bank, in making a draft for seventy-five pounds sterling on a letter of credit. At the rate of \$4.77 a pound, in gold, this amount of credit had cost him \$357.75. Eighteen months previously he had been able to secure \$2.30 in Mexican silver for a gold dollar.

"So, in order that I might have at least a glimmering of what I might expect, I had laboriously translated my \$357.75 into Mexican, and the amount was to be \$820.525. I had been told previously that the real value of a gold dollar was \$2.40, Mexican, but I determined to be satisfied with \$2.30. . . . The Chinese cashier looked at me in that calm, penetrating manner in which a Chinese always regards a white man—a sort of dispassionate, detached scrutiny, as if the Chinese was thinking: 'I wonder what particular sort of lunacy this particular lunatic is up to now!'

"I desire to make a draft for seventy-five pounds on this letter of credit," I said in a large and expansive manner.

"The cashier pushed the buttons on his counting machine back and forth for a minute or two before he looked up. Then he wrote something on a bit of pa-

per, yawned as if the whole business bored him to stupefaction, and held out his hand. I gave him the letter of credit. He spelled it out word by word and apparently committed to memory all its stately language. At the close of half an hour or such a matter he wrote some cabalistic figures on a slip of paper and pushed that paper along to another Chinese who sat near him. That Chinese took out a few bales of extremely dirty money, smudged on both sides by chops of Chinese, and counted these wads several times. He hated to let go, but he had to. He took the paper, put it on the pile of bills, and shoved out the mass.

"I had neglected to bring a bottle of formaldehyde, so I put on my gloves and counted the bills; I was to have \$820.52, Mexican. I counted the bills three times with increasing consternation. I did not have \$820.52; I had exactly \$596.40.

"Some mistake here," I ventured.

"No mistake—all proper," he returned with an air of finality that gave me a chill.

"But—"

"All proper."

"But," I persisted, "I made a draft for seventy-five pounds and you have given me only \$596.40. Now as I figure it—"

"Just then the manager came along. I knew the manager.

"Anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"There is," I said. "You can instruct this Celestial Jesse James to hand me about \$225."

"For what?"

"Why, I just made a draft for seventy-five pounds on my letter of credit, and he has given me only \$596 and a few cents for it."

"Well, what do you expect?"

"I expect eight hundred and twenty—"

"Come on!" said the manager. "Come on out and get some air! Don't you know that exchange is now only one-sixty-two? That's pretty good, too, for it has been down to one-fifty-six."

Furthermore, the correspondent of

the *Post* reports, a silver dollar, Mexican, in China doesn't buy much more than half what it did at the outbreak of the war when "France and England began to buy silver enormously for the purpose of paying their soldiers and for other uses where they could not put out their paper money. That was profitable, for those countries actually pay their soldiers, in silver bullion value, only eighty-six cents for each dollar paid and taken as a dollar. They clear fourteen cents on each dollar, as the market is at present. Now the normal before-the-war production of silver in the world was about two hundred and fifty million ounces a year. Of this amount Mexico produced, say, sixty-five million ounces a year in normal times; but the internal troubles in Mexico have reduced that output to about fifteen million ounces a year. Increased output elsewhere amounts to about ten million ounces; so, in general terms, the annual production of silver is now about two hundred and ten million ounces a year, instead of two hundred and fifty or sixty million ounces."

Some of the big firms in China, like the Standard Oil Company and the British-American Tobacco Company, have long had a fixed and established basis of exchange with their employees, we read. This, of course, worked to the advantage of the company when silver was cheap, but now the employees are reaping a harvest. On the other hand, we are told, the salary of the American Minister to China, Dr. Reinsch, is to-day actually \$1,000 a month less, in silver, than it was before the war. It is the same in gold, of course, but Dr. Reinsch resides in Peking and is forced to pay his living expenses in silver, the purchasing power of which has decreased and is still further decreasing. China is a republic in name, with silver as king.

THE REAL DANGER IN AMERICA OVERCONSUMPTION, NOT UNDERPRODUCTION, OF FOOD

TEN men sat at dinner the other evening in Washington. It was a little informal dinner, and they ate raw oysters on the shell; a rich clear-green turtle soup; freshly caught shad with roe, garnished with potatoes and tomatoes and other trifles; broiled mushrooms; boned breast of guinea hen, grilled with slices of Virginia ham; new asparagus; green peas; artichokes and salad accompanied by a variety of choice cheeses; ice cream and fresh strawberries—and at the end a savory omelet. The comic relief to

this dull spectacle was provided by their conversation. They discussed the high cost of living, the threatened famine in foodstuffs, and what they could do to help in the war. They all had forty-inch chests and forty-eight-inch waistlines, and were too old to enlist.

Citing this as an illustration of a real danger that besets America, the Secretary of Agriculture, David F. Houston, writes in the *Saturday Evening Post* that "there is a food shortage in the United States and it is likely to become a good imitation of a famine

unless the criminal wastefulness and gluttony of the American people are curbed." The cost of the unnecessary and wasted food at the above-mentioned dinner, which Secretary Houston presumably attended, was "easily \$25, or enough to have paid the monthly grocery bill of an average American family, or to have given twenty-five Belgian children the supplemental meals they require for one month." However, Secretary Houston adds:

"No nation that can raise two billion

nine hundred million bushels of corn in a year is in danger of starvation. We shall not starve and we shall not have to go on short rations; but we shall need for our allies abroad more food than we have ever needed to produce before. There is no apparent economic justification for the present extremely high prices of many foodstuffs. The supply of wheat and potatoes in the United States is below normal. This knowledge has led to an unfounded apprehension and alarm and to an undue increase in prices for various other foods.

"The American farmer is the first man in the United States to be called to the colors. . . . He has long shown his ability to produce more food per man and at lower cost per unit than any other farmer in the world; but he has never had to do his best. He needs to do his best now. This is not the time to experiment with new and untried crops and processes. It is important that the farmer shall devote his principal efforts to the production of such crops and the employment of such methods as are well established in his community and likely to yield the maximum return in food and clothing material.

"Within the next forty days the final measure of crop acreage and food production for the year will have been established. Because of the world shortage of food, it is scarcely possible that the production of staple crops by the farmers of the United States can be too great this year. There is every reason to believe that a generous price will be paid for the harvests.

"Therefore, the fixing of maximum or minimum prices need not be undertaken at this time; but the fact that such a course may become necessary in the future advises the creation of agencies which will enable the government to act wisely when the necessity may arise.

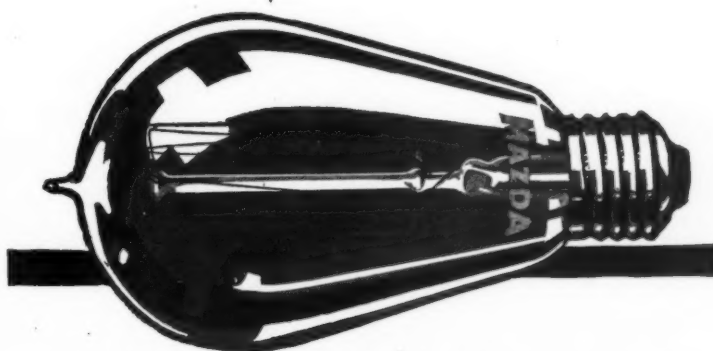
"To this end it would be well for Congress to authorize the Council of National Defense, if deemed necessary, to purchase, store and subsequently distribute food products, or to fix prices in any national emergency caused by a temporary or local overproduction, or by a sudden ending of the war, or by restraints of trade, manipulations or uneconomic speculation, in order that producers may not be required to suffer loss on account of the extraordinary efforts they are now asked to make, and in order that consumers may not be required to pay oppressive prices in case of disorganized or inadequate transportation."

Secretary Houston points out that the west and south will suffer less than other sections because of the restricted labor supply. The pinch will be felt more in the northeast, in the neighborhood of great industrial centers. He warns us that the time of special stress will be during the harvest season and "every step should now be taken to furnish relief when it is needed." To quote further:

"It is estimated that there are more

than two million boys, between the ages of fifteen and nineteen years, in cities and towns, not now engaged in productive work vital to the nation—in the present emergency. Many of these boys have had contact with rural life and know something about farming operations. This constitutes the most important unorganized and unutilized labor resource available. It has been suggested, also, that high schools and colleges in rural communities might suspend operations before the end of the regular terms and resume their activities later in the fall."

The problem presented by the necessity for increased food production is not one of acreage, declares the Secretary of Agriculture; and there is no necessity to open up new lands for agricultural purposes. Ample land is under cultivation, or ready for cultivation, he optimistically reports, to supply the hungry world with food. Nor is the present a time for experiment in agriculture. If the public lands are to be used, he thinks, they should be used for grazing and not for planting and



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The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA Service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.



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sowing. Secretary Houston makes a statement that will astonish a good many people when he says in conclusion:

"The United States has a better official agricultural organization than any other country in the world. We have in existence all the machinery that makes for preparedness in raising a large crop. The Department of Agriculture has seventeen thousand employees and agents, who are in direct contact with the farmers and with farming conditions in every part of the United States. The land-grant colleges and the various state boards or commissioners of agriculture are in intimate relation with the farmers in their own states. The Department of Agriculture has established cordial relations of cooperation with the land-grant colleges and the state agencies.

"The effectiveness of this machinery and this organization was brought home to me the other day when I called a conference of state agricultural officials and the representatives of the agricultural colleges in all the states east of the Rocky Mountains, to meet me in St. Louis to discuss in practical terms how food production could be increased. We found ourselves in practical agreement, not only in our analysis of the present condition but in the steps to be taken to increase the food supply. I venture to believe that we know our problem and how to meet it."

WHY NOT PURE-SECURITY LAWS AGAINST FAKE STOCK-SELLING?

A MILLION dollars a day—enough to maintain 500,000 poverty-stricken families at the cost of \$700 a year each—is being paid by the guileless, money-laden American public for "stocks" and other so-called "securities" that are not worth the expensive paper they are printed on. The volume of counterfeit stocks printed and issued every day is larger than the volume of bogus money and worthless checks passed in a whole year. Never before has the harvest been so rich for dishonest promoters, whose activities transcend the general belief, because only very rarely are victims in a position to seek legal redress. In view of revelations recently made by post-office inspectors and of the fact that we have drastic pure-food laws, B. C. Forbes, in *Hearst's Magazine*, suggests that there is a pressing need of pure-security laws—of a Federal statute based in principle on the pure-food legislation which Dr. Wiley won for the American people. He says:

"In the days when only a few people of modest means purchased stocks or bonds a law of the kind here urged was not imperatively necessary. But within the last ten years the number of people holding securities has multiplied tremendously, and the last two years has given an unprecedented fillip to this movement.

To-day probably every fifth family in the United States owns some form of security, and if the present prosperity lasts for two years more the number of investors will increase still more rapidly. . . .

"Official returns show that the railroads have over 600,000 stockholders, to say nothing of perhaps as large an army of bondholders. Some 200 industrial and mining companies report a total of 850,000 stockholders—exclusive of bondholders.

"These returns from reputable enterprises do not afford any insight into the myriads of unfortunates who have been induced by unscrupulous promoters to buy 'cheap' stocks in mining companies, brand-new inventions, aeroplane projects and a thousand other traps set for the unwary.

"A sharp-toothed Federal statute is needed, also, to cover the issuance of stocks, bonds and notes by railroad, traction, mining, industrial and mercantile companies of all classes, for more money has been lost within the last generation in the securities of large enterprises than in picayune ones. Scandals like those of the Erie, Rock Island, Chicago & Alton and other railroads are fresh in mind, while not a few ambitious industrial flotations of the early 90's burst with a bang, spreading ruin far and wide.

"The using, the investing, of money is next in importance only to the earning of it. Think of \$3,000,000,000 to \$4,000,000,000 of securities being sold to the public every year without any adequate regulation or restriction."

It is true that the policy of thoroughgoing publicity instituted by Judge Gary when the United States Steel Corporation was organized, combined with aroused public opinion, has insured for investors in reputable securities a much squarer deal than in former years; but alongside of this is placed the fact that "there is to-day more fooling and cheating of persons having moderate savings than during even the palmiest stock-promotion days of the past."

A deplorable feature of the situation, as Mr. Forbes points out, is that every person swindled by this canaille of "Wall-Street bankers" and "Wall-Street brokers" becomes a permanent enemy of the real Wall Street, the legitimate financial center forming the greatest market in the world for the buying and selling of tokens of wealth.

Prior to the war the southern states of America imported between \$600,000,000 and \$700,000,000 of foodstuffs; this year they will go a long way toward feeding themselves.

Cuba is at present the best market in the whole world for American footwear. Very few, even of the poorest natives, go without footwear of some kind, and the per-capita consumption of shoes is, therefore, very heavy. Over 80 per cent. of the business is done by American firms.

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Shear Nonsense

Worms and Worms.

Editha was admiring her new summer frock, according to the N. Y. Times. "Isn't it wonderful," she said, "that all this silk comes from an insignificant worm!" "Editha, is it necessary to refer to your father in that way?" her mother inquired reproachfully.

An Excellent Reason.

Not every maid combines the aptitude for blundering and the talent for ingenious explanation that characterize the young woman about whom the *United Presbyterian* tells this diverting story:

"What do you suppose has come over my husband this morning, Sophia?" exclaimed a conscientious little bride to the new servant. "I never saw him start down-town so happy. He's whistling like a bird!"

"I'm afraid I'm to blame, mum. I got the packages mixed this morning, and gave him birdseed instead of his regular breakfast food, mum."

A Dangerous Drink.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, so we read in *Everybody's Magazine*, was lunching one day—it was a very hot day—when a politician paused beside his table. "Judge," said he, "I see you're drinking coffee. That's a heating drink. In this weather you want to drink iced drinks, judge—sharp iced drinks. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the judge, smiling, "but I have tried several fellows who have."

"Daffydils" and Acorns.

Out at the front two regiments, returning to the trenches, says *Answers*, chanced to meet. There was the usual exchange of wit.

"When's the bloomin' war goin' to end?" asked one north-country lad.

"Dunno," replied one of the south-shires. "We've planted some daffydils in front of our trench."

"Bloomin' optimists!" snorted the man from the north. "We've planted acorns!"

When Mr. Balfour Was Disappointed.

President Wilson and Arthur James Balfour are said by the San Francisco *Argonaut* to have found a new bond of sympathy between them when Mr. Balfour visited Washington. Both are fond of detective stories as a relaxation. Balfour's taste runs to "penny shockers." When in his leisure he is not devouring the deeds of "Old Sleuth" or "Nick Carter," the English Foreign Minister turns to works of philosophy. "On the trip across, the number of 'penny shockers' was limited," said one of the party. "We had to pass them around. I was telling Mr. Balfour of one he hadn't read. 'Who wrote it?' he asked. 'I really didn't notice.' 'That's always the way,' he said, sadly. 'One never does. So ungrateful; so ungrateful!'"

The Clannish Spirit.

"Men certainly do hang together," according to Brown, who is quoted in *Tit-Bits*. "For instance, I have a friend who lives in a suburb where many wealthy folks live. Recently he had a motor accident at a lonely spot on the road, where he found it impossible to reach a telephone to notify his wife."

"Now, it happened that he was happily married, very domesticated, and not accustomed to staying out at night. So at midnight his wife became very nervous. She dispatched the following telegram to five of her husband's best friends in the city: 'Jack hasn't come home. Am worried. Is he spending the night with you?'"

"Soon after this her husband arrived home and explained the cause of his delay. While he was talking a boy brought in five answers to her telegrams, all worded practically as follows: 'Yes, Jack is spending the night with me.'"

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